The Spy Who Rang My Doorbell, by Gloria Emerson

Dan Dorfman: How to Score in a Crazy Market

ONE DOLLAR
JANUARY 23, 1978

NEW YORK

Just Plane Folks

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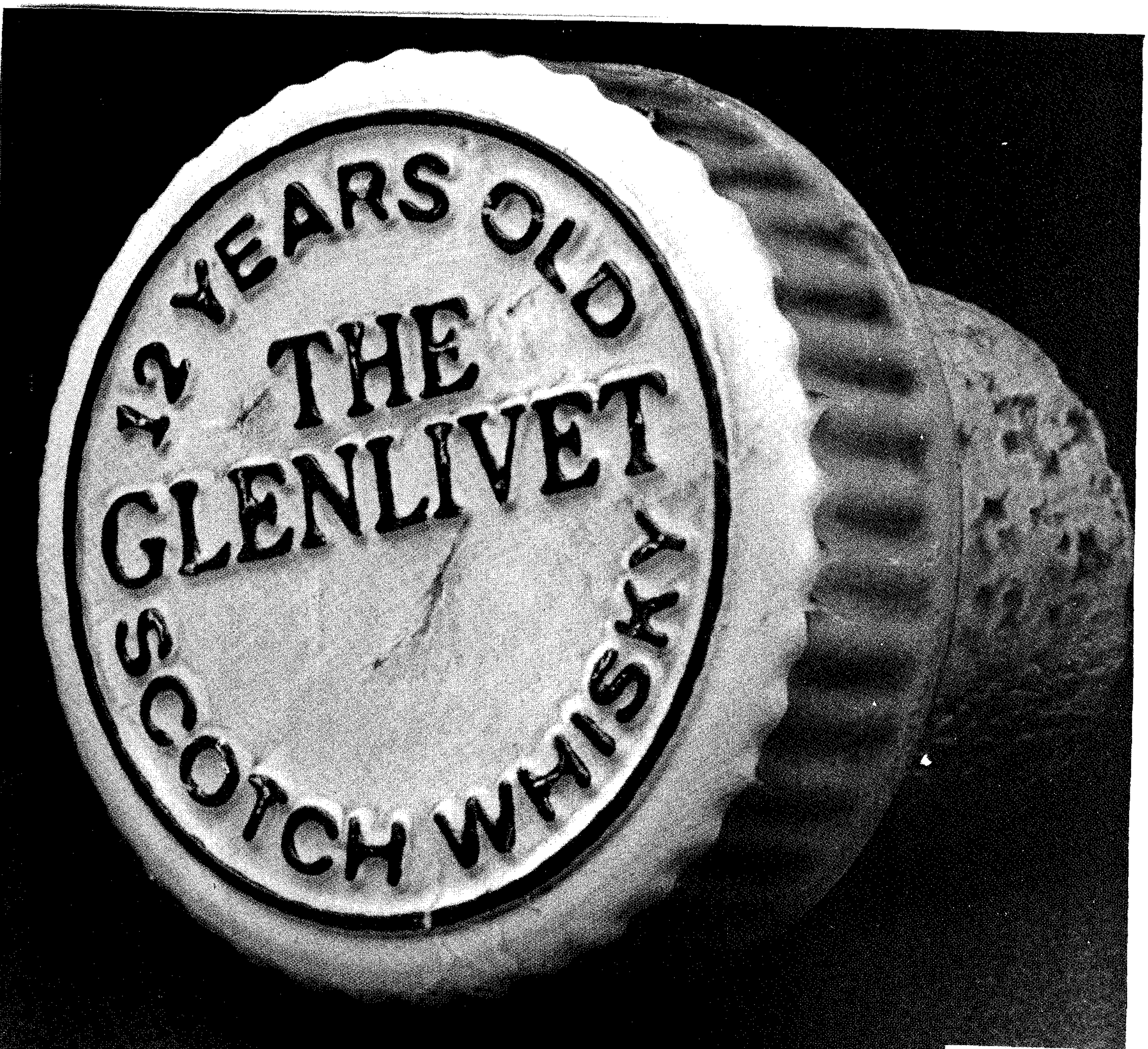
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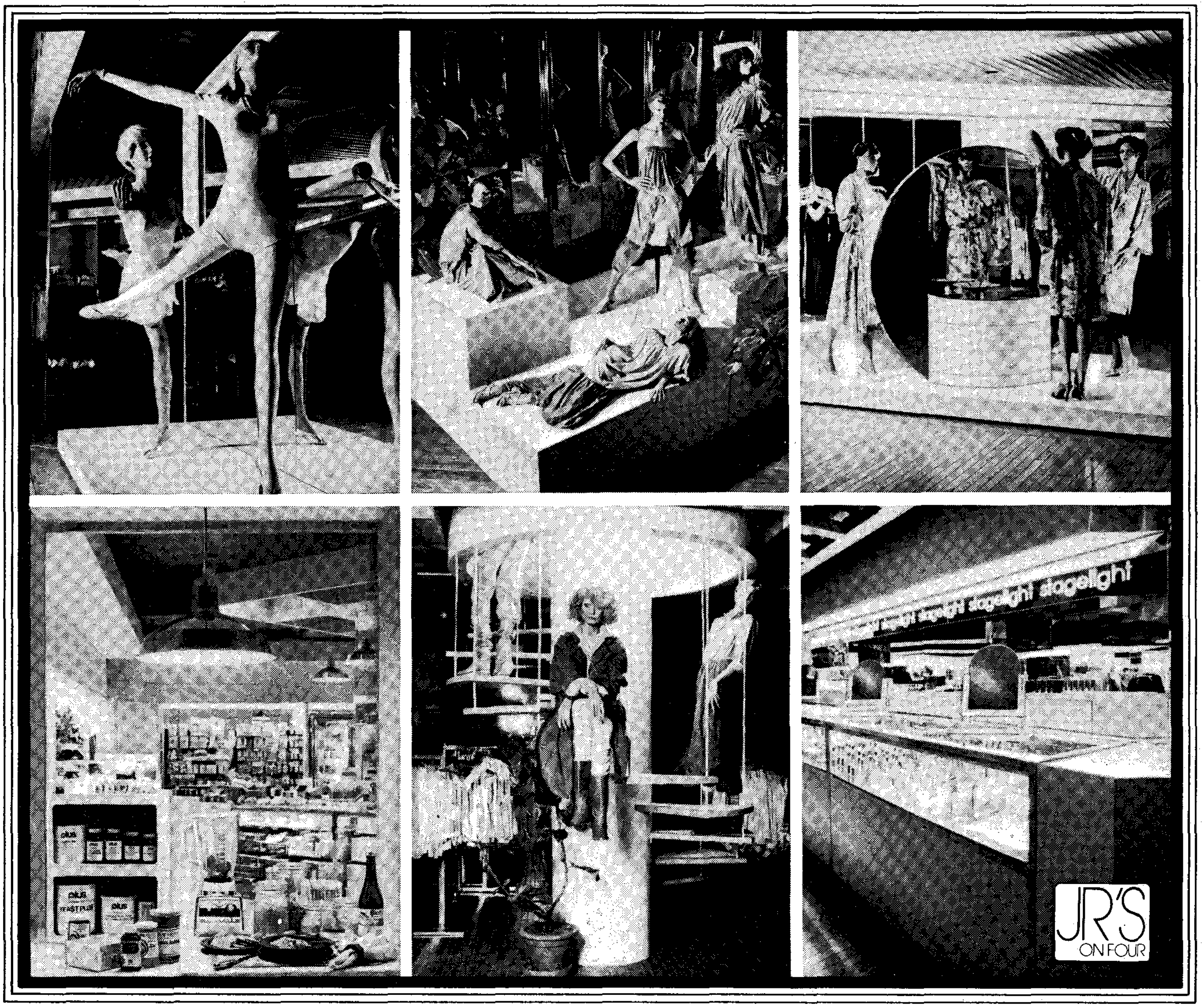

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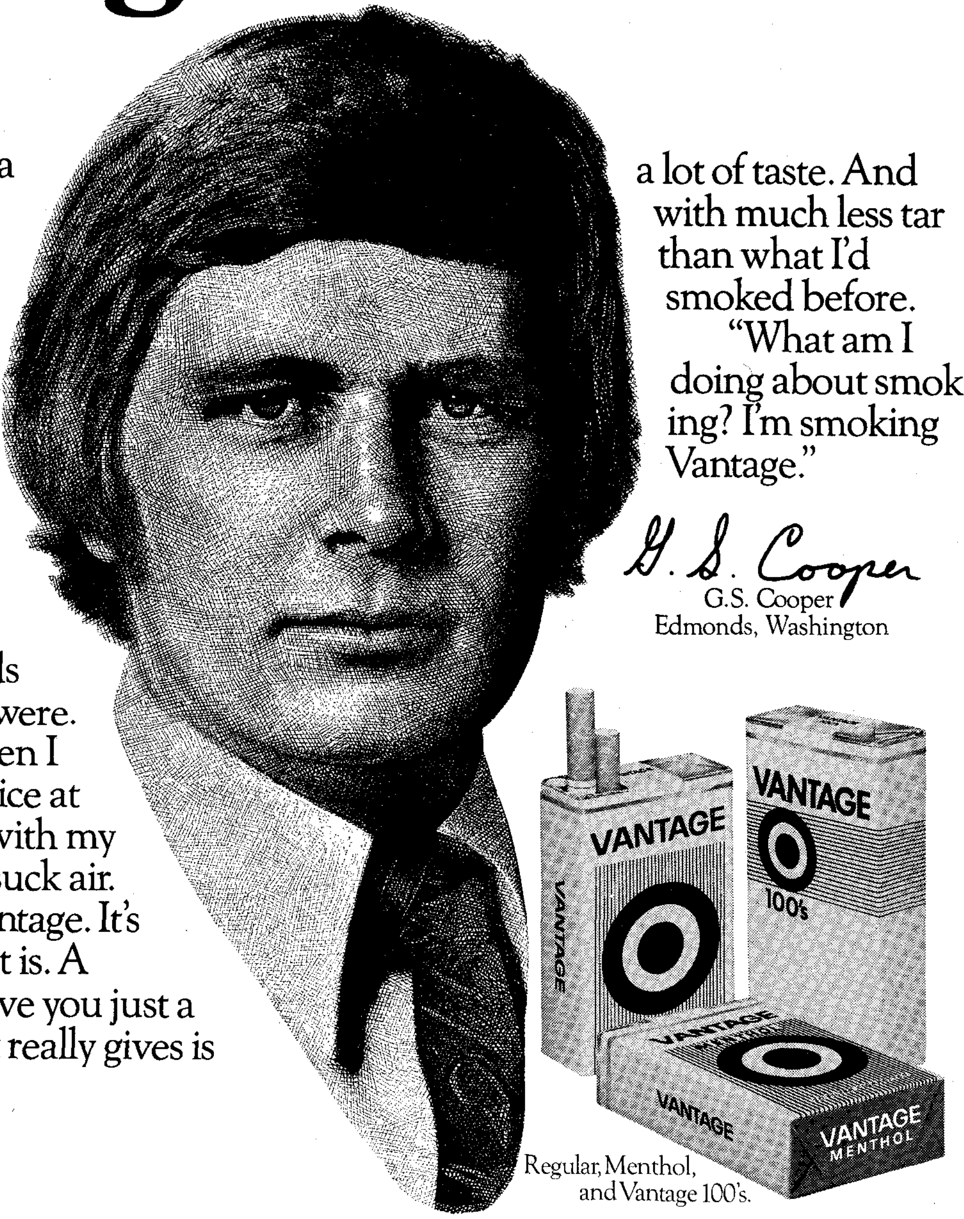

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

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VOL. 11 NO. 4

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Photographs by Rafael Macia
Next time a friend tells you that he's building an airplane in his living room, don't scoff. Several New Yorkers are doing just that—putting together real, people-carrying planes (including one jet-powered jobbie). You can even buy the parts in kit form, just like those little balsa-wood models. Mull *that* over as you wonder what they won't think of next.

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By Sol Chaneles
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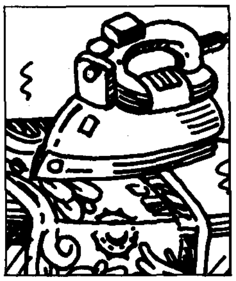
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Stop Us Before We Kill More!
By John Margolies
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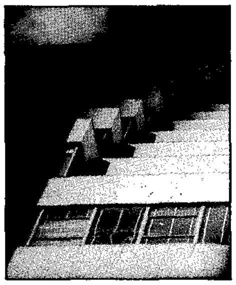
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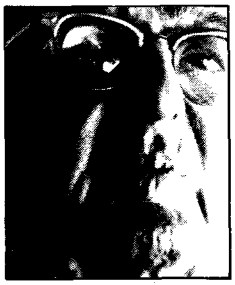
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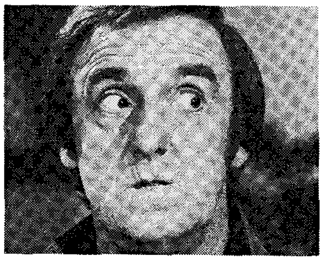
NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

Jim Nabors: Strong Start

WCBS execs are gloating over the early Nielsen reports on the new Jim Nabors variety show from 9 to 10 A.M. weekdays. The initial overnight ratings surprisingly showed Nabors with a 4.2 percent rating to WNBC's Phil Donahue's 4.1. WABC's Stanley Siegel garnered only 2 percent. How can the former Gomer Pyle, who's featuring Susan Ford as the only "serious regular" on the new show, take over the number-one spot? As one insider notes, "It's easy. After all, Nabors is being supported by excellent guests. People like that folksy business, and let's face it—the competition is soft."



Nabors: Will ratings hold?

NBC Delays Betty Ford Special

UPI

Mrs. Ford, Martha Graham: What's happened to their project?

NBC is delaying Betty Ford's second television special, featuring the Martha Graham dance troupe. The reason given by the network is "scheduling problems." However, NBC hasn't told the dance company of its decision to postpone "everything concerned with the production." Originally, the dancers were told to set aside January, February, and March for work on the special. And the company has been waiting around to hear from the network: "We haven't been told anything," a company spokesman said. One dancer said she has been on unemployment long enough and simply couldn't wait any longer to hear when or if the special would get off the ground. "At least they could have had the courtesy to let us know about the delay." There's been speculation that because Mrs. Ford's first special, *The Nutcracker*, on December 18, was such a bomb (it ranked sixty-third out of 68 network programs that week), NBC was reconsidering going ahead with a second special. But a network spokesman claims, "It's just been delayed, not canceled."

Liza–Caught In the Act?

Liza Minnelli is putting on some act at the Majestic Theater. She's missed a number of performances because of various illnesses, and two Saturdays ago she missed a matinee due to a reported "upset stomach." Unfortunately, the audience was seated and wasn't informed of her sickness until around fifteen minutes after curtaintime. And that was about fifteen minutes too late for 1,600-plus playgoers to find another play to attend. Miraculously, she recovered sufficiently to go onstage that evening.

Fans who do get to see *The Act* are having to wait for Ms. Minnelli's talent. The curtain is more than occasionally rising late—sometimes as much as a half hour.

When the show does begin, Liza has had trouble with the lyrics. On one recent occasion when this happened she said to the audience, "Since you paid so much for your seats, you deserve to hear the song correctly," and then started over.

All this doesn't seem to matter, because fans wait at the stage door after the play for a glimpse of the star. But they don't always see Liza, because sometimes if there's a crowd she dons a hat, walks out the theater's front door unnoticed, and hails a cab.

UPI

Minnelli: Acting up?

Jock Fashion in New York–Fur's the Rage

Fashion-conscious New York athletes are wrapping themselves in furs. Stylish pelts are extremely popular with our jocks. "Men's furs haven't been bigger since the caveman," says Ernest Graf, president of Ben Kahn Furs.

Most athletes don't think mink, like Walt Frazier, for fox, otter, seal, and especially raccoon do the job just as well in the unsheared coats that Graf says our sportsmen like. Reggie Jackson got an otter jacket and a nutria coat when he first came to town last winter. Jets quarterback Richard Todd got his raccoon coat this year. Many other jocks are into fur. For example, Rangers Phil Esposito, Don Murdoch (fox), Dave Farrish (fox), and Ron Greschner came home from a recent road trip with coats. Esposito got matching fox jackets for himself and his wife to go along with their matching minks. The Mets' catcher John Stearns has rabbit; Ranger Steve Vickers has coyote; Ranger Carol Vadnais, raccoon; and Knick Spencer Haywood, muskrat.

And for New York jocks there's no question that furs are fashion, not feminine: "Hell, no, there's no sex brought into wearing a fur coat," says John Stearns. Willis Reed, who has a seal coat, says, "I don't question whether a guy is masculine because he wears a fur coat. Some guys are just very fashion-conscious." Reggie Jackson sums it up: "Now how is someone going to say I look feminine?"—**Barbara Walder**

Reggie: In his nutria coat.

Politics

PANAMA: MORE THAN JUST A DITCH

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Ronald Reagan: *Hoping the road to the White House leads through the Big Ditch.*

Right-Wing Roughriders

To hear the Far Right tell it, the next worst thing to inviting the communists to take over Washington would be ratification of the Panama Canal treaty. To stop this abomination, the Committee to Save the Panama Canal has organized a "Truth Squad" to hit seven major cities in order to rally opposition.

All the old horses have been harnessed. There's Strom Thurmond, his hair tinted to affect youth, cutting loose in Jimmy Carter's Atlanta and Howard Baker's Tennessee. Bob Dole, the Kansas senator and Ford running mate, is demanding—on cue—the full story of the drug connection with the Panamanian regime of Brigadier General Torrijos. Aging Admiral Thomas Moorer, the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs, is the committee's strategic spokesman, telling how Soviet and U.S. intelligence experts alike agree that the canal is a "priority zone."

In the wake of this armada—eighteen senators and congressmen, assorted admirals and generals—will be a sizable press corps, including representatives of the three networks, Metromedia, and a score of newspapers.

Samples of squad rhetoric were offered last week at the Army and Navy Club. Said Chairman Paul Laxalt, Nevada's Republican senator: "We better hang on to the canal rather than give it to the Panamanians because that means that Castro and the Soviets wouldn't be far behind." Warned Utah's Republican senator, Jake Garn: "Unless the treaty is made advantageous to the United States and acceptable to the American people, it will fail. And I will be glad to help it fail."

"We deliberately did not put on a circus here at the Army and Navy Club," says Bill Rhatican, one of the Washington coordinators. "We want the bands and the hoopla across the countryside. We are going to be met by the American Legion, the VFW, the Young Republicans. We're going to put our people on local talk shows, local *Meet the Press*'s, and one-on-one TV. We're really going to cut loose in the seven cities. If we get some more money, we'll do it again and again."

To help get that money, Richard Viguerie, the mass-mail-solicitation whiz (he raised millions for George Wallace), plans to send out 1.5 million to 2 million letters for the Conservative Caucus, a second special mailing to pay for more Truth Squad trips, and yet another for the American Conservative Union. The ACU's documentary *There Is No Panama Canal . . . There Is an American Canal in Panama* has been on 117 TV stations and will be on even more when the money comes rolling in. A dozen conservative organizations have already chipped in $50,000 to dispatch the Truth Squad on this week's mission.

"Oh, I'm worked up," shouts Allan Ryskind, an editor for *Human Events*, a conservative weekly. "We gave away too much with these treaties. This is a blackjack affair with Torrijos threatening to send 50,000 protesters into the Canal Zone if the treaty isn't ratified."

In their private moments the True Believers sputter that there is a strange conspiracy of powerful interests backing the treaty—the nation's biggest banks, certain industrial giants, the eastern establishment, and prominent Republicans like former President Ford and Henry A. Kissinger.

And that's what the flap about the canal is really all about—Republican presidential politics. The canal is Ronald Reagan's biggest issue. If the treaty is defeated, some people think that a Reagan nomination will be a foregone conclusion. If the treaty passes the Senate, Reagan's hopes, while not dashed entirely, will be set back.

The game becomes more intricate each day. In the name of the Republican National Committee and the National Republican Congressional Committee, Reagan sent out a fund-raising letter for the establishment of an "emergency Panama Canal fund" with which to launch a media campaign to fight the treaty. But then all hell broke loose and RNC chairman Bill Brock decided that the GOP couldn't go that far; he announced, instead, that part of the money raised via the Reagan letter could be used to finance the gathering of petition signatures opposing the treaty.

Which made Reagan furious. "My credibility is involved in this," he says. "Letters with my name on them have gone across the country asking for money to help fight the treaty. Now we discover that the money raised will not be used for that purpose. Worse than that, we learn that the national party has no plans to campaign against the treaty."

The man trying hardest to capitalize on the fuss is Howard Baker, the minority leader of the Senate. Baker is anxious to negotiate his own version of a canal treaty—one which will be acceptable to everyone. If he pulls it off, Baker's dreams of the top spot in

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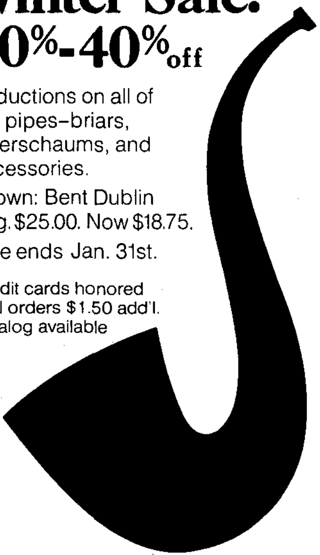

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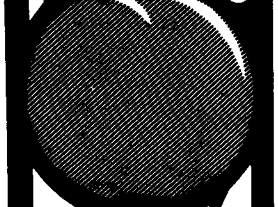

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1980 will improve markedly.

Keep your eye on the treaty fight. There's a lot more than a canal at stake. **—Nick Thimmesch**

Andy's Dirty Dozen

Andy Stein is at it again.

Even before being sworn in as borough president, Stein had used up his appointments to Manhattan's twelve community boards to reward dozens of faithful campaign supporters.

Stein denies the charge, but at least two participants in a series of candidate-selection meetings held recently say Stein made his choices from a "friends list" carried into the meetings.

"It was gestapo style," says one participant. "Stein's list described his supporters and the work they had done for him down to the last sound truck." Whenever a name came up, Stein or Chris McGrath, the deputy beep, would say simply "Favorable" or "Unfavorable." Gripes Councilman-at-large Henry Stern: "Sure, Stein had a list—notations on a piece of paper describing who had supported Andy. It was a 'Book of Deeds.' Candidates were not evaluated for their community service. It wasn't a bloodbath, but it wasn't a merit system either." **—Rinker Buck**

High Priest of Political Ethics

Add Hugh Carey to the good-government hit list.

At a press conference this week, Common Cause will blast the governor for appointing a city employee to head the new state lobbying commission—despite a provision of the law excluding public officials from membership.

On November 28—three days before the commission was due to begin business regulating the influence peddlers

The Koch Watch
GARBAGE DUMP

Sanitation Commissioner Tony Vaccarello figures he's got just a few weeks before Ed Koch hands him his walking papers. Which is too bad, because Vaccarello is one of the hardest-working, most competent managers we have in city government. In just two years on the job, Vaccarello has managed to boost the morale of the most unglamorous uniformed service, in spite of a workforce depletion of 3,600 men due to layoffs and attrition. He has dealt effectively with 27 different Sanitation Department unions without a walkout, despite a three-year pay freeze. His department has continued to collect the city's 23,000 tons of garbage daily in spite of broken equipment and antiquated facilities. He is the most accessible commissioner, and he has dealt harshly with the goof-offs who've tried to take the city for a ride.

"To tell you the truth," says Tony, as he sits behind his desk at 125 Worth Street, "I never wanted this job. I knew it would be thankless; I knew it meant bad press; I knew it meant outcries from the community; but I took it because I thought maybe I could do a good job. I live in the city. I'm tired of it being filthy. I want it as clean as possible. That's why I said publicly one time that 90 percent of all New Yorkers are slobs. There was an outcry in the press. People claimed it was demeaning. But 90 percent of the people I talked to afterward agreed. The citizens have to realize that you can't expect to be picked up after like a two-year-old. We have enough problems carting away the garbage in cans."

Vaccarello began managerial reshuffling of the department as soon as he took over. He increased the productivity of towing away abandoned cars to 65,000 a year, which brought in $650,000 yearly when the cars were sold as scrap. His 200-man sanitation police force gave out more summonses per man than any other uniformed service, which also meant revenue. He instituted the first replacement data system for equipment, so that the city isn't paying more for the endless repairs of obsolete equipment when new machinery is cheaper. He managed to open up better relationships with planning boards by inviting all 59 district managers on a bus tour of the entire Sanitation Department operation to show them just how vandalism, theft, and lack of funds hampered the department.

And it was Vaccarello who exposed a nasty little scam on the part of the city's marshals. When a tenant is evicted from an apartment, his belongings are brought to a Sanitation Department warehouse, where they are auctioned. The marshals were acting as the auctioneers. Thanks to Vaccarello, licensed city auctioneers in Albany—Carey appointed city Board of Ethics counsel Stanley Kreutzer as the chairman of the unsalaried commission. The new state commission will pay Kreutzer only a $100-a-day stipend for official business.

"He's there illegally," claims Ellen Ledley of Common Cause. "The governor didn't pay any attention at all to the law."

Kreutzer, who over the years has become something of a high priest of political ethics, was unperturbed. Though he says he'll leave his $36,000 city post "soon," he added: "I don't see any conflict of interest at all." —R.B.

At the Starting Gate

The overpaid political hacks at OTB have a lot to worry about these days.

Bernie Rome, Ed Koch's choice for president of OTB, is strictly business: "If getting rid of hacks is going to

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are now in charge.

Yet in a few weeks Vaccarello will probably no longer be with us. A new man, rumored to be Lou Benza, a friend of Deputy Mayor Herman Badillo's, is expected to take over.

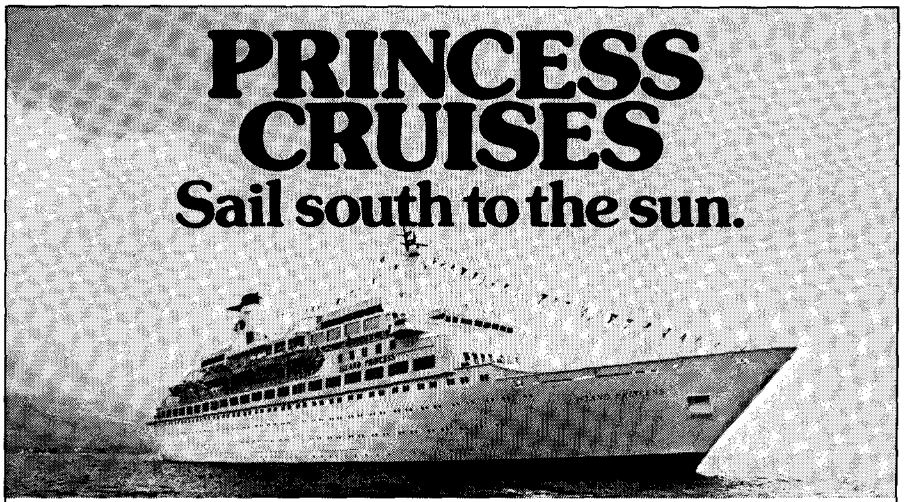
Perhaps the mayor believes on-the-job training at this critical moment in New York's history is preferable to proven competence. He continues to fill his administration with friends and friends of friends instead of with people steeped in management and experience.

No one understands the New York City Sanitation Department better than Vaccarello, and still Koch insists on firing him. No wonder the mayor is having such a hard time finding the right people for the right jobs—he doesn't see them when they are under his nose.

There is politics involved here, of course. Koch has promised to fire politically connected hacks, and Vaccarello has been associated with Meade Esposito, Abe Beame, and Abe Stark.

"Sure I've been involved in politics all my life," Vaccarello says. "But I have credentials. I have an engineering degree. I went to NYU in governmental management. I've worked in government all my adult life and understand it. Nothing about it mystifies me. But I wouldn't want this job on a political deal. It's too hard, frustrating, and important. To do it right you need the confidence of the mayor. If Koch doesn't think I'm the most competent man for the job, then I don't want it."

These hardly seem the utterances of a hack. —Denis Hamill



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make headlines, then I'm going to make headlines. OTB is too layered. There are 3 senior vice-presidents earning $45,000; 10 vice-presidents earning $38,000; 9 executive directors and 34 directors earning between $23,000 and $35,000. I'll clear house if necessary."

After turning down other city jobs, Rome, who was Koch's campaign treasurer, accepted the OTB slot because it was the only real business position the city had to offer.

And Rome loves business. "[Outgoing OTB president] Paul Screvane told Abe Beame that OTB has reached its potential. But OTB is a business, and I don't know a business in America that has reached its potential. The OTB 'handle' [total betting revenues] is around $780 million. I want to take the handle up to $1 billion."

Rome has plenty of new ideas for OTB, like those that have made him a near millionaire. "New York has to consider casino gambling, legalized numbers, and legalized betting on sports," he says. "Bookies handle about $4 billion a year in illegal bets. OTB can cut into that."

Rome favors abolishing the 5 percent tax surcharge on bets and exploring new marketing devices for OTB.

"I want OTB to grow and I want to have a good time—just like when I was treasurer for Ed Koch." —**Ken Lerer**

Gay Power

Mayor Koch's commitment to banning discrimination of city-employed gays raises hope of passage of the gay-rights bill torpedoed by the Matty Troy–burdened City Council in 1974.

Gay leaders promise a similar council bill within a few weeks. "We're mobilizing," says Allen Roskoff, a gay activist who works on the staff of Comptroller Harrison Goldin. "We're talking to everyone."

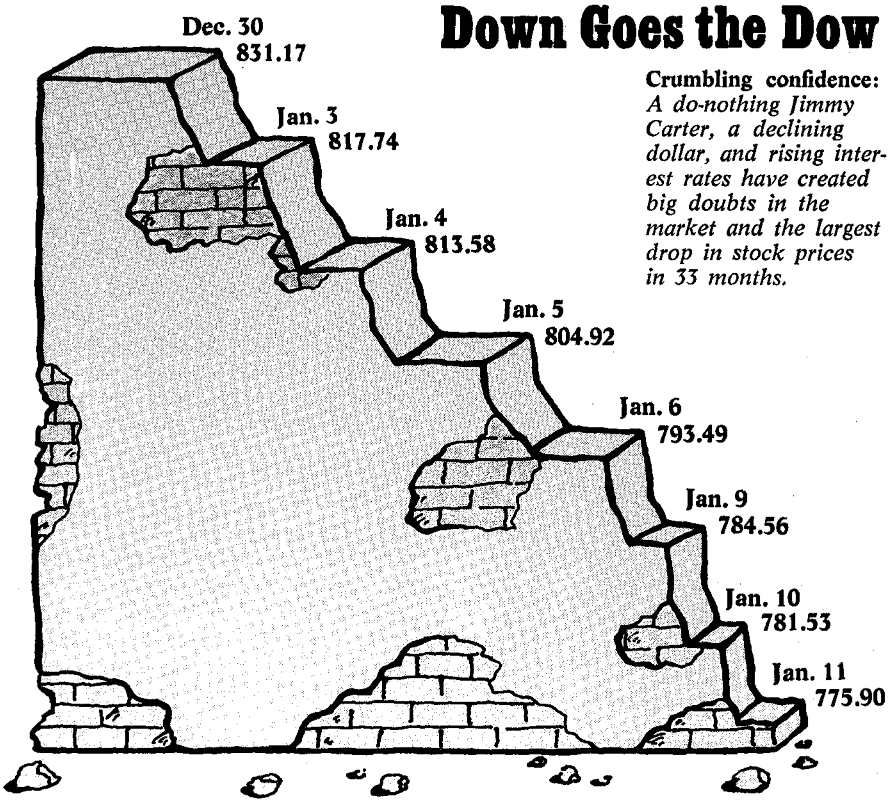
Gays expect support from Koch, Council President Carol Bellamy, and Goldin. And county leaders Meade Esposito of Brooklyn, Pat Cunningham of the Bronx, and Borough President Donald Manes of Queens claim to support the bill. This is a far cry from 1974, when Mayor Beame refused to take a stand and Council Majority Leader Tom Cuite opposed the bill.

Nevertheless, there will be strong opposition—probably spearheaded by Brooklyn Councilman-at-large Vincent Riccio, who beat a gay candidate in the November election and who asked Anita Bryant to campaign for him.

"We think the bill has a better chance this time," says Roskoff. "If the council members consider it rationally." Exactly. —**K.L.**

HOW TO SCORE IN A CRAZY MARKET

Down Goes the Dow



Crumbling confidence: *A do-nothing Jimmy Carter, a declining dollar, and rising interest rates have created big doubts in the market and the largest drop in stock prices in 33 months.*

Dow Sinking to 550?

Don't be surprised if they rename Wall Street "Bear Street."

In the first seven trading sessions of the year, the stock market (as typified by the Dow Jones industrials) tumbled over 55 points, or 6.7 percent, to a 33-month low. It's even scarier when you consider that the seven-day 55-point decline is equivalent to nearly a third of the stock market's entire 1977 drop (almost 174 points in the DJI). Just about everybody is pessimistic—and when that happens, it often means the market is about to turn up. Sure enough, we've found a couple of bulls—two of the brightest guys in the investment business—who say buy now before stocks rise again.

They're Egyptian-born Fayez Sarofim, head of Houston-based Fayez Sarofim & Company, the biggest investment counselor in Texas (it manages $3 billion of pension and endowment assets), and Barton Biggs, the research chief of Morgan Stanley & Company. Neither man is ruling out violent market fluctuations over the short run. But both think there's big money to be made by investors who are willing to ride out the storms and take a one-to-two-year approach to the market.

As Biggs put it: "I don't know whether it will happen from 780 or 650 [in the DJI], but this market's going up 500 points when the financial markets become convinced we've disciplined ourselves [a reference to the development of an energy program and cutbacks in government spending]."

It's hardly a secret why the market is so sick. The chief reasons, aside from the lack of an energy program: lack of confidence—both nationally and internationally—in Jimmy Carter; rising interest rates; a sliding dollar; fears of a sharp business downturn; and mass confusion about the shape of future tax-reform legislation. Clearly, these are sound reasons to make any sane investor cautious. And this is certainly the case with most money managers, many of whom have abandoned equities and are now living in the bond market or in cash.

But Sarofim for one thinks many stocks are so cheap that it would be foolhardy not to do at least some buying now. "Low prices, in themselves, create buying opportunities . . . and when everybody is pessimistic, you know it's time to look the other way." He adds: "It's a tragedy that money managers are using short-term criteria in the management of long-term assets."

Sarofim ticked off a number of significant pluses that he feels are being overlooked by investors—namely, strong earnings, rising net worths, rebuilt liquidity at the banking and corporate levels, and the heavy amount of institutional buying power sitting on the sidelines. He also observes that corporations themselves are shrinking the supply of equities by buying their own stocks at the rate of $5 billion a year. And further, he expects the corporate-takeover game—the number-one market play of 1977—to accelerate this year, with a growing number of foreign concerns pursuing U.S. companies. (Two of the hottest takeover rumors making the rounds last week centered on possible bids for Kennecott Copper and Brunswick Corporation, and both stocks accordingly attracted brisk buying.)

I asked Sarofim: "Are you forgetting about all the negatives?" My question didn't make much headway with him. He reminded me that in January of 1975 the London stock-market index at the time was about 146 while the British economy was saddled with double-digit interest rates, double-digit inflation, a huge balance-of-payments deficit, and a currency under attack. Despite it all, the London market has since shot up to close to 500, "which tells you," says Sarofim, "that real values are recognized in time."

Sarofim believes the market's fear of a recession is unwarranted, because, as he explains it, the typical post–World War II recession is generally a reflection of inventory liquidation, and inventories are now low.

His favorite market plays for 1978 are energy, technology, and the consumer sector. In energy, his best bets include Shell Oil, Standard Oil of Indiana, Royal Dutch Petroleum, Standard Oil of California, Halliburton, Exxon, Pennzoil, Atlantic Richfield, Cooper Industries, and Texas Eastern Transmission. His technology interest centers on one company—IBM. Though many Wall Streeters are down on consumer stocks, Sarofim is up on them because of rising consumer income and the vigor of '77 Christmas sales. "The consumer's got money and he's spending; it's that simple," he says. His top

Illustrated by Richard Jackson

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choices: Philip Morris, Federated Department Stores, and Carter Hawley Hale Stores. He also likes Eli Lilly.

A bullish posture is not new for Barton Biggs. He was enthusiastic about the market throughout 1977—and he was wrong. Yet his strong market following and Morgan Stanley's clout with the institutional fraternity clearly earn Biggs a long rope. Why was he all wet in 1977? "Because of Carter," he says. "I thought he would get things done and I was wrong." Biggs now thinks, though, that it's only a matter of time before some effective steps are taken by the administration because of the recognition that "the Carter bull just doesn't work."

On the premise that the market will straighten itself at some point, Biggs says the time is ripe—considering the sharp decline and the abundance of values—to start buying now. His favorite group: growth stocks. "This is an unparalleled opportunity to buy growth," he says, believing this will be the market's single best performer in 1978. "We look for gradual easing of inflation and slower economic growth and in this kind of environment, growth stocks will do best." Biggs's top choices, the stocks that he's recommending to Morgan Stanley clients: IBM, McDonald's, Data General, General Reinsurance, and Schlumberger. He thinks all five have the potential to rise at least 50 percent in price over the next two years, though he adds: "Nobody believes it."

Biggs also favors the shares of American Telephone & Telegraph. (My thirteen-year-old daughter, Leah, who owns 26 shares of Ma Bell, will be pleased to hear that.) "With a total return of 13 percent [yield, plus appreciation in dividend growth], it's the best bond around," says Biggs. Merrill Lynch recently put out a sell recommendation on General Motors, but Biggs thinks it's a buy. Within the next few years, he sees G.M. earning $14 a share and paying a dividend of $8 a share on those earnings. "And when that happens," says Biggs, "G.M. will sell at $100." (It's now around 59.)

During the market's recent abominable showing, most investors may have overlooked the fact that a vigorous rally took place in late December in many junior or secondary growth stocks. These are companies with general sales of less than $150 million, growing at roughly 12 percent a year in earnings, or better, and returning at least 18 percent on shareholder equity. They led the market last year, and a broad number of these stocks—such as Amdahl, Flight Safety International, and National CSS—wrapped up the last seven trading sessions of 1977 with gains of roughly 10 to 20 percent. In the same period, the DJI rose a bit over 3 percent.

The strong finish of these junior growth stocks leads one close follower of them, John Westergaard, editor of the semi-monthly publication *Equity Research Associates* (owned by Anametrics, Inc.), to conclude that such equities are attracting a rapidly growing number of adherents. In fact, Westergaard thinks they'll be the market's top-performing sector this year. "Last year proved," he says, "that it's irrelevant what the market does . . . that you can still make money by focusing on value and growth . . . and tying them into the leading trends in technology and life-style."

It's worth pointing out, though, that this is precisely the same kind of stock that got slaughtered in 1974 and 1975; many lost 50 to 75 percent of their market value in those two years.

Nevertheless, there's no denying that 1977 was a super year for Westergaard. He recommended 25 junior growth stocks throughout the year. And of this group, 19 rose and 6 declined—but the average showed a lusty gain of 42.9 percent. I asked Westergaard to pick his dozen favorite junior growth stocks for 1978. Here's his selection (he thinks each has the potential to rise at least 50 percent this year): American Family, Flight Safety International, Parker Drilling, Volume Shoe, Amdahl, Compugraphic, Datapoint, Fotomat, National CSS, Pacesetter Buildings Systems, Community Psychiatric Centers, and Coachmen Industries.

Westergaard concedes that he's plugging many stocks that have already risen sharply in 1977. But he argues that "they're still undervalued," considering the low price-earnings multiples (his twelve stocks are selling at an average 7.1 times estimated 1978 earnings). Westergaard adds that many of these companies are also participants in the strongest sectors of the economy. And he further believes that a number of his choices, notably Flight Safety International, Volume Shoe, and Fotomat, have strong added appeal as potential takeover candidates.

Obviously feeling his oats after his excellent 1977 showing, Westergaard declared: "Where junior growth stocks are concerned, there's more risk being out of the market than in the market."

I like Westergaard, but I'd have to say if someone else told me that, I'd think he had just returned from a four-martini lunch.

Well, we've given you the bull story, but what about the bears? And why not super-bear Tom Holt, who runs an

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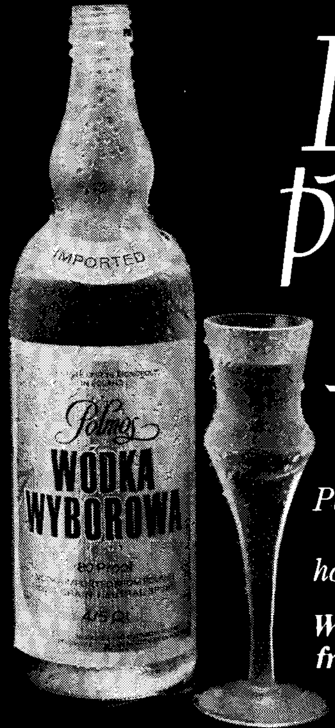

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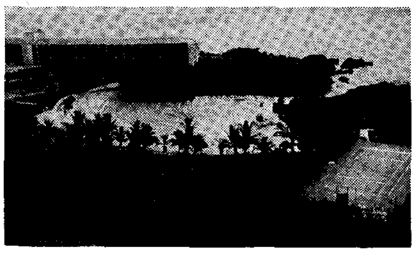

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investment advisory service bearing his name? After last year's precipitous market drop, followed by more of the same in 1978, I thought maybe he had a change of heart. Boy, was I wrong. He tells me that he expects the DJI to crash to the 550 level by this summer. One major reason: A stagnating economy, which he says will be characterized by a striking rise in the 1978 jobless rate to over 10 percent (it's currently around 7 percent), a declining gross product in the second half of the year, the biggest number of bank failures since the Depression, and a collapse in real-estate values.

Accordingly, he thinks the prospects for gold in such a dismal environment are brighter than ever—shooting up to about the $225 level (it's currently around $173 an ounce).

Says a confident Holt: "The worst is yet to come . . . and it's no time to be in the stock market [other than primarily gold issues]."

There's still another significant view to be reckoned with—the mood of the foreign buyer. It should be recalled that he was a major force in the market's sharp rise in 1976, and there's some talk it's only a matter of time before he becomes aggressive again. Maybe so, but for now at least he's on the sidelines like his U.S. counterpart. Said the head of one prestige brokerage firm's foreign operation: "There's uncertainty and confusion abroad, a clear lack of conviction about the United States' economic direction. And the root cause is lack of confidence in the U.S. administration."

Yet, there are pockets of strength abroad. For example, I'm told that aggressive money in Switzerland is beginning to peck away at a number of secondary growth stocks, such as Data General, Datapoint, General Instrument, Automatic Data Processing, and Intel. And in England, there've been institutional purchases of IBM, American Home Products, and Ma Bell. Several Japanese corporations have also become a bit more buy-minded in recent sessions—but, alas, the emphasis is on U.S. corporate bonds, not U.S. stocks.

What do I think? Holt's much too extreme for me—but then I'd say the same thing about Biggs's euphoric forecast of a 500-point rise in the DJI. It's no great revelation that stocks are cheap—but all they've been doing this year is getting a lot cheaper. My guess is the market's going lower. How low is anybody's guess. But how can anyone predict a bottom when every bright financial mind you talk to tells you unequivocally that the man running this country is inept and does not know what he's doing. ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

January 17 through 24

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, January 20

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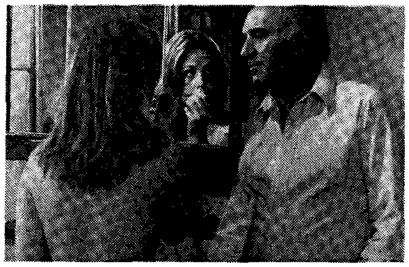

Ottavia Piccolo and **Michel Piccoli** have a serious discussion in **Mado,** a film set in a cut-throat business world of survival and reprisal. Directed by Claude Sautet, film also stars Jacques Dutronc and Romy Schneider. Opening today at the D.W. Griffith.

THE MOVIES

The Best Way–Claude Miller's new film tells of an incident that occurs at a boys' camp in France in 1960, wherein a youthful counselor is victimized by a colleague. With Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal. Cinema Studio.

The Bicycle Thief–One of the epochal achievements of Italian neorealist cinema. Vittorio DeSica's film deals with a poor man and his son in postwar Milan, living off the father's bicycle, which gets stolen. The search for that missing life-saver is moving, funny, grotesque, and finally shattering, and the performances of the expertly guided and amateur cast almost more real than life itself. 1/18, Bleecker St Cinema.

Cabaret–A very effective Bob Fosse musical from the Broadway hit, with brilliant cinematography and ingenious direction, and visually persuasive recreation of pre-war Berlin at its wicked worst. Unfortunately, only Joel Grey's performing is up to snuff; all the other performances, including Liza Minnelli's, must be strenuously overlooked, which is not always easy. 1/22, 23, Cinema Village.

The Choirboys–Humor is what is missing from Robert Aldrich's film about the L.A. rookie vice squad. Aldrich is not a satirist, and without the subtle jibes of author Joseph Wambaugh's best-seller, the police activities are more tacky than brutal—and the reverse-racism is ugly. RKO Cinerama II; 86th St E; Trans-Lux East.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind–If there is a theme here, it is that it is harder for a grown-up to pass through the eye of a needle than to gain access to the sanctuary of UFO believers. The most damning argument against the existence of UFOs—they always appear to country people who have a lot of time on their hands, and never to busy urban dwellers. And in the final sighting, director Stephen Spielberg and a special effects team has given us nothing less than an electronic Second Coming. The film has no story, characters, sense of danger, or conflict between good and evil. Ziegfeld.

Dersu Uzala–Akira Kurosawa's film, based on the book by Soviet explorer-writer Vladimir Arsenyev, filmed in the U.S.S.R., telling of the friendship between the writer and his aging East Siberian guide, the title character. Baronet.

The Duellists–Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine star as a pair of Hussar officers in Napoleon's army who fight a series of savage duels for a point of honor. Directed by Ridley Scott, and based on Joseph Conrad's story, *The Duel.* Fine Arts.

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play about a weary psychiatrist and the young psychopath whose violent passion for horses reveals the sterility of his own life has been brought to the screen, with a bit of rewriting, by Sidney Lumet. Richard Burton stars in what has become the *Hello Dolly* role for aging actors, with a twist—each actor playing the lead has striven to show us how desiccated and prune-like they have become. Contemptuously staged, embarrassingly written. Quad; Loews Triplex; Embassy IV.

The Gauntlet–Clint Eastwood stars in and directed this new film, and it is as riddled with holes as the various shelters and vehicles in which he and Sondra Locke find themselves under mass attack. It's just another story of a man and a woman squeezed between two super powers, in this case the mob and the Phoenix-Las Vegas police forces. National; U.A. East; thru 1/19, Loews Triplex.

The Goodbye Girl–Neil Simon's movie is about an ex-dancer who is a little the worse for wear. It is a love story constructed on the Jack-Spratt-and-Wife principle of odd coupledom, but where its heart should be there's the monstrous laugh machine, mowing down anything that stands in its way. Thus its most promising features, Quinn Cummings, Marsha Mason, and Richard Dreyfuss, are all sacrificed to comic routines directed at the tourist trade. Thru 1/19, Loews Tower East; Loews State II; from 1/20, Quad; from 1/20, Loews Triplex.

Harlan County, U.S.A.–Barbara Kopple's well-intentioned piece of work about a coal miners' strike in Kentucky that lasted thirteen months and led to, after the brutal shooting of a miner, the mine owners' acceding to the miners' demands, which were nothing more than the right to unionize. 1/23, Carnegie Hall Cinema; thru 1/17, St Marks Cinema.

Heart of Glass–Sepp Muller and Volker Prechtel star in Werner Herzog's picture, filmed in Bavaria, Switzerland, Utah, Wyoming, Alaska, and Ireland, telling of the owner of a glass factory who becomes obsessed with finding the lost formula for a precious ruby-colored glass. Thru 1/19, Quad.

High Anxiety–The news about Mel Brooks's latest film, good or bad depending on your degree of Melomania, is that it's 100 percent pure (i.e. impure) Brooks, meaning that it is wildly uneven, vulgar, intermittently hilarious, and at its very best when it is not being terribly funny at all. This collage/*hommage* to Hitchcock is to the Master of Suspense what *Blazing Saddles* was to the Western, and *Young Frankenstein* to the horror film, and *Silent Movie* to silent comedy. Sutton; Cinema III.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour–Alain Resnais at his early best, in a film that, despite flaws, was often moving and always innovative, and, in fact, made cinematic history. The excitement of the initial sequences wears off toward the end, but this is a landmark film, finely acted by Emanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, sensitively shot in black and white, and very intelligently directed. 1/22-24, Thalia.

Iphigenia–In Michael Cacoyannis's film, Euripides' drama comes into focus, transcending its modern cinematic treatment. Irene Papas's Clytemnestra is predictably monumental, and Tatiana Papamoskou's Iphegina is ephemeral, her scampering movements suggesting the sacrificial lamb all too literally. Her complex martyrdom is one of the most extraordinary epiphanies in all drama, and whatever the inadequacies of Cacoyannis's conception, we should be grateful to have it on the screen at all. Plaza.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

Knife in the Water–This was Roman Polanski's first and best film, made in Poland during a relative political thaw. A triangle involving an older, almost bourgeois husband; his younger and dissatisfied wife; and the handsome young drifter they pick up as a boathand for their yachting cruise, the film is full of subtle but disturbing implications—sexual, social, political. Jerzy Skolimowski collaborated on the intelligent script, the music by the late K. T. Koneda is haunting, and the three main performances are perfect. 1/17, 18, Regency.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. RKO 86th II; thru 1/24, Waverly; thru 1/19, D.W. Griffith; from 1/18, Playboy; 72nd St E; from 1/20, Gramercy; 1/20-26, Olympia; 1/18-24, St Marks Cinema.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanizer (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

Mr. Klein–A masklike Alain Delon stars as an art dealer who buys paintings from Jews who are fleeing Paris for their lives in 1942, only to become an object of suspicion himself. What might have been in other hands a nightmare journey becomes an uninvolving quest through portals and doorways, and more portals and doorways. It is a perverse choice of material for even so resolutely perverse a director as Joseph Losey. 68th St Playhouse.

1900–Bertolucci's film is a chronicle of the peasant-landowner struggle from 1900 to 1945 as it transpires on the estate of the aristocratic Berlinghiere family. Robert De Niro and Gerard Depardieu are fine, but as attractive as they are, to sit four and a half hours for their dorsal view (preferable to the frontal view displayed in an embarrassing sex scene) is too high a price to pay. Thru 1/24, Festival.

Oh, God!–John Denver, in his feature film debut, portrays a supermarket manager who talks to God, played, of course, by George Burns. With Teri Garr, Donald Pleasance; directed by Carl Reiner. From 1/20, Loews Tower East.

Operation Thunderbolt–Produced and directed by Menaham Golan, film chronicles the story of the legendary rescue mission at Entebbe. Guild.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Art; thru 1/24, New Yorker; thru 1/19, Gramercy.

Padre Padrone–Saverio Marconi and Omero Antonutti play father and son in the 1977 Cannes Film Festival award-winning picture, directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviana, telling of a Sardinian peasant boy forced by his tyrannical father to live in isolation as a shepherd until his twentieth year. Cinema II.

Pete's Dragon–A musical fantasy combining live action and animation, telling the story of a 9-year-old orphan whose dragon friend playfully outrages a New England town just after the turn of the century. Radio City Music Hall.

Saturday Night Fever–As the disco champ of Nik Cohn's *New York* Magazine piece, John Travolta is a good enough reason for seeing the movie. Even the character inconsistencies provide a built-in audition for this enormously gifted actor. The scenes where the tribal rites occur at a Brooklyn disco are electrifying, and when Travolta glides onto the dance floor, he is grace personified. Loews Orpheum; thru 1/31, Loews State I; 34th St E.

Semi-Tough–Now that the jinx against sports films has been dispelled, and audiences for them have grown wider and more knowledgeable, Michael Ritchie's treatment of football seems cavalier at best. He has a good eye for the yearning for attention, the humiliating games people will play and rationalize, but he is so busy keeping score of immediate winners and losers that we never get under their skin, never know how they will perform over the long haul. Burt Reynolds is pitch-perfect as the cock of the walk captain. Criterion; from 1/20, Loews Triplex.

The Seventh Seal–*A medieval knight and his squire* pit themselves against the plague, evil men, and Death himself. Ingmar Bergman's most famous film is not necessarily his best; its metaphysics get out of hand. But there are marvelous episodes, exquisite performances, powerful visual effects, and scenes simply oozing the spirit of the Middle Ages. 1/19-21, Regency.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions or the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who begin at zero and lay claim to their square of turf through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Quad; RKO Cinerama I.

Smile–Film is a quasi-journalistic re-telling of what happens during the final selection in Santa Rosa of the Young American Miss contest, and says mean *truths about mean lives, but it is not mean-spirited.* It plays fair with people who beg to be ridiculed by giving all, or almost all, of them moments of generosity, of near-insight even. The film is funny, sobering, and strong, and directed by Michael Ritchie. 1/17, Cinema Village.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Quad.

Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelm*ing banality without even a "future" cast to them.* Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza.

Telefon–The premise of Don Siegel's new movie is outrageous enough to be fun. Briefly, a bunch of Soviets have been substituted for dead Americans, but are Cold War plants—they have been hypnotized to sabotage American explosives factories when someone with the right formula pulls their mental trigger. Charles Bronson, in Russian uniform, plays the brightest and best mind in Soviet intelligence, believe it or not. Thru 1/31, Loews Cine.

That Obscure Object of Desire–Fernando Rey stars in Luis Bunuel's film as an aging man hopelessly infatuated with a young woman (Carol Bouquet). *Based on Pierre Louys's Le Femme et le Pantin.* Columbia II.

The Turning Point–Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine portray two ballet company friends reunited after almost twenty years, when each is at a crossroad. What makes this film so important is that the old soap-opera philosophy (that career, fame, and money are nothing compared to the Love of a Man) is scuttled by the more complex view that no one choice will ever put an end to doubts about the road not taken. The ballet scenes are terrific. Thru 1/24, Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Which Way Is Up?–Director Michael Schultz has fashioned a pop Third World version of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi,* with Richard Pryor playing three roles. The plot—a union struggle translated to the California farmworkers, serves as little more than a pretext for Pryor to create a Peter Sellers-like rogues gallery. He is glorious as he pants after the three women in his life, but when he is required to become violent in accordance with the *Sicilian code of honor, he and the movie are* dreadful. Thru 1/19, Loews Triplex.

The World's Greatest Lover–This tale of a barber who, with his wife (Carol Kane) goes to Hollywood and finds himself a star candidate in Paramount's search for its own Valentino, is yet another of those frenzied comedies about the early days of Hollywood. Take Gene Wilder, a manic figure, bearable only in small doses—he has become progressively less funny since *The Producers,* and his bid for comic-romantic stardom here is simply excruciating, like one of those nightmares of embarrassment from which one hopes to awaken much relieved. Beekman, Murray Hill, Paramount.

BORN IN A TRUNK

The incomparable **Judy Garland** stars in Vincente Minnelli's **Meet Me in St. Louis,** along with little Margaret O'Brien. It plays at Carnegie Hall Cinema on January 17th and 18th, and at Bleecker Street Cinema on January 19th. The second feature, in both places, is *The Clock.*

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Outrageous!*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Dersu Uzala.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 1/17, *Demons; Zatoichi at Large.* 1/18, *The Bicycle Thief; Boccaccio 70.* 1/19, *Meet Me in St. Louis; The Clock.* 1/20, 21, *Women in Love; The Devils.* 1/22, 23, *It's Always Fair Weather; For Me and My Gal.* 1/24, *Death by Hanging; Punishment Island.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 1/17, *Cabin in the Sky; I Dood It.* 1/18, *Meet Me in St. Louis; The Clock.* 1/19, *Things To Come; The Time Machine.* 1/20, *My Night at Maud's; La Collectioneuse.* 1/21, *Harold and Maude; Travels With My Aunt.* 1/22, *Carnival in Flanders; The Great Dictator.* 1/23, *Harlan County, U.S.A.; Whiskey Flats.* 1/24, *Yolanda and the Thief; Ziegfield Follies.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Padre Padrone.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *High Anxiety.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The Best Way.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 1/17, *Smile; The Queen.* 1/18, 19, *La Chienne; The Blue Angel.* 1/20, 21, *Bad; Heat; Trash.* 1/22, 23, *Cabaret; Something for Everyone.* 1/24, *The Sunshine Boys; The Odd Couple.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *The Children of Theatre Street.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *That Obscure Object of Desire.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 1/24, *The Turning Point.* From 1/25, *The Serpent's Egg.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *Semi-Tough.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 1/19, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 1/20, *Mado.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Annie Hall.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Choirboys.*

Embassy II, III, IV, 7th Ave nr 47th (575-7788). II, *The Great Dictator; Modern Times.* III, *A Piece of the Action.* IV, *Equus.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Sasquatch.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). Thru 1/24, *1900.* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Duellists.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). *A Piece of the Action.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 1/19, *Outrageous.* From 1/20, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Modern Times; The Great Dictator.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *Operation Thunderbolt.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Turning Point.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 1/31, *Telefon.* From 2/1, *The One and Only.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Loews State I & II, Broadway at 45th (582-5070). I. Thru 1/31, *Saturday Night Fever.* From 2/1, *The One and Only.* II. *The Goodbye Girl.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). Thru 1/19, *The Goodbye Girl.* From 1/20, *Oh, God.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 1/19, *Which Way is Up?* From 1/20, *Semi-Tough.* II. Thru 1/19, *The Gauntlet.* From 1/20, *The Goodbye Girl.* III. *Equus.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The World's Greatest Lover.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 1/17, noon, *My Hands Are the Tools of My Soul;* 2:30, *Side Street Story;* 6 p.m. What's Happening. 1/19, 2:30, *Il Bell 'Antonio;* 6 p.m. *La Viaccia;* 8:30, another Bolognini film. 1/20, 2:30, *A Metello;* 6 p.m. *West Side Story.* 1/21, noon, *Man Without a Star;* 2:30, *La Notte Brava;* 5 p.m. *Il Bell 'Antonio.* 1/22, noon, *Colossus—The Forbin;* 2:30, *Metello;* 5 p.m. *Camille.* 1/23, 1 p.m. *Hiroshima-Nagasaki 48;* 2:30, *La Viaccia;* 6 p.m. *La Notte Brava.* 1/24, noon, *Part of the Family;* 2:30, *Stella Maris.*

National, 919 3rd Ave (486-0333). *The Gauntlet.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 1/24, *Outrageous.* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 1/19, *Sasquatch.* 1/20-26, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar; Play It Again Sam.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *The World's Greatest Lover.* Theater closed 1/18 & 1/24.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 1/17, closed. From 1/18, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Iphigenia.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). (Last minute changes frequent here; phone ahead). I. *Equus.* II. *Short Eyes.* III. *A Special Day.* IV. Thru 1/19, *Heart of Glass.* From 1/20, *The Goodbye Girl.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave betw 50th & 51st (246-4600). *Pete's Dragon.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 1/17, 18, *The Soft Skin; Knife in the Water.* 1/19-21, *The Seventh Seal; Wild Strawberries.* 1/22, 23, *Summertime; The Horse's Mouth.* 1/24, 25, *Viridiana; The Exterminating Angel.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Short Eyes.* II. *The Choirboys.*

RKO 86th I & II.–at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Short Eyes.* II. *Looking For Mr. Goodbar.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 1/17, *Heroes.* From 1/18, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Mr. Klein.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 1/17, *Man on the Roof; Harlan County, U.S.A.* 1/18-24, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar; Images.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *High Anxiety.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 1/17, *Fata Morgana; Even Dwarfs Started Small.* 1/18, 19, *Street Scene; Winterset.* 1/20, 21, *Shadow of a Doubt; Under Capricorn.* 1/22-24, *Woman in the Dunes; Hiroshima, Mon Amour.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 1/17, *One More River; Old Dark House.* 1/18, *Shanghai Express; Blonde Venus.* 1/19, *Sullivan's Travels; The Palm Beach Story.* 1/20, 21, *Take a Letter Darling; No Time for Love.* 1/22, 23, *Sensation of 1945; The Countess of Monte Cristo.* 1/24, *Trouble in Paradise; Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Saturday Night Fever.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *The Choirboys.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Sasquatch.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Gauntlet.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (354-5636). *Which Way Is Up?*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 1/24, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.* From 1/25, *Renaldo and Clara.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 1/17-22, *Life and Other Anxieties* (Ed Pincus and Steven Ascher). 1/24-29, Early Abstractions.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, January 17

Paul Robeson–James Earl Jones stars in a new play by Phillip Hayes Dean about one of the most extraordinary and controversial Americans of this century; directed by Lloyd Richards. Previews start tonight prior to a 1/19 opening. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

CURRENT

The Act–Imagine the incestuous marriage of TV and Las Vegas and, next, their idiotic progeny; you now have a perfect picture of this work. If ever a supposed Broadway musical looked like a cross between a less than spectacular TV spectacular and a dry-as-dust show at the Sands or the Desert Inn, this vulgar concoction is it. Its main—almost its only—selling point: Liza Minnelli, and she has only brashness, pathos, and desperate energy. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of Marsha Mason and Neil Simon and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Imperial, 249 E 45th (CO 5-2412).

Cheaters–A new domestic comedy by Michael Jacob about adultery. Doris Roberts, Lou Jacobi, Rosemary Murphy, and Jack Weston have the leads, and Robert Drivas directs. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Cold Storage–Tale of two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. When Ronald Ribman, the author, is at his best, as in the first act, he can keep you laughing and thinking at the same time. As the two main characters, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance, and Len Cariou is compelling as long as he acts tense and superior; when he is agonized he is a bit too mechanical. But the evening is lit with the playful intelligence of the writing, and the articulate energy of the performers. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

Do You Turn Somersaults?–Another feeble play by Aleksei Arbuzov, which manages, however, to embrace basic values that are as lovable as they are simple-minded. Mary Martin has lost that dreadful, super-jolly goody-goodiness of her prime and has settled into a twilight coziness. She has aged charmingly. Directed by Edwin Sherin. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Frank Langella may be the ideal Dracula for this kind of production. The other actors, except for the splendid Alan Coates, are unsafe even in comic-strip size. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Golda–William Gibson has written a cheap, and oversimplified version of the life of Golda Meir. Shoddy direction, sets, and lighting, with, for the most part, indifferent-to-bad actors. The exception is Anne Bancroft, who, through sheer talent, never lets a two-note part grate on us. Gibson has tried to combine the unstageable business of warfare with scenes from the very discreet Mrs. Meir's life—and because the public events dwarf the private, *Golda* remains shadowy and stereotypical. Morosco, 217 W 45 (246-6230).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

Jesus Christ Superstar–A revival of the Andrew Lloyd Weber/Tim Rice rock opera, directed by William Gray. Thru 2/12. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

November People–Jan Sterling and Cameron Mitchell in a play by Gus Weill about the effects on a family when its politician father returns home after a jail sentence. Directed by Arthur Sherman. Billy Rose, 208 W 41st (391-3999).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Saint Joan–The wonderful thing about any Shavian play is the play of intellect in it. Here there are actually flashes of lyricism, and what's more important, the sheer luminescence of Shaw's restlessly revolving intellect. However, Lynn Redgrave, splendid actress—and even Shavian actress—that she is, simply is not Saint Joan. Instead of a substratum of full-brooded country lass, she has a fundamentally urban quality: nervous, exacerbated, clever, neurotic, shrill. Thru 2/19. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Over the years, however, the play has become ritualized, about as titillating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

Side by Side with Sondheim–Hermione Gingold, Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, and Georgia Brown offer a generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Vincent Gardenia now has the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (Cl 6-6699).

A Touch of the Poet–At his second-best, Eugene O'Neill is still better than most of what is around today. This story of how an immigrant Irish innkeeper in Boston 1828 comes to terms with the truth about himself is slow to get started but then carries considerable wallop. Jason Robards may be a bit too charming for the protagonist, but there is good supporting work from Geraldine Fitzgerald and Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker, as the daughter who precipitates the dramatic events, is marvelous. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (Cl7-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Allegro–The 1947 musical with music by Richard Rodgers and book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, directed and choreographed by Bill Koch, with music directed by Mark Goodman. Thru 1/29, Tues thru Sun at 8; Sat and Sun mat at 2:30. Equity Library Theater, 103rd St & Riverside Drive (663-2028).

Annie and Arthur–Michael Shulman's new play about love and insanity, with Diane Tarleton and Tom Coble. 1/20-22, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Performing Gallery, 42 W 15th (777-3055).

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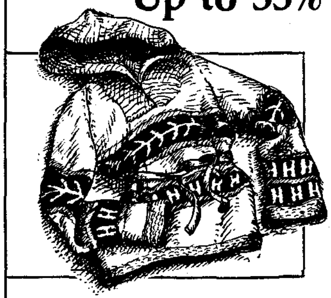

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Another Way To Love–A comedy of unusual fantasies; and a post-play discussion follows (with wine). Thurs thru Fri at 8 p.m. thru 1/27. The Project, 127 Grand St (966-0322).

The Bandit Princess–Kikue Tashiro's play, directed by Linda Mussman. Wed thru Sat, at 8 p.m. $3. Time & Space, 139-41 W 22nd (741-1032).

The Beard–Michael McClure's play about Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid and their meeting in eternity. Directed by Philip Minor. Quaig Theater, 108 W 43rd (391-1072).

Black Body Blues–Gus Edwards's play, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. 1/19-2/5. St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue (OR 4-3530).

Block Party–A romantic ghetto tragedy by Joseph Lizardi, directed by the author, about the last tenants remaining in an almost burned-out building in the South Bronx. Thru 1/22. Free. Henry St Playhouse, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

Bremen Coffee–A play by the German film-maker Rainer Werner Fassbinder, directed by Manfred Bormann. 1/27-29, 2/3-5, 10-12. Loretto Playhouse, $3. 20 Bleecker St (242-3900).

Cabin 12–John Bishop's play, directed by Marshall Oglesby, about a father and son searching for the dignity of death. Tues thru Fri at 11 p.m. thru 1/20 $3. Circle Repertory 99 7th Ave So on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

Cappella–A new play by David Boorstin and Israel Horovitz, starring Sol Frieder and Allan Wasserman. Thru 1/22. Off Center Theater, 436 W 18th (929-8299).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a gaggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

CSC Repertory–Ibsen's *Rosmerholm;* Jean Genet's *The Maids;* Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and John Arden's *Sjt. Musgrave's Dance.* CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

Comedy Faces of '78–Cabaret starring The First Amendment Comedy Troupe; Zalkind and Burke Dancin', and Seborn Westbrook. 1/26-2/11; 2/16-25. Hotel Ansonia, 73rd & Bdway (840-0243).

The Contessa of Mulberry Street–About the price a family must pay for their passion, pride, and guilt, set in New York's Little Italy. By Nicholas Bellitto, directed by Gene Frankel. Gene Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (421-1666). Closed

Double Bill–Agatha Christie's *The Rats,* and Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne.* Fri thru Sun, 1/20-2/12. 9:30 Fri & Sat, 4 p.m. on Sun. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Double Bill–Two one-acters by Sean O'Casey: *Bedtime Story,* and *Pound on Demand.*. 1/19-22 at 10 p.m. $2.50. La Mama, 74 E 4th, betw 2nd Ave & Bowery (475-7710).

Double Bill–A.R. Gurney Jr.'s *The Problem,* and Brian Richard Mori's *Dreams of Flight.* Thurs thru Sun, 1/19-30 at 8 p.m. $2.50. IRT, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Drama Committee Repertory–Stephen Crane's *Blue Hotel.* Chekhov's *Ward Six.* Wilde's *An Ideal Husband.* Conrad's *Heart of Darkness.* $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

The Dybbuk–This classic folk tale has been padded with typical Open Theater wordless business, at the same time obfuscating basic properties of the story. The performers are a heterogeneous bunch of unlikely professionals and disastrous amateurs. Above all, the simple story line has been smudged and submerged in sterile, "experimental" fussiness, and deprived of that essential ingredient: cohesive ensemble acting. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Endgame–Samuel Beckett's comic view of life among the ruins, directed by John Roach. 1/19-22, 27-29, 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m.

Epicoene-The Silent Woman–Ben Jonson's comedy, directed by Sam Hochman, choreographed by Ned and Nora Rotante, with an original score by Bruce Lieberman. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 & 7:30. Thru 1/22. $6, 7. Pilgrim Theater, 240 E 3rd St (473-9360).

Exit the King–Eugene Ionesco's fairy tale for grown-ups directed by Howard Green. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30 & Mon at 7:30. Thru 1/30, $3, except Monday when all seats are $1.90. Counterpoint 152 W 66th (799-6954).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Fefu and Her Friends–Obie award-winning play written and directed by Maria Irene Fornes. Tues thru Sun, Thru 2/5. $8. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

Gershwin: Of Thee We Sing–Revue based on Gershwin's life story. Fri & Sat, 1/27, 28, at 8 p.m. $5. Stage Works Theater, 15 W 18th, third floor (914-237-2159).

Hablemos a Calzon Quitado–A provocative comedy in Spanish by Guillermo Gentile, directed by Max Ferra. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Mat Sun at 4:30 p.m. Thru 2/5. $4. Intar, 508 W 53rd (247-6776).

How Do You Live With Love?–Paul Hunter's four-story comedy, directed by Bruce Minnix. Thurs thru Sun (mat at 3 p.m. Sun), Thru 1/22. $3.50. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (571-7594).

The Imaginary Invalid–Moliere's piece, directed by Luigia Miller. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun mat at 6. Thru 1/17. Riverside Theater, 2710 Bdway at 104th (864-9672).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Pinter's *The Cocktail Party;* Ibsen's *Love's Comedy; A New Way to Pay.* Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Just Folks–A play by Romulus Linney centering around Biblical figures as seen through word-of-mouth traditions. 1/22-2/5, Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (691-2220).

K–A dramatic response to Franz Kafka and his work, directed by Garland Wright, with impressions from *The Trial,* staged by The Lion Theater Company. Wed thru Fri at 8; Sat at 5 & 9; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 1/22. $4. West Side Airlines Terminal, 460 W 42nd (947-4224).

Kaspar–Peter Handke's story of an autistic youth who finds himself at complete loss on the stage. Thurs thru Sun, 1/19-22 at 8 p.m. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Lady Windermere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 1/29. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

A Life in the Theater–David Mamet is our current most-promising playwright. In this series of vignettes, showing us an older, proudly declining actor and a young and ambitiously climbing one in their on- and off-stage relationships, he gives away the show by the fact that every scene is a duologue. We keep waiting for a little verbal football, something more team-oriented and teeming with life. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Mama Sang the Blues–A comedy-drama by Katherine Cortez about the pain and pleasure of life with an unusual mama, played by Jacqueline Brookes. Directed by Teresa Hayden. Thurs thru Sun, Thru 2/5 at 7:30 p.m. Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

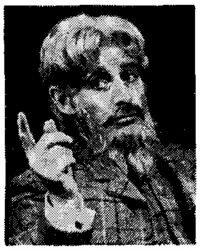
A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 8 & 11 p.m. Sun at 7. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Mandrake–The less said about Machiavelli's comedy, the better. It's uninventively camped up by Wilford Leach's direction and decor, abysmally costumed by Patricia McCourty, and execrably acted by all but Angele Pietropinto and Larry Pine, who, unsubtle but professional, tower above a gaggle of ghastly amateurs. Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Molly–Tammy Grimes stars in Simon ("Butley") Gray's play about a couple in England who have a maid and a handyman. Wed thru Sun, 1/20-2/5. Directed by Stephen Hollis. Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

AND ANOTHER THING...



Donal Donnelly stars as George Bernard Shaw in **My Astonishing Self,** an entertainment drawing from the lectures, pamphlets, diaries, letters and miscellaneous public utterances of the great man. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Never Waste a Virgin–Andrea Balis and The Cutting Edge play Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $5. Thru January. Wonder Horse, 84 E 4th St (533-1250).

One Crack Out–David French's drama set in a seedy pool hall; directed by Daniel Freudenberger. Teri Garr plays a hanger-on. Tues thru Sat at 8; Sun at 7:30; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 1/19. Marymount Theater, 221 E 71st (730-0794).

Othello–Earle Hyman has the title role in this updating of the Shakespeare play, directed by Gene Feist, with Carmen de Lavallade and Nicholas Kepros. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

A Photograph–A rocky love affair between a talented but self-doubting black photographer and his devoted dancer-girl friend told in the murkiest, most pretentious and self-serving terms by Ntozake Shange. This supposed "poemplay" is neither poem nor play, badly written and as badly acted. There is, however, good set design, and some interesting slides are projected on it, though they cannot obliterate the play. Public/LuEsther Hall, 425 LaFayette St (677-6350).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory. Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

A Prayer for My Daughter–A play by Thomas Babe; directed by Robert Ackerman. From 1/17. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Rat's Nest–A New York City comedy about friendship and manipulation, by Joel and Neil Cohen, directed by Michael Murphy. 1/26-2/11, Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50, $2. Shelter West Co., 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

The Real Inspector Hound–Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Robert Pesola. Fri thru Sun at 7:30. Thru 2/12. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

The Red Robins–Kenneth Koch's new play, an adventure-book fantasy, directed by Donald Sanders. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $7. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (675-5000).

The Room–Conceived by Saskia Noordhoel Hegt, with music by Andrew Schloss. 1/19-22, 26-29; 2/2-5, at 8 p.m. Cino Theater, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

Royal Repertory–GBS's *Candida,* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal,* every Sunday at 4 & 7:30. $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Separate Tables–Terrence Rattigan's play, thru 1/29, Thurs & Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7; $2.50. Morgan's Old New York Tavern, 134 Read St (226-8928).

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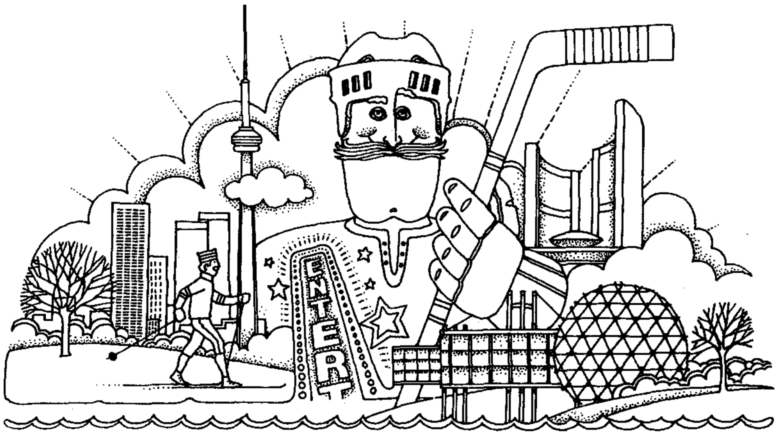

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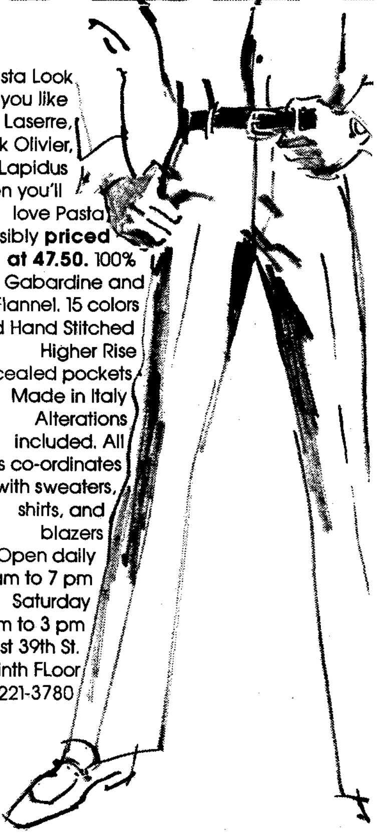

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET
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Soho Repertory–Ronald Duncan's *Abelard and Heloise.* Pablo Picasso's *Four Little Girls.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish Theater Repertory: *Te Juro Juana, Que Tengo Ganas,* by Emilio Carballido; *La Dama Duende,* by Calderon; *La Fiaca by Ricardo Talesnik.* Suite Latinoamericana—two one-acters by Talesnik and Carballido. All plays in rotating repertory thru January and February. Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 E 27th. For dates call 889-2850.

PROLIFIC PLAYWRIGHT

Romulus Linney, who has written three plays we'll see this season, has as his first, *Old Man Joseph and His Family,* which is a Chelsea Theater's production; thru 1/22, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Street (636-4100). *It moves to* Manhattan's Westside Theater, W 43rd St, 1/25 and stays thru 2/5. Lou Gilbert stars, and Robert Kalfin directs.

El Super–Written and directed by Ivan Acosta, this tragic-comedy is presented in Spanish. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 6 p.m., thru January, 1978. $4. Cuban Cultural Center, 601 W 51st (586-8564).

13th St Theater Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line* and *Shooting Gallery,* Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 5:30. Tues & Thurs at 7:30. George Birmisa's *Pogey Bait,* Thurs thru Sat at 10; Sun at 8. Alan L. Reed's *Aftermath of an Eagle,* Tues at 10. Tom Millot's *Three by Two,* Mon & Wed at 7:30. Sklaroff & Magesis's *Swamp Fox,* Fri & Sat at midnight, thru January. 50 W 13th (924-9785).

The Troupe Repertory–Upstairs: Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Downstairs: Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters.* Thru 1/22, Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Two by Mishima–*The Lady Aoi* and *Kantan,* two modern plays inspired by themes from ancient NOH classics by Yukio Mishima, *translated by Donald* Keene. With an Asian-American cast directed by Jon Teta. $3. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3:30; 1/19-2/5. Open Space in SoHo, 64 Wooster St (966-3729).

Vanities–*Three girls from Texas grow old but not up.* Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

Ulysses in Traction–Albert Innaurato's biting, bitter comedy about a university drama department under seige. Marshal W. Mason directed Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 1/22. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Water Engine–A new play by David Mamet, directed by Steve Schachter. Thru 1/28. Cabaret at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Way of the World–William Congreve's play, directed by Steven Keim, is a restoration comedy with verbally duelling lovers and crafty, lecherous dowagers. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 1/29. $3. New York Theater Ensemble, 62 E 4th St (447-4120).

Women I Have Known–An evening with one American woman, about many, written and performed by M. Tulis Sessions. $3. Thru 1/22. Shelter West, 15 Van Dam (675-0498).

The Yellow Sound–A stage work by Wassily Kindinsky. 1/18-21, 25-28, 2/1-4, at 8 p.m. $2. West-Park Theater, 165 West 86th (636-5719).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer *Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio* Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Cafe Fanny–Madison and 43rd. Patterned on 19th century Viennese cafes with an informal ambiance and open from 7 a.m. to midnight daily. The Strauss Sisters play week nights, Mon thru Fri (687-7115).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. The musical revue of Los Chavales de Espana, plus Flamenco dancers, & singers. Luis Tamayo and Felo Bohr. Mon thru Fri 9:30 & midnight. Sat has three shows (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Saturdays, 8:45, 11:30 & 1:30 a.m. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at *9;* Sat at *9* & *12:15* (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E. 60th St. Bette Midler's here thru 1/22 and naturally she's all sold out. Downstairs disco is open Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (PL 5-6010).

Dangerfield's–1118 First Ave. Mort Sahl's the mordant, extraordinary, stimulating guest thru January. Shows at 9:30 & 11:30 p.m. (593-1650).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interest*ing decor, and international cuisine* (758-8240).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist Dick Haddy; there's pianist-singer George Mahoney; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington and his trio are here nightly, except Sun, from 10 p.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on *Sun and* Mon (838-8384).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Valentine Room, entertainment Mon at 9 & 11; Tues and Wed at 11 p.m. Per usual Cabaret '78 plays at 9, Tues thru Sat, *with an extra show* at 11, Thurs thru Sat (683-0044).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: 1/28, comedian Irwin C. Watson. 1/20, 21, comedian Gus Christy. Lainie's Room: Thru 1/21, Harry Blackstone Jr. 1/23-2/5, singer Tom Sullivan (PL 2-3100).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The incredible master mystifier, Milbourne Christopher, delights with legerdemain and is backed by The Warrens (Arthur and Madelaine) who sing and dance, thru 1/28 (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Thru 1/22, Stan Rubin and his orchestra play for dancing. 1/24-2/5, Lee

Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wed thru Sun 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thurs and weekend. Bands of Tony Martell and Ramon Argueso. Petro and Olga dance class Wed (Cl 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Mon thru Sat, Janice Harper entertains. Continuous disco dancing. (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Aris San heads the two-hour revue of singers, bouzouki players, bellydancers, and dancing waiters at this Greek-Israeli nightclub (683-9409).

Starship Discovery #1–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex. 9 p.m. to 7 a.m. Wed thru Sun (695-1114).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Americana, 811 Seventh Ave (581-1000). **French Quarter:** New Orleans atmosphere, and dancing to music of Bobby Michaels & Company, Mon thru Sat, 9 to 1:30 a.m. Sun 5 to midnight.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** Michael Carney entertains Mon thru Sat thru 1/21. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland plays Mon thru Sat thru 2/11.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** The usual brand of hotel music has been replaced here by the melodious 7-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli and his trio. He plays quiet ballads and bright standards with cool jollity and elan. Ask him to play "Nuages." Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 2/4, the New York Rubber Rock Band. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri. From 1/23, pianist Diana Finn, 5 to 10 p.m. And from 10 to 12:30, singer Mary Small.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

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when and where They're playing.

Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Keno Duke, a huge drummer with a galvanizing beat, leads a hard bop group called the Contemporaries, thru 1/21, at this soulfully comfortable downtown jazz shop. 1/24-28, Billy Bang Survival Quintet. Monday nights are reserved for trumpeter Ted Daniels and Energy, his big band (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

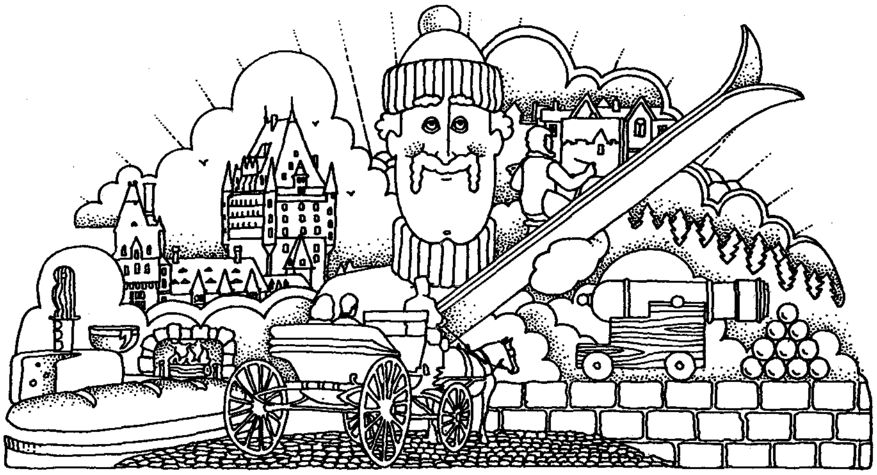
Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Bdway. By day, an art gallery, by night, a jazz club serving pita sandwiches, fruit juices, and on 1/20-21 Brass Proud—a trumpet choir with rhythm section (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. (473-9367). Singer-comedienne Pamela Myers thru 1/28. 8:30 & 10:30, Tues thru Thurs. 9:30 & 11:30 Fri & Sat.

Barbara's–78 W 3rd St. 1/20, 21, jazz guitarist and singer Ray Rivera and Quartet. 1/27, 28, Japanese trumpeters Teramusa Hino and Quartet. (473-9326).

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF QUAFFING COGNAC AT THE CLUB...



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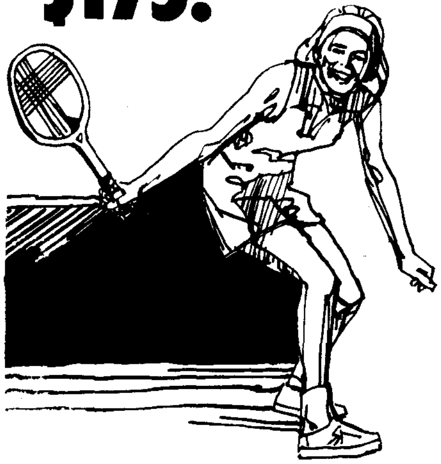

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Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's–12th St & Fifth. 1/18-21, Mike Abene Quartet. 1/25-28, the Dewey Redman Trio (675-4720).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, the great blues singer, is here thru February, Mon thru Thurs 8:30 & 10:30, Fri & Sat a third show at 12:15. Sundays, Rose Murphy, the big lady with the tiny voice, sings from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. accompanied by Morris Edwards on bass (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt Ave. A genuine New Orleans restaurant, with the Buddy Tate Trio (Jim Roberts on piano; Ronnie Cole on drums) here thru 2/10. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 thru 11:30 (889-8331).

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever. Sundays, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Daphne Hellman, harpist, with guitarist Ed Berg & bassist Tomka (688-0018).

David Copperfield Pub–38th & Lexington. It's a Dickens of a place, English food. Len Metcalfe plays every night but Mondays from 9 until 3 a.m. (684-8227).

David's Harp–131 W 3rd St. Singer-guitarist Shlomo Haviv has returned to this Israeli hotspot. He performs every night but Monday from 9 (982-0328).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 1/17, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpeter. 1/18, the Harold Ashby Quartet (265-8277).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mon & Tues, Al Haig, a tough-minded tender-touch lyric pianist, who swings like an April breeze, is at the center of a trio that includes the fleet master bop guitarist, Chuck Wayne, and an iron-toned basist, Jamil Nasser. 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Wed thru Sat, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio, with guitarist Joe Puma. Mon thru Sat, 7 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Thru 1/21, Double Image, a new jazz group (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Roy Eldridge is a monument to the jazz spirit, and to miss seeing him at work is to deny yourself the pleasure of witnessing one of the few enduring giants. His group includes clarinetist Joe Muranyi and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays and Sundays, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Fridays, 5:30 to 8, the Stan Gold Quartet (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

Lone Star Cafe–13th St & 5th Ave. Country-western entertainment & food & dancing. 1/17, 18, Rusty Weir. 1/20, 21, Chuck McDermett and Wheatstraw (242-1664).

Marty's–1265 Third Ave. Terraces and gardens and continental food. Jimmy Jordan plays the piano and sings blues and ballads (249-4100).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 1/28, a tribute to the music & genius of George Gershwin, by pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Bobby Rosengarden, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, bassist Milt Hinton, and Bob Wilber (clarinet & sax) From 9:15 p.m. Closed Sundays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Bravo Riccardo entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Stephen Marks and Natalie Gilbert, Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass 1/17, 18, Pine Island 1/19-21, Coco and the Lonesome Road Band. 1/22, Groundspeed. 1/23-28, Them Fargo Brothers (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. The Art Syms Quartet plays. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. Italian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Geraldine Fitzgerald (currently starring in "A Touch of the Poet" on Broadway) doubles her for week beginning 1/17, appearing at midnight thru 1/21. Singer Gerri Griffin's also here (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Stryker's–103 W 86. Chuck Israels, a gifted leader of unlikely combos, has a nine-piece unit on Mondays; guitarist Jimmy Ponder holds sway on Tuesdays; the ever-brilliant saxophonist Lee Konitz on Wednesdays; gritty baritone saxist Ron Cuber on Thursdays; and this Friday and Saturday, the trio of pianist Ronnie Mathews (874-8754).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Red Mitchell, a most distinguished bassist who has resided in Europe for many years, is visiting for a week of duets with the lyric guitarist Jim Hall, thru 1/22 (242-1785).

Tramps–125 E 15th. 1/18-21 & 25-28, The Rich Look Show at 8:30 & 10:30 (260-0370).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. McCoy Tyner will pummel away at the keyboard—often brilliantly, and always intensely—with his excessively brash rhythm section, 1/20, 21, at 9:30 & 11:30, Fri; 9:30, 11:30 and 1:30, Sat. (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 1/17-22, the Chet Baker Sextet. 1/23, The Thad Jones and Mel Lewis Big Band (AL 5-4037).

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345). Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Ice Capades, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); 1/18 at 2 & 7:30, 1/19-20 at 7:30, 1/21 at 11, 3 & 8:30, 1/22 at 1:30 & 5:30.

10th Anniversary Celebration, *Jacques Brel Is Alive & Well & Living in Paris,* Town Hall (582-4536), 1/21-22 at 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Wed-Fri at 7, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2 & 5.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Concerts

Tuesday, January 17

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Benny Goodman, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Lee Hoiby, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Heiichiro Ohyama & Francoise Régnat, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Virgil Fox, Metropolitan Museum, at 8.
Pierre Reach, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Janis-Rozena Peri, Town Hall, at 7:30.

Wednesday, January 18

Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Pierre Reach, Jewish Community Center of Staten Island, 475 Victory Blvd. (360-8125), at 8.
Choral Noontime, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd., at 12:10.

Robert Robertiello & H. William Glazier, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Joe Venuti/Bucky Pizzarelli, NYU Graduate School, 100 Trinity Pl. (269-0320), at 12:30.
Sequeira Costa, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Israel Piano Trio, Brooklyn Jewish Center, 667 Eastern Pkwy (360-8125), at 8.
Marilyn Mason, St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-2200), at 8.

Thursday, January 19

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Michael Webster, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Vered Shiloni, NYU Theater, 35 W 4th St. (598-3491), at 8.
Joel Kuznik, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.
An Evening of Mozart, CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W 42nd St. (790-4331), at 8.
Omega Ensemble, Christ & St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St., at 8.

Friday, January 20

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.
Deborah Vowler, Jack Kahn Pianos, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 8.
Brass Proud, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 12.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Elizabeth Freeman, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Calvin Hampton, Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. South at 21st St., at midnight.
Kirk Nurock & Natural Sound, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.

Saturday, January 21

LOCAL DEBUT

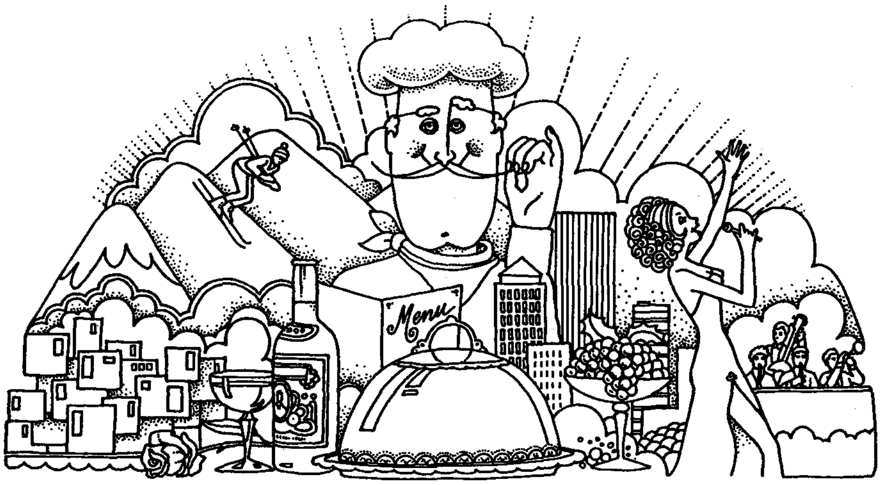
Calvin Simmons, assistant conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, makes his New York City debut on January 21 as conductor for the New York Philharmonic Young People's concert. The program features Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra* and selections from *Pictures at an Exhibition.* Avery Fisher Hall at 2 (874-2424).

Charlotte Bergen, Carnegie Hall, at 2:30.
Manhattan Opera Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music, Town Hall, at 4.
Brass Proud, Axis in SoHo, 463 W Bdwy (228-0882), at 9:30 & 12.
Richard Goode, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Eugen Sarbu, Metropolitan Museum, at 2:30.
Borodin Piano Trio, Alice Tully Hall, at 2.
International Songs, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Iris Hiskey & Dora Ohrenstein, NoHo Gallery, 542 LaGuardia Pl. (925-3863), at 7:30.
Sergei Matusewitch, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.
Lenore Engdahl, Carnegie Recital Hall, 5:30.
Radu Lupu, Washingotn Irving High School, 16th St. at Irving Pl. (586-4680), at 8.
Queens Symphony Orchestra, Queens College, at 8:30.
National Folkloric Ballet of the Dominican Republic, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Susan Gregory, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
André Watts, Brooklyn College Whitman Hall (859-1180), at 8.

Sunday, January 22

Vienna Chamber Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 3.
Gramercy Consort, Grace Church, Bdwy at 10th St., at 4.
American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Nancy Shearer, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., at 5:15.
Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, 92nd St. Y, 3.

THIS WEEKEND INSTEAD OF EGGS BENEDICT FOR BRUNCH...



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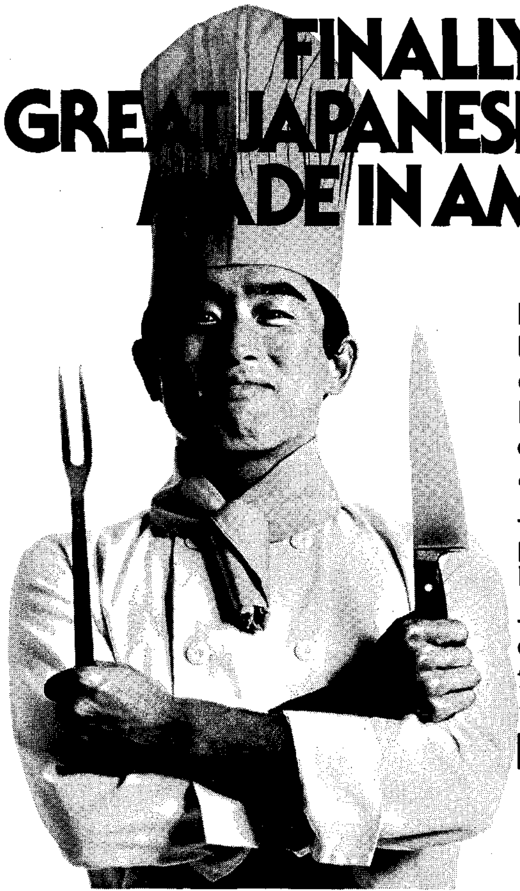

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THOSE WERE THE DAYS

The **New World Consort** will present a program of sacred and secular music from the thirteenth thru the seventeenth centuries, performed on medieval and renaissance instruments. The members of the group are, from left to right: Rosemarie Carminiti, William Mount, Maryanne Ballard, and Robert Cowart. At Christ and St. Stephen's Church (120 W 69th St.), *January 22 at 3* (874-1371).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum, 8.
Lazar Berman, *Avery Fisher Hall, at 3.*
Queens Symphony Orchestra, Queens College, 3.
Israel Piano Trio, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Deborah Feinsmith & Chamber Group, New-York *Historical Society, at 2:30.*
Ensemble for Early Music, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Edmond Niemann, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Music for Baroque Violoncello, St. Paul's Chapel in Columbia University, Bdwy at 116th St., at 8.
Young Musicians Concert, Hebrew Arts School, 15 W 65th St. (787-0650), at 3.
J. Douglas Riva & Carolyn Morgan, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
Joe Venuti & Friends, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St., at 5.
Tudor Consort, Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. between Bdwy & Amsterdam Ave., at 3.

Monday, January 23

New York Philharmonic Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m.
Tchaikovsky Piano Competition Winner, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Youri Egorov, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Vytautus Smetona, Town Hall, at 2.
Erick Friedman, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.
League-ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Jam Session, Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (924-5026), at 8.

Tuesday, January 24

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Erick Friedman, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
William Parker & Dalton Baldwin, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Katsurako Mikami, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

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METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Tues, 1/17 at 8: **Tannhäuser** with Kubiak, Bumbry, Battle, McCracken. Conductor: Levine; director: Schenk; designers:Schneider-Siemssen & Zipprodt. Wed, 1/18 at 7:30: **Thaïs** with Sills, Milnes, Van Ree, Morris. Conductor: Pritchard; director: Capobianco; designer: Toms. Thurs, 1/19 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** with Arroyo, Kraft, Jones. **Pagliacci** with Mauti-Nunziata, Vickers, MacNeil. Conductor: Patané; director & designer: Zeffirelli. Fri, 1/20 at 8: **Il Trovatore** with Cruz-Romo, Cossotto, Merighi, Wixell. Conductor: Patané; director: Merrill; designers: Colonello & Reppa. Sat, 1/21 at 1:30: **Tannhäuser** (Same cast as 1/17). Sat, 1/21 at 8: **Thaïs** (Same cast as 1/18). Mon, 1/23 at 8: **Il Trovatore** (Same cast as 1/20). Tues, 1/24 at 8: **Cavalleria Rusticana** and **Pagliacci** (*Same cast at 1/19*).

SEASON PREMIERE

Beverly Sills sings the title role in *Thaïs* in the premiere of the Metropolitan Opera's new production of Massenet's work. The cast *also includes* Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris. John Pritchard conducts; Tito Capobianco directs; sets and costumes by Carl Toms. January 18 at 7:30 (580-9830).

OTHER

Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *Tales of Malamud,* 1/21 at 7:30, 1/22 at 3.
Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *Pantaloon, He Who Gets Slapped,* Wed-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 4. Thru 2/26.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Mlle. Modiste,* 1/18 at 2 & 8:30, 1/19-20 at 8:30, 1/21 at 4 & 8:30, 1/22 at 4.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues 1/17 at 8: *Ballo della Regina; Vienna Waltzes.* Wed, 1/18 at 8: *Episodes; In G Major; Vienna Waltzes.* Thurs, 1/18 at 8: *Donizetti Variations; Calcium Light Night; Tzigane; Cortege Hongrois.* Fri, 1/20 at 8: *Calcium Light Night; Allegro Brillante; Monumentum/Movements; An Evening's Waltzes.* Sat, 1/21 at 2: *Jewels.* Sat, 1/21 at 8: *The Dybbuk Variations; Vienna Waltzes.* Sun, 1/22 at 1: *Scotch Symphony; Firebird; Stars and Stripes.* Sun, 1/22 at 7: *Jewels.* Tues, 1/24 at 8: *Dances at a Gathering; Union Jack.*

OTHER

Leslie Dillingham & Margie Gillis, Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6909), 1/20-22 at 8.
Bill Evans Dance Co., Pace University Schimmel Center (285-3715), 1/19-21 at 8.
Greenhouse Dance Ensemble, 92nd St. Y, 1/18-19 at 8.
Kazuko Hirabayashi Dance Theater, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. (864-2929), 1/19-21 at 8, 1/22 at 2.
Gael Stepanek & Candice Christakos, Lotus Gallery, 81 Spring St. (925-8941)

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Art listing edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Anneli Arms–Beings in polyurethane reliefs and drawings, thru 2/2. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).
John Batho/Earl Kerkam(1891-1965)–Four-color carbon photos/Self-portraits, still lifes from the early 40s to 1965, thru 2/18. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).
Larry Bell/Eric Orr–New print editions by both, thru 1/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

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**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.*

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NEVELE

Nevele Hotel, Ellenville, N.Y. 12428, Direct Wire NY (212) 244-0800, Hotel (914) 647-6000

Kathleen Cooke–Animals in a world of silence, plus clay figures, thru 2/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

Robert Cooke–Constructivist clay sculpture and small bird forms in bronze, thru 2/2. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

*__William Copley__–A boudoir installation entitled "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," thru 1/28. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

Carol Kreeger Davidson/Leah Rhodes/Ann Sperry–3D wall reliefs in metal, paper, and cord/Sectional abstractions/Cor-Ten steel sculpture, thru 1/28. René, 6 W 57th (765-1330).

Laura P. Eng–Landscape murals, thru 1/21. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

Jan Faust–Drawings by this contributor to *New York,* the New York *Times,* Washington *Post,* others, thru 1/21. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

John Hardy–Realist phases and stages, thru 2/4. Genesis, 41 E 57th (751-7220).

David Hare–Landscapes, 2/11. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Norman Ives–Recent collages, thru 2/1. Pearl, 29 W 57th (839-6310).

Aloisio Magalhaes–Repeated landscapes, creating a surreal pattern, thru 1/19. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).

Ralph Moseley–Paintings for the first time in NYC, *thru 2/2. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).*

Yvonne Muller–Earth-tone abstractions, thru 1/26. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Georges Noel–An interlocking system in blues, violets, and grays/100 primitive art pieces, thru 2/11. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Nathan Oliveira–Color monotypes for an unwritten story, thru 2/4. Dorsky, 4 W 57th (489-1020).

Eric Orr–Drawings on glass, thru 2/18. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Elaine Reichek–Small pieces made of organdy, mesh, and silk, dealing with Woman, thru 1/21. Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

*__Peter Saul__–*Re-interpretations of Delacroix's Death of Sardanapalus,* plus a giant Western scene, thru 2/2. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Tim Scott/Dan Wingren–Recent sculpture from Utica/New paintings, thru 1/26. Long Contemporary, 7 W 57th (PL2-6244).

Dee Shapiro–Beads of acrylic color on canvas, thru 2/10. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

*__Victor Spinski__–Fast food service in ceramic chaos, thru 1/28. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

*__Bill Spira__–Small terra-cotta sculpture, 1/24-2/10. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

*__Frank Stella__–Prints, including two new editions, thru *1/28. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).*

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Jose Francisco Bellorin–Still lifes, thru 1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Naftali Bezem–Paintings and works on paper, thru 3/30. Aberbach, 988 Mad Ave (988-1100).

Varujan Boghosian–Watercolors, collages, and drawings, thru 1/28. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Stephen Buckley–*Gridlike abstractions, thru 2/2.* Elkon, 1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940).

Michael Decain–Space and color abstracts, watercolor illustrations, and calligraphic renderings for Petrarch's sonnets, thru 2/1. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Paul Delvaux–10 years of surreal graphics, thru 2/8. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

*__Niki De Saint-Phalle__–Wall pieces and sculpture, including brightly colored *Nanas* and penguins, thru 1/21. Gimpel Weitzenhoffer, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

Henry Farrer(1843-1903)–Drawings, thru 2/4. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

*__Gerald Geerlings__–Drawings of Paris bridges and landmarks along the Seine, thru 3/3. French Institute, 22 E *60th (644-1820). Mon-Thurs 10-8, Fri 10-5:30,* Sat 10-2.

De Witt Hardy–Watercolors, thru 2/4. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (PL3-4694).

Harvey Littleton–Hot glass and fabricated sculpture, thru 2/6. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

John Opper–Recent paintings, thru 1/27. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Peter Poskas–Connecticut landscapes, thru 1/28. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

***Randall Timmons**–Recent works seen for the first time here, thru 1/26. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

SoHo

Evalyn Aaron–Large landscapes using oriental brush stroke, thru 2/21. Mirage, 132 Greene (925-7045).

Elliott Barowitz–Painterly landscapes infiltrated by the technological, thru 2/2. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

***Frances Barth**–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

Dara Birnbaum/Suzanne Kuffler–A videotape installation/Video, texts, and photos, thru 1/28. Kitchen, 484 Broome (925-3615). Tues-Sat 1-6.

Ed Blackburn/Bona Wygodzinsky–Paintings/A funerary environment, thru 1/29. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Marcelo Bonevardi–Recent works, thru 2/5. Bonino, 48 Great Jones (PL2-9556). By appt.

***Arthur Cohen**–Recent large-scale pastel drawings, thru 1/28. Caldwell, 383 W Bdwy (966-6500).

***Donald Cole**–The representational and the abstract on unstretched canvas/Gallery artists, thru 2/9. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

Cris J. Cristofaro–Works from Chicago, thru 1/28. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

***Walter De Maria**–Stainless steel sculpture composed of 13 related geometric units, thru 1/31. Friedrich, 19 Waverly Pl (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Dan Flavin–A fluorescent light installation, 2/11. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Louise Frishwasser–Atmospheric abstractions, thru 1/26. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Emily Fuller/Mimi Smith–Acrylic abstractions and works on paper with pigment powder/Television news drawings, thru 1/28. 55 Mercer (226-8513).

Ernest Garthwaite–Skin paintings, plus a sound environment, thru 1/31. Echo, 133 Mercer (925-4799).

Sam Gilliam–Paintings, thru 2/4. Solway, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Stefan Hoff–Figure sculpture and constructed abstractions, thru 1/28. Lohman, 55 Wooster (966-7173). Tues-Sat 1-5.

Kazuko Inoue/Roslyn Streifer–Paintings by both, thru 1/28. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995).

***Andrew Jansons**–Contrasting dark- and light-filled area abstractions, thru 1/28. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

***Christopher Knowles**–Works created on a typewriter, thru 1/28. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

***Arthur Levine**–Drawings of merchant and war ships, plus panoramic views of American cities, thru 1/25. Prince St, 106 Prince (636-1912).

Richard Nonas–Steel pieces and large multipart drawings, thru 1/31. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

***Pat Passlof/Steve Sherman**–Large abstractions of layer upon layer of color/Figures in situations reflecting their persona, thru 2/2. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

***Gerhard Richter**–Recent paintings, thru 2/11. Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Jake Severance**–Subtle still lifes, thru 1/28. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (925-6951).

Martin Silverman–Sculpture, thru 2/11. Thorp, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Sylvia Sleigh–New paintings, thru 2/8. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

***Robert Wilson**–Recent drawings and photostats, thru 1/21. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

OTHER

Guido Brink/Susan Pear Meslel–Sculpture and multiples/Paintings and prints, 1/19-2/28. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

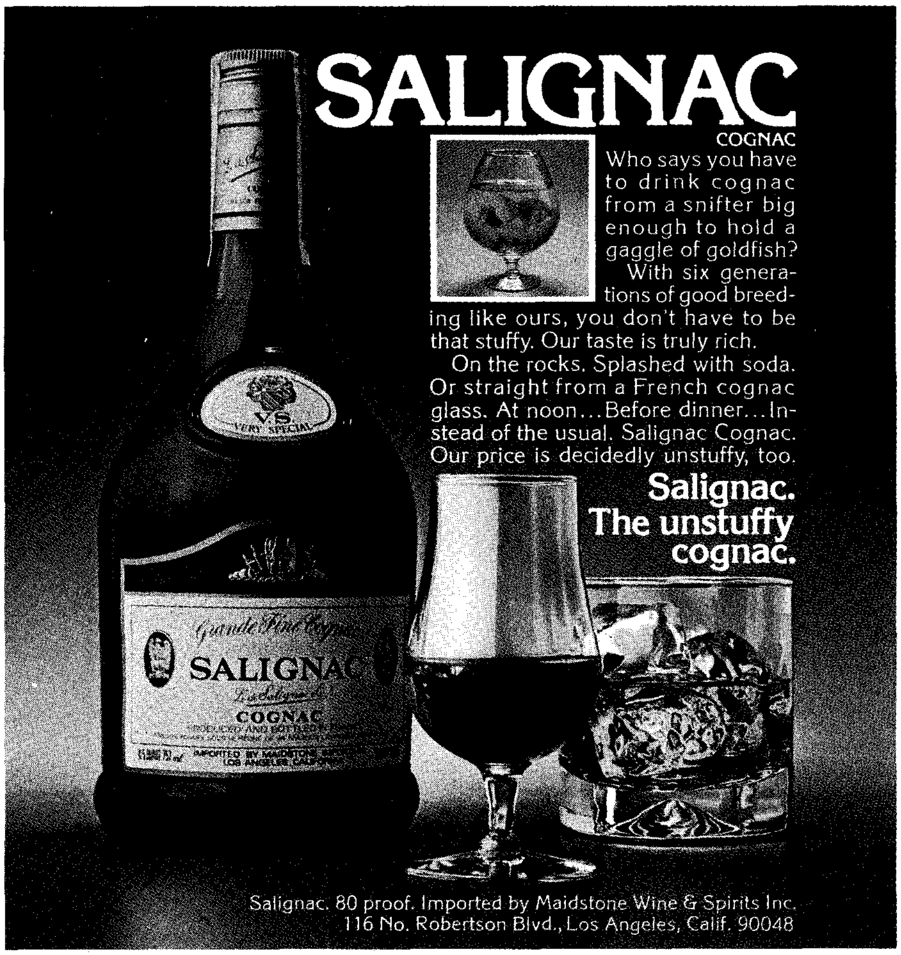
Freidus–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Thurs-Sat 12-6, Wed 6-9. Small scale environments in wood, plus prints by Hill, Sturman, others, thru 2/4.

Tony Janetti–Watercolors, thru 2/10. Kromex, 1 Rockefeller Plaza (489-8445). Mon-Fri 10-5.

Michael Mazur–Monkeys in the zoo in paint and on paper, thru 1/28. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

***Mies van der Rohe**–A graphic explanation of the Seagram Plaza, thru 2/1. Seagram Building (4th fl), 375 Park Ave (572-1168). Mon-Fri 10-4.

Anne Parker–Sky- and seascapes of Ipswich, Massachusetts/Drawings by Alpuy, Borgatta, Evans, others, thru 1/28. Roko, 90 E 10th (GR3-0760).



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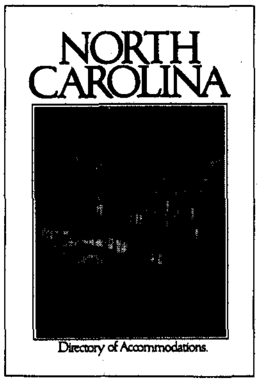
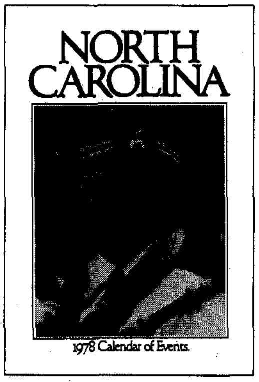
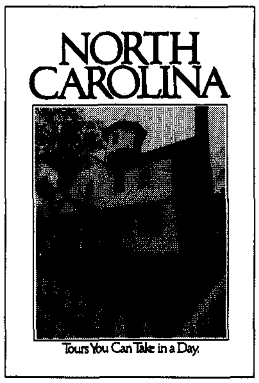


Directory of Accommodations.



1978 Calendar of Events.



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Margot Robinson–Form-color values in sculpture and paint, thru 1/29. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619).

***Tony Rosenthal**–A monumental steel girder construction, titled *Hammarskjold,* thru 1/31. Hammarskjold Plaza Sculpture Garden, 866 2nd Ave (861-3115).

Bill Sullivan–Riverscapes seen from West Side piers, thru 1/28. Einstein, 243 E 82nd (628-8782).

Christopher Wilmarth–Steel and glass sculpture, thru 2/4. Drool/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Malevich and his circle concentrating on Russian non-objective art with Goncharova's 1914 Rayonnist paintings and Lissitzky's PROUNS, thru 2/4.

***Hammer**–51 E 57th (644-4400). American paintings by Bensen, Cropsey, Henri, Lawson, Prendergast, others, thru 2/11.

Heidenberg–50 W 57th (586-3808). Sculpture by Caro, Kolar, and Moore; paintings by Frankenthaler and Natkin, thru 1/28.

***Kennedy**–40 W 57th (541-9600). 19th and 20th century American drawings, including Copley, Burchfield, Homer, Hopper, and American naïve art, including cigar-store Indians, weather vanes, whirligigs, and portraits, thru 1/28.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 E 53rd (582-5056). Mon-Sat 10:30-5. Helmets, masks and headpieces from West and Central Africa, thru 1/31.

***Reinhold Brown**–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). More than 20 Art Deco posters from France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Holland, thru 1/31.

Canty–50 E 78th (794-9855). Japanese Ukiyo-E prints by Chikanobu, Kunisada, Toyonobu, thru 1/31.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Reboli, Southcombe, others, thru 1/31.

Cucalón–145 E 72nd (472-8741). Colette, Dudley, Rifka, others, thru 1/31.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). 20th century artists, including Bellows, Davis, Dove, Toledo, thru 2/2.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Teapots by 30 ceramicists, thru 2/25.

Gallery Naïve–1288 Mad Ave (427-9283). Naïve work from France, Israel, Haiti, Yugoslavia, and Mexico, thru 1/31.

***Grolier Club**–47 E 60th (838-6690). Medieval manuscripts and rare books from the Walters Art Gallery collection, including Sannazaro's poems, thru 2/5.

***Ingber**–3 E 78th (744-3158). Cubist syntax in works of the 70s by Conley, Diamond, Parrino, others, thru 2/1.

Iran Information–10 W 49th (757-1945). Mon-Fri 9-5. Persian miniature paintings, featuring Parviz Mehram, thru 1/28.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (LE5-9888). New works by members, thru 2/4.

***Laboetie**–9 E 82nd (535-4865). Crotti, Hockney, Klee, Seligmann, thru 1/31.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and amulets from Egypt, thru 3/6.

***Nicholls**–1014 Mad Ave (472-0211). Cartoons, illustrations, and magazine cover designs by Addams, Arno, Booth, Saxon, others, thru 1/28.

***Sabarsky**–987 Mad Ave (628-6281). Works by German Expressionists, thru 2/25.

Shepherd–21 E 84th (861-4050). 19th century French drawings, watercolors, and pastels, plus 30 bronzes by Antoine-Louis Barye, thru 2/28.

Solomon–959 Mad Ave (737-8200). Mon-Sat 11-5. Paintings by de Kooning, Gottlieb, Motherwell, Noland, and Stella, thru 1/31.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Sculpture by Balsley, paintings by Beardman, and drawings by Lundin, thru 1/28.

Wildenstein–19 E 64th (TR9-0500). Mon-Fri 10-5. Small sculpture by Moore and Pompon and drawings by Boucher, Boudin, Robert, Toulouse-Lautrec, others, thru 1/28.

SoHo

Boone–420 W Bdwy (966-2114). Darton, Hart, Mogensen, Stephan, and Uglow, thru 2/2.

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (732-6196). Tues-Sat 1-6. Four installations, including Knoebel's electrical circuits and Smith's architectural patterns, thru 1/28.

***Buecker & Harpsichords**–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Art and documentation from the Guild Art Gallery, a 57th street establishment of the 30s, including Aronson, Gorky, Gross, others, thru 2/25.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed 11-9. Works by younger and unknown artists, thru 3/4.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Bang, photos by Haile, and wall pieces by Knafo, thru 1/28.

Hubris–150 Thompson (982-1827). Paintings by Aebi, furniture by Gross, textiles by Shelton, thru 2/4.

Key–130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Collages, mixed media by Saltzman, Welsh, others, thru 1/22.

2nd Floor–97 Greene (226-1518). Six expressionists, thru 1/31.

Soho 20–99 Spring (226-4167). Tues-Sat 12-6. Borstein, Gillies, Sallick, Wybrants, others, thru 2/1.

OTHER

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Ecuadorian Art, thru 1/22.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings, and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, thru 1/29.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadow, Corona Park (699-9400). Wed-Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5. Memorabilia connected with Toscanini, thru 3/31.

NY Public Library–5th at 42nd (790-6551). Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. WPA prints from the 30s and 40s, thru 2/28/Monographs on ship, train, and airplane models, thru 2/1/Documents relating to Thomas Edison and the phonograph, thru 3/25 at Astor Gallery, Lincoln Center.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Weyhe–794 Lex Ave (TE8-5466). 12 American prints from 1919, thru 2/11.

Photography

***American Museum of Immigration**–Base of the Statue of Liberty (732-1236). Daily 9:15-5. *Italian*

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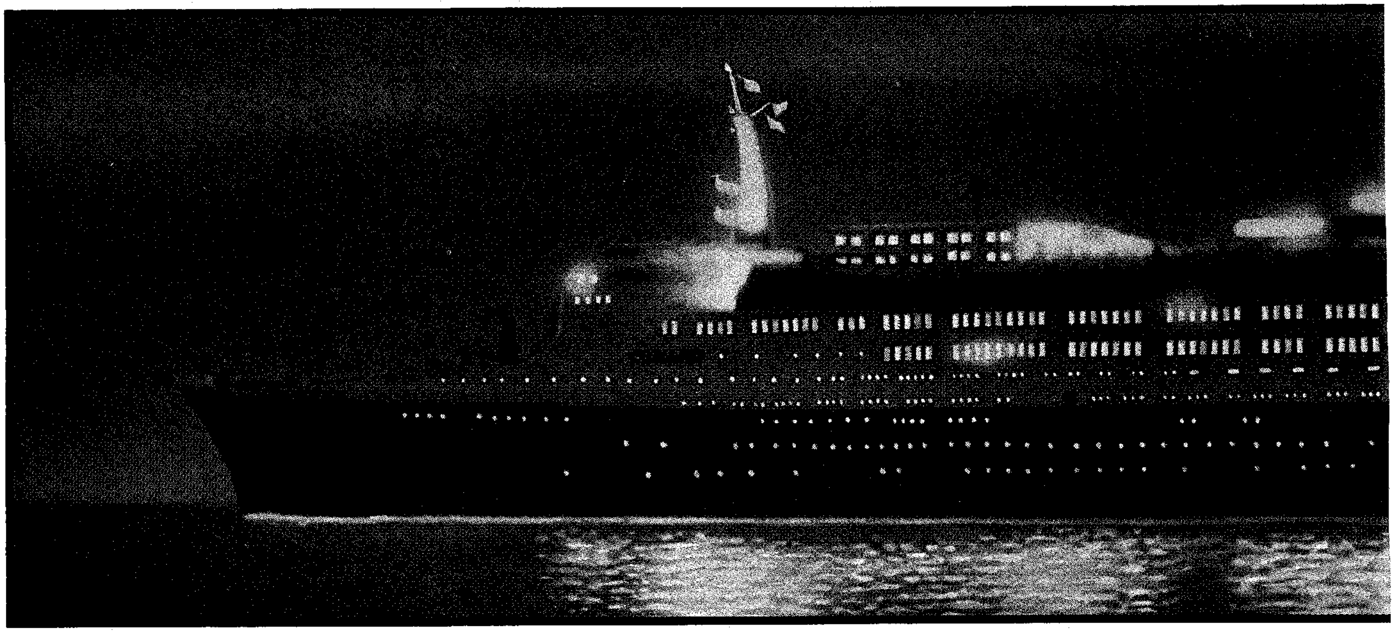

Americans: A pictorial essay from 1875 to 1977, thru 1/29.

Foto–492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6. Objects in an ambiguous space by Ferguson. Theatrical, surreal images by Gordin. Nighttime color by Ollman, thru 2/11.

***Philippe Halsman**–*Life* magazine portraits and imaginative studies done in collaboration with Dali, thru 1/29. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. International Newspaper Snapshot Contest winners, thru 4/14.

***Light**–724 5th Ave (582-6552). NYC as a motif in 75 studies by 50 artists, including Stieglitz's *Icy Night* and Newman's *Robert Moses,* thru 1/28.

Felix H. Man/Abe Rezny and Rick Silberman–A pioneer of photojournalism/Holography, thru 2/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Arthur Rothstein**–80 vintage prints including farmer and sons in dust storm of 1936, thru 2/4. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6. Portraits by Aronberg, glamor by Hart, ice formations on windows by Yost, Wall Street by Gatewood, thru 1/31.

***Karl Struss**–Works by the only surviving member of the Photo-Secession, thru 2/11. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

Philip Thorneycroft Teuscher–People and locations, thru 1/30. Motal, 18 W 45th (228-1633). Mon-Fri 9-6.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Azurite and Gold:* Two magnificent mineral specimens; thru 1/31.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Royal hunting scenes highlight the art of the Sasanian empire, thru 3/12.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *More Than Meets the Eye:* 400 works from the permanent collection; thru 2/12.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Forty Modern Masters:* Works by Arp, Cézanne, Ernst, Klee, Picasso, and others; thru 2/1.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Ronald Bladen Outdoor Sculptures,* thru 1/31.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *The End of the Game:* Peter Beard's 20-year African experience; thru 1/22.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Vanity Fair:* A treasure trove of the Costume Institute, thru 9/3. *Age of Spirituality:* Late antique and early Christian art, third to seventh century; thru 2/12. Irwin Untermyer Collection: About 400 works of English and Continental decorative arts; thru 6/30.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Rembrandt and His Century:* Drawings, thru 2/19.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W Dog; St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30. *The All-American Dog;* thru 4/2.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Frozen Motion:* The photographic dance images of Marcus Blechman; thru 9/4.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Reflections of Future Space;* thru 4/30.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Posters in the Penthouse:* Rare French and American posters from the 1950s and 1960s by Matisse, Chagall, Kandinsky, others; thru 2/6. *Arp on Paper:* Drawings and collages; thru 3/5. *Le Corbusier:* Architectural drawings; 1/16 thru 3/26. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31. *Herbert Bayer:* Photographic works; thru 1/29.

New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave. (741-8962). Weekdays 12-6, Wed 12-8, Sat 12-5. *Art Outside the Mainstream:* Figurative work by artists who have disregarded traditional drawing conventions and aesthetic attitudes; thru 2/28.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Think Small:* Toys, miniatures, dolls, children's books. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Queens Artists 78;* thru 3/5.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs and photographs by Al Fennar and Mel Wright; thru 2/19.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns:* A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. Works by Wallace Berman, 1/18 thru 3/5.

Whitney Museum Downtown, 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Golden Gloves, Felt Forum (563-8000). Preliminary rounds, 1/17-19 & 24 at 8.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Golden State Warriors, 1/24 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Portland Trail Blazers, 1/18 at 8:05; vs. Seattle SuperSonics, 1/20 at 8:05; vs. Kansas City Kings, 1/22 at 1:45.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400). No home games this week.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 1/21 at 8:05.

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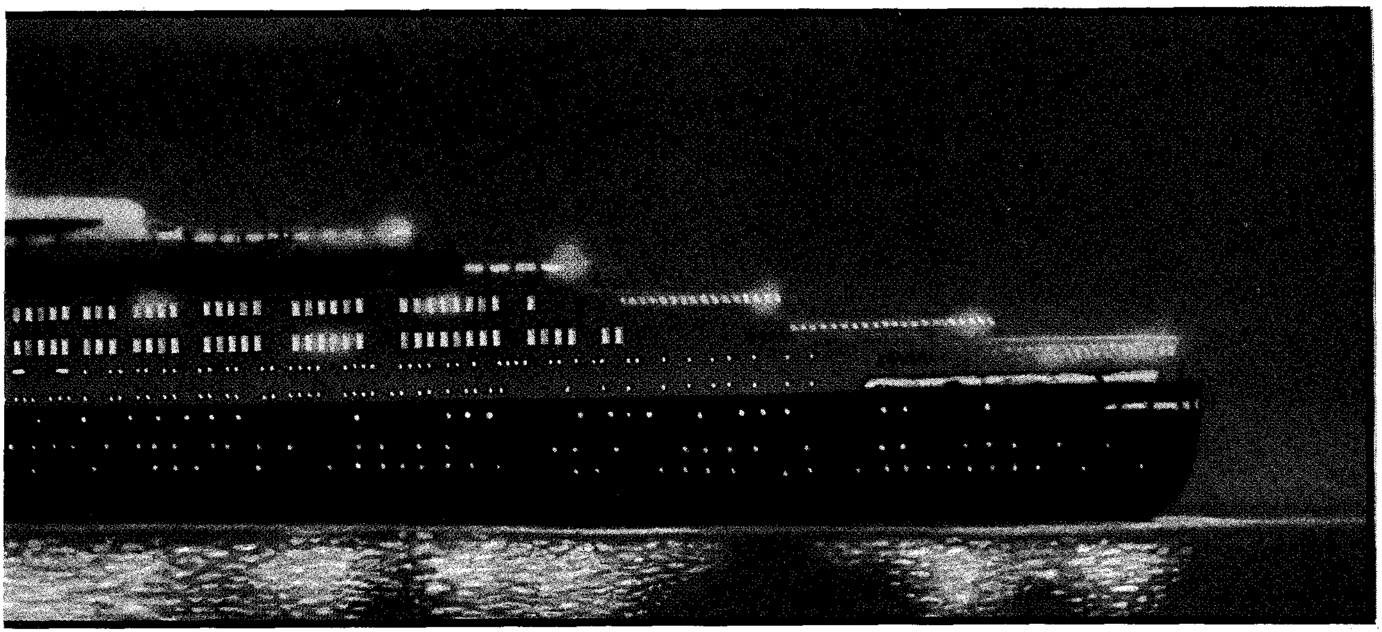
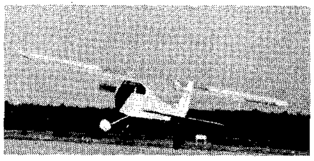




Just Plane Folks

Text by Anthony Haden-Guest
Photographs by Rafael Macia

> "...Their airplane, silvery and wingless, dominates the Buons' living room..."

It seemed, at first, a worthy assignment rather than a lulu. Do-it-yourself airplanes. Okay. Another paean to do-it-yourself. Then, first day out, I called on the Buons.

The Buons—Georges and Hedy, of whom more later—live on the eighth floor of an apartment block in Queens. The suite of wavy-patterned furniture in their living room is nicely set off by orange shag carpeting. A sombrero hangs on one wall. On others, there are African masks and some sedate abstract paintings. Also, there are abundant houseplants and an oxblood set of home encyclopedias. It is, in short, one of those trimly domestic settings that could be lifted entire from one of the department-store catalogs that brighten the Sunday *Times*. Except, that is, for the airplane.

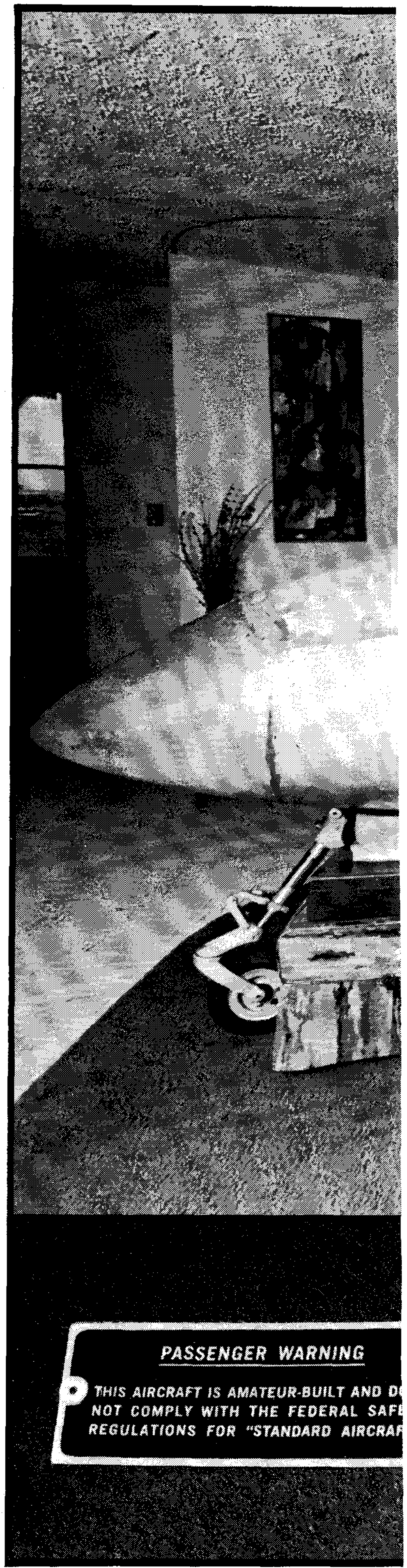
The airplane dominates. It is silvery, wingless, and—the cockpit still being shielded by sticky paper—blind. Oddly, it is not pointed toward the window, from which one sees the Throgs Neck Bridge, Long Island Sound, and an inviting skyscape. It faces the wall. And the whole thing looks (literally, for once) surreal. My eyes slid to the corners, half hoping for a spectral signature. *Tenniel. Magritte.* At least, *Charles Addams.*

Subsequent forays intensified the feeling. I found planes built in basements, garages, potting sheds, even in a Brooklyn rectory. Park Adikes, a bank manager from Suffolk County who is putting together a Scorpion helicopter, noted that "boys like toys. Later, the toys get more expensive." I met, among others, Mel Prager, who now flies the four-seater that he built in the back of his Brooklyn electronics store ("It's the biggest in New York," he told me. "It cost $8,000. And it took three years, eight months, and 23 days"). Also Bill Dabney, whose garage in Queens has—"for several years now"—been occupied by a slowly growing blue plane. And Sal Cannizzo, who drives a school bus on Staten Island and is constructing a sailplane in his basement.

Paul Jan, of the Federal Aviation Administration, which must license these splendid contraptions, spoke of controls. No flying over heavily populated areas, nor where there is heavy air traffic. "They are even more controlled than gliders," he told me, but noted an advantage over the store-bought craft. "A Piper, a Beech, a Cessna, must meet minimum design requirements," he said. "The amateur-builts don't have to."

The reasoning is beautifully constitutional. Beautiful, anyway. You can't sell dodgy items to your fellow citizens, but—*provided* you warn your passengers (note the sign)—you have every right to kill yourself.

Most home builders work from kits. A few, confident and knowing, design the things themselves. Complete, the planes will be taken apart, eased through a door or a window, and put together again. The FAA will take a look and issue a certification. Up and away. Once a year they swarm in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, hundreds upon hundreds of them. Photographs show them, thick on the ground, like locusts feeding. Behold the larval stage.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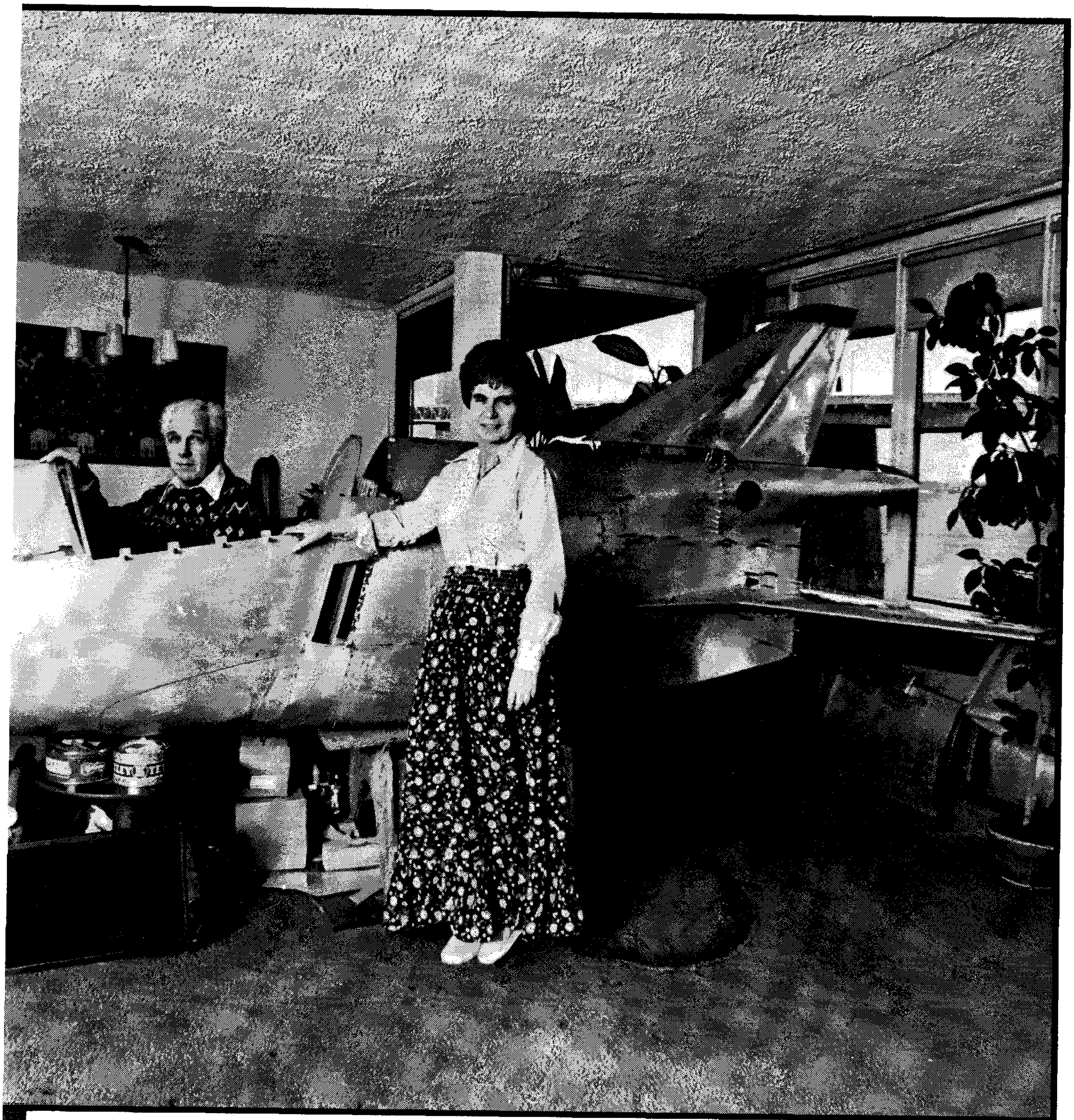


I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kit

Georges Buon is a Frenchman, and 58. He is trim, with white hair, sandals, a Lindbergh-commemorative belt buckle, and an air of dauntless enthusiasm. He designed his first plane 32 years ago in France. "But I didn't flew it," he observed. "I went bankrupt."

Georges Buon and his wife, Hedy, an Austrian, arrived in the United States soon after the end of the war. Somebody asked him if he could design shutters, he said. They meant camera shutters. A Buon camera went to the moon on one of the Gemini flights. Another, a compact movie camera, is in the corner of the living room.

A corner, naturally. The plane owns the rest. It has been a-building for four years. The maker of the kit has been sluggish in supplying parts. But, three years from now, the bird will take to the air.

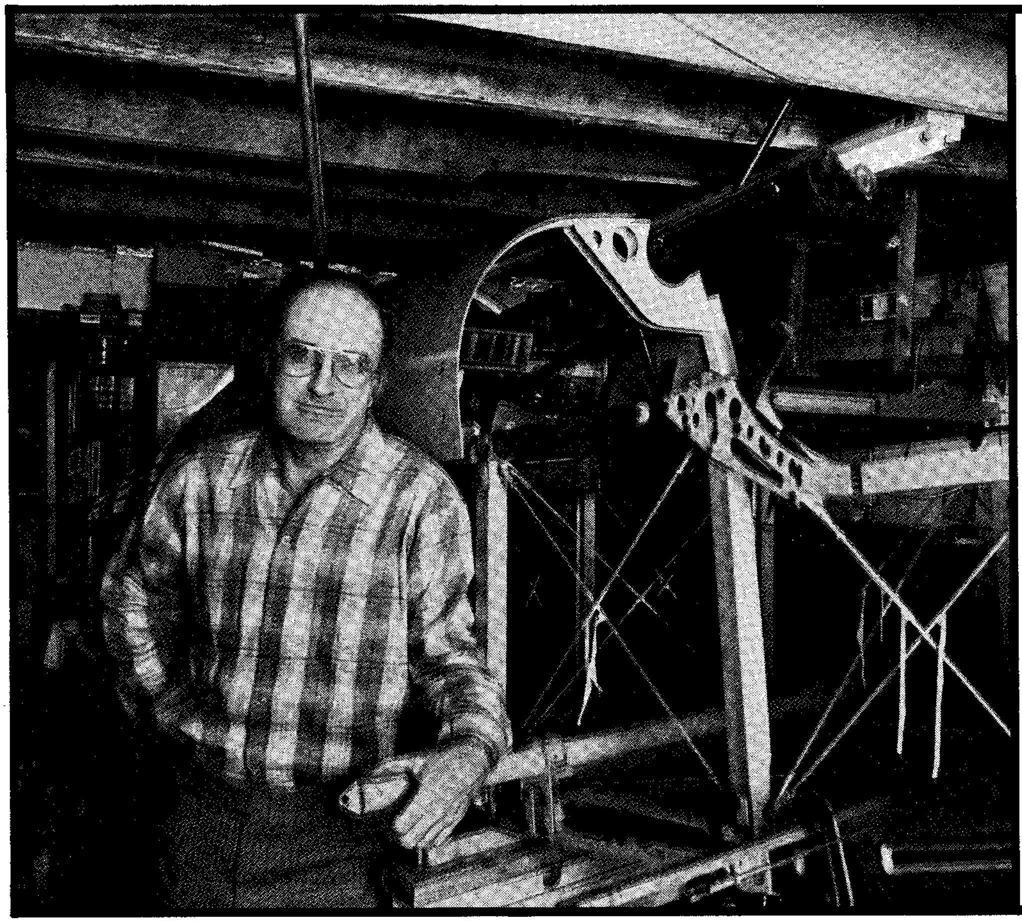
How does it feel having a plane in your house? I asked Hedy Buon. "Doesn't everybody?" she said.

"I must give her credit," Georges Buon said. "Not everybody could stand it."

"I have to restrain him," said Mrs. Buon rather proudly. "We have to eat here. And, now and again, see members of the human race."

Georges Buon patted the engine, a Renault 12. "If you were to make a hot rod, you could push this to 175 horse," he said. Since it's a plane, not a rod, he won't push the horse, but expects, even so, a speed of 300-plus mph and a range at least as far as France.

He tested the engine in another plane, he added. "Testing a new engine in a new airplane would be a bit too much. Flying is serious business. If you want to fly long time." He hooted with mirth.



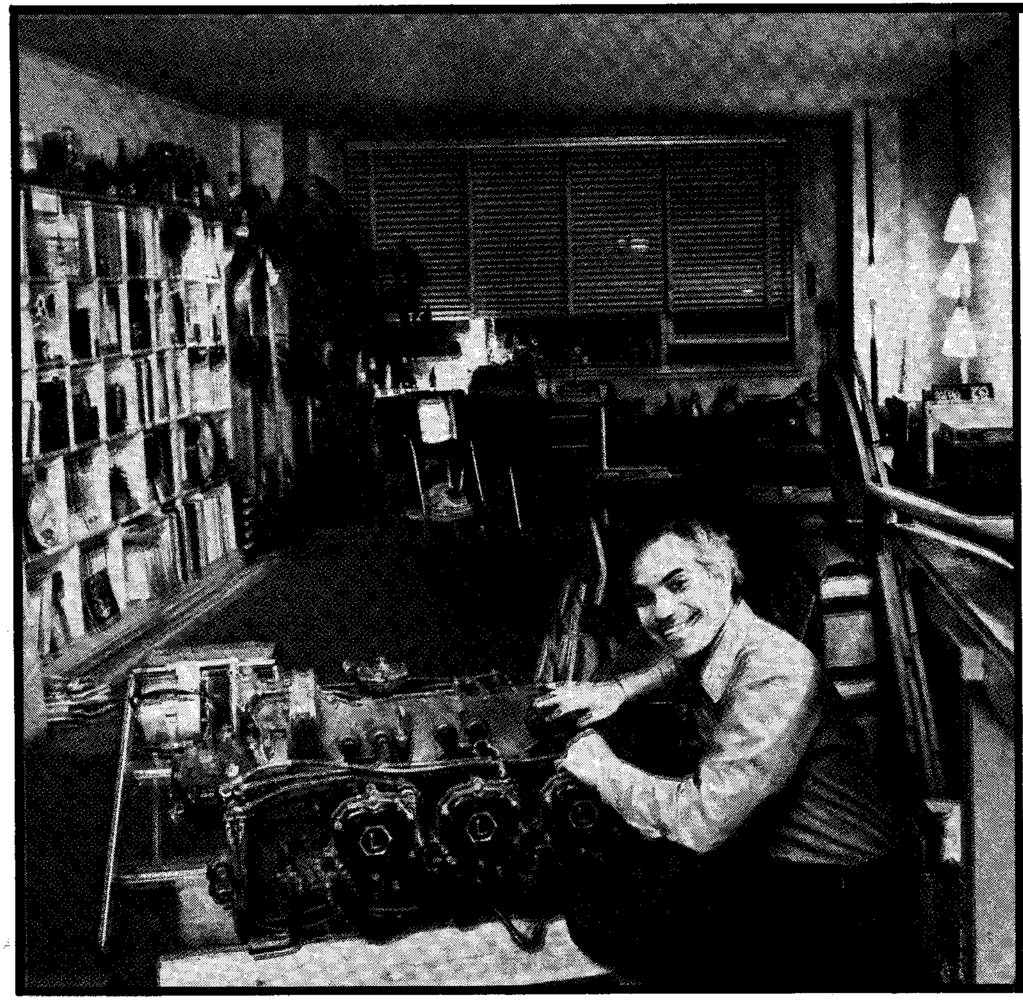
One on the Isle

Neil Thomas became a plane builder, oddly, because he was bored with flying. Right now, in an 1840 Staten Island barn, and surrounded by such scene setters as posters for World War I liberty loans, Thomas is making a replica of the SE5A, a British plane that first flew in 1917.

Why the SE5A? "This could outdive the best planes of the time. And keep its wings," Thomas told me. "And there are only about five left. Nobody cared for wooden planes. They caught fire or rotted away."

He patted the machine guns, saying, "Do point out that they have been welded. I don't want Treasury agents to come down on me. Without the machine guns, the instrument panel cost me $400. Ninety percent are antiques."

Thomas, who is 56, believes that completion will take another four years. He concedes some changes must be made. The originals, for instance, used mild steel and cotton "because," he explained, "neither the pilots nor the planes lasted very long."



Seventh Heaven

Observe four years' worth of Mustang. This replica of the U.S. World War II fighter is being built in an apartment on Seventh Avenue, Manhattan, by Dick Aaron (who designs small explosive devices) and his scientist friend, Nancy Willoughby.

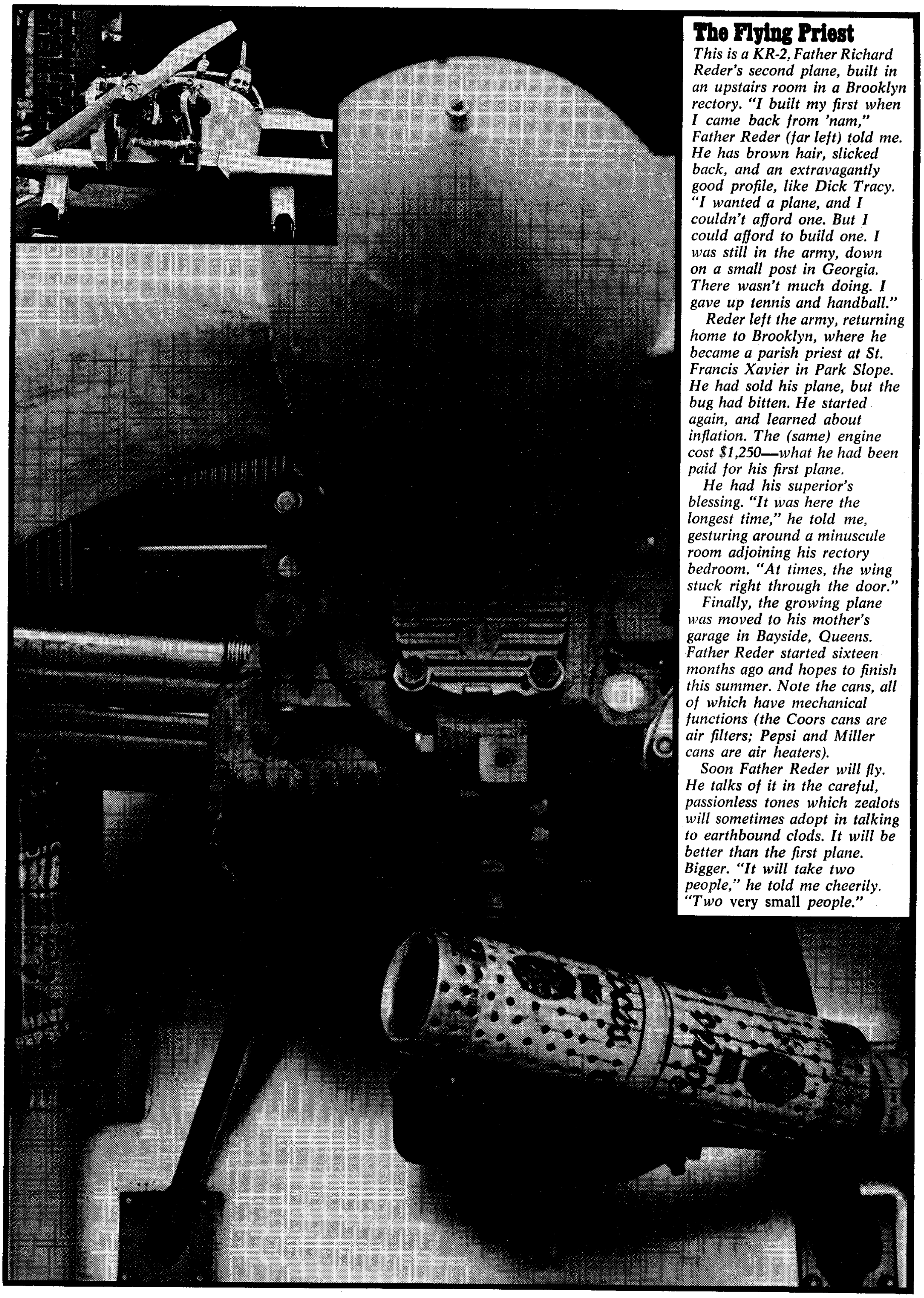
It was Aaron and Willoughby who launched the New York chapter of the Experimental Aircraft Association.

They found their engine in the pages of Trade-a-Plane. *"How much did it cost? Gee—about $700. It's navy surplus, with only about 35 running hours. The last time it ran was 1945.*

"All airplane designs are a compromise," Aaron said. "If you want to carry a large load, you aren't going to get a short takeoff. With a home-built, though, you can select your own compromise."

The main compromise remaining about the Mustang concerns color. "We're having arguments," admitted Aaron. "Nancy goes for brighter colors. Red, pink. . . "

Pink? I seem to see a nail-polish fighter scratch the New York sky. It burrows into a cloud bank, searching for the lost Luftwaffe, *and is gone.*



The Flying Priest

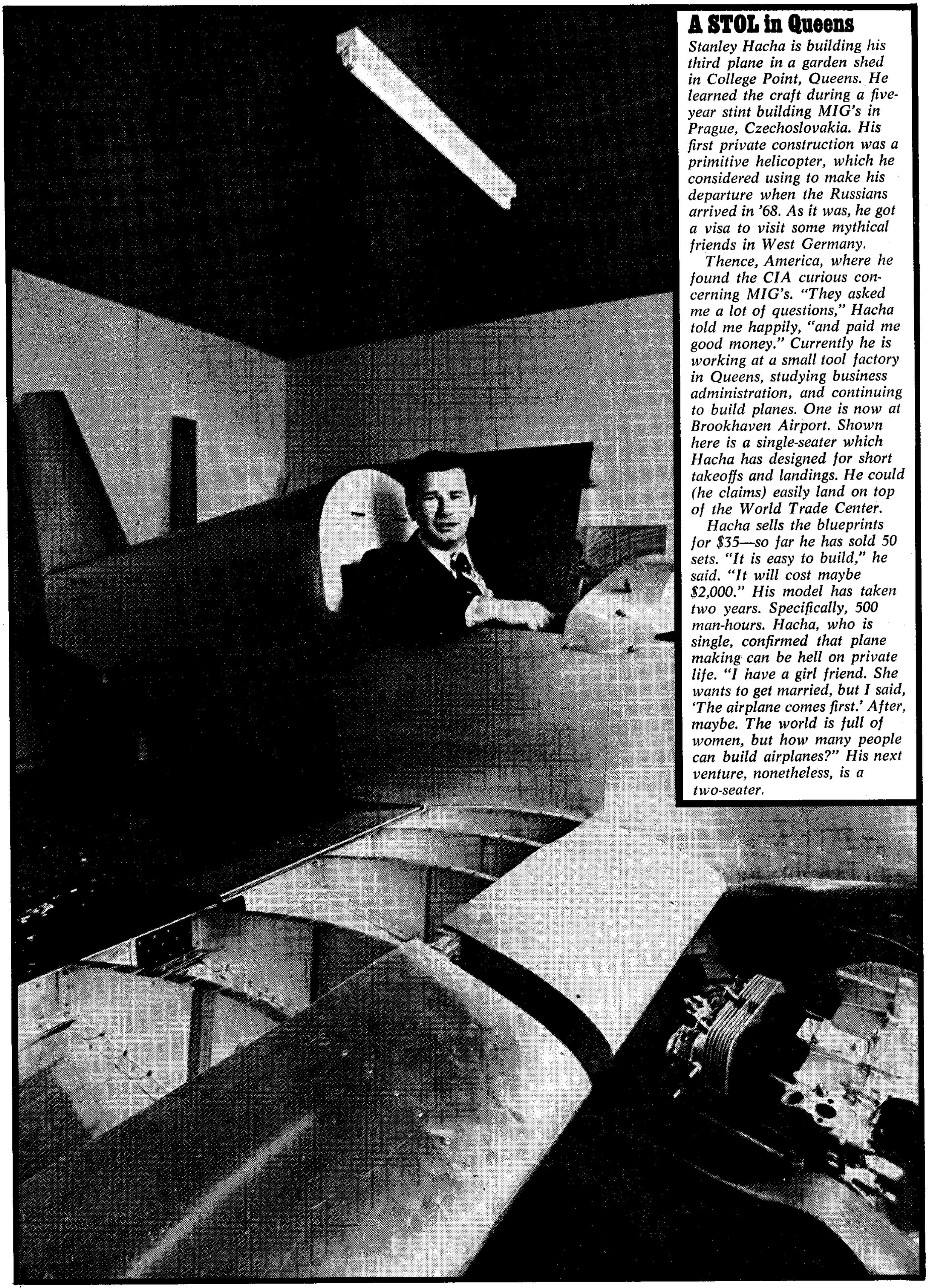
This is a KR-2, Father Richard Reder's second plane, built in an upstairs room in a Brooklyn rectory. "I built my first when I came back from 'nam," Father Reder (far left) told me. He has brown hair, slicked back, and an extravagantly good profile, like Dick Tracy. "I wanted a plane, and I couldn't afford one. But I could afford to build one. I was still in the army, down on a small post in Georgia. There wasn't much doing. I gave up tennis and handball."

Reder left the army, returning home to Brooklyn, where he became a parish priest at St. Francis Xavier in Park Slope. He had sold his plane, but the bug had bitten. He started again, and learned about inflation. The (same) engine cost $1,250—what he had been paid for his first plane.

He had his superior's blessing. "It was here the longest time," he told me, gesturing around a minuscule room adjoining his rectory bedroom. "At times, the wing stuck right through the door."

Finally, the growing plane was moved to his mother's garage in Bayside, Queens. Father Reder started sixteen months ago and hopes to finish this summer. Note the cans, all of which have mechanical functions (the Coors cans are air filters; Pepsi and Miller cans are air heaters).

Soon Father Reder will fly. He talks of it in the careful, passionless tones which zealots will sometimes adopt in talking to earthbound clods. It will be better than the first plane. Bigger. "It will take two people," he told me cheerily. "Two very small *people."*

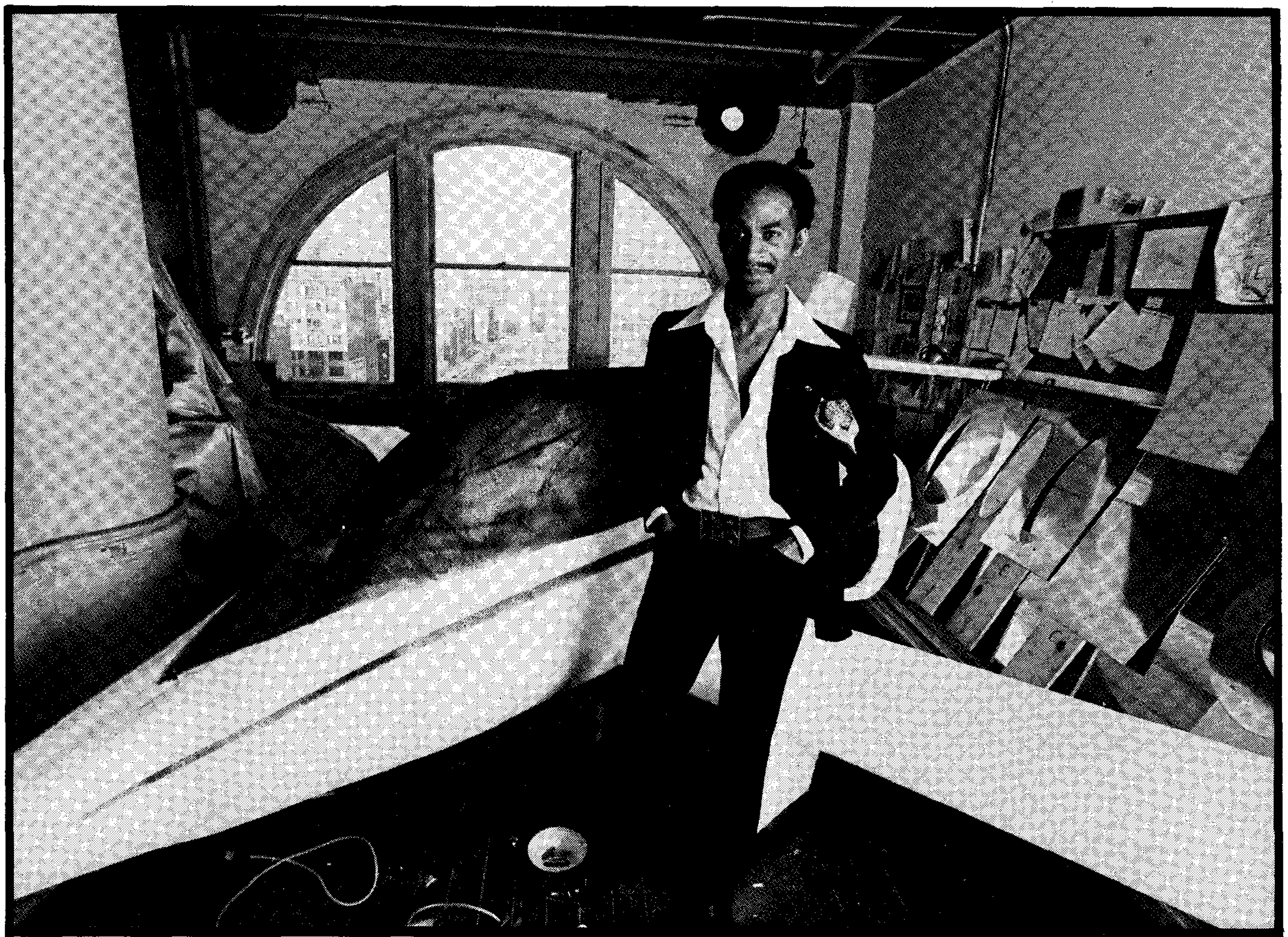


A STOL in Queens

Stanley Hacha is building his third plane in a garden shed in College Point, Queens. He learned the craft during a five-year stint building MIG's in Prague, Czechoslovakia. His first private construction was a primitive helicopter, which he considered using to make his departure when the Russians arrived in '68. As it was, he got a visa to visit some mythical friends in West Germany.

Thence, America, where he found the CIA curious concerning MIG's. "They asked me a lot of questions," Hacha told me happily, "and paid me good money." Currently he is working at a small tool factory in Queens, studying business administration, and continuing to build planes. One is now at Brookhaven Airport. Shown here is a single-seater which Hacha has designed for short takeoffs and landings. He could (he claims) easily land on top of the World Trade Center.

Hacha sells the blueprints for $35—so far he has sold 50 sets. "It is easy to build," he said. "It will cost maybe $2,000." His model has taken two years. Specifically, 500 man-hours. Hacha, who is single, confirmed that plane making can be hell on private life. "I have a girl friend. She wants to get married, but I said, 'The airplane comes first.' After, maybe. The world is full of women, but how many people can build airplanes?" His next venture, nonetheless, is a two-seater.



A Broadway Jet

Al Doyle's loft is on lower Broadway. It's in one of those pachydermatous industrial buildings where everything is the color of canned soups, and small work forces make things like fake-fur caps. Al Doyle is making himself a jet plane.

Doylejet I has two seats, a 500-mile range, and an airspeed of 350 miles per hour. And all done to his own design. "I pulled on French designs, which are very pretty," Doyle told me, "and German designs, which are very functional, and American designs, which are highly technical. Well, I'm black, and believe me, I'm going to build a beautiful, sexy plane. The sort of plane a woman will think . . . 'Oohohhh . . . this is the kind of plane I should have.'"

Only a handful of people are building jets, and it is, to some extent, Doyle who has made their work possible. "There is an engine underground," he told me, "and I am its guru." It began thus: A New Yorker, he studied art at Pratt Institute, then went to a comfy nook in advertising. "But I was thinking jet engines," he said. "I would go to bed with Thermodynamics, *by Enrico Fermi. Then I bought some plans. And it all just fell into place."*

That was 1968. One of the things that fell into place was the dearth of data. There being no jet catalog, Doyle prepared and published one himself. Also a newsletter. It meant work. "Sometimes I'll spend three days on a formula, live on cookies and soda, just keeping grass-roots jet aviation going."

The newsletter goes to 100 subscribers: "The friendlies," Doyle said, "who are the kids who are getting interested. The 'legals,' who just want an engine, and the 'para-legals,' who, I suspect, want to use RPV's for smuggling."

RPV's are Remote Piloted Vehicles—what used to be called "drones" in the heady days of the Electronic Battlefield. They are between two and four feet long, have a range of 900 miles, and carry sensing devices so as not to bash into things. "I could build a crude one for as little as $200," he said. The technology exists.

The government (he suspects) has an eye on his doings, and he isn't surprised. One enthusiastic subscriber, for instance, sent in estimates for plans for a modified J402. "That's the engine used for the cruise missile. If I receive something that looks too . . . fresh, I'll send it back. Or destroy it."

A recent front-page caution in the newsletter read: "To the anonymous person . . . who sent us the information about Omni Spectra and Project Aegis—we destroyed it. TJE has no space for classified material."

Al Doyle started his jet last January. It will cost $8,000. "Without my friends, I couldn't do it," he said. "One friend sneaks me into a computer complex at three in the morning. At times I had to choose between a drawing pad and a meal. The big companies? I've been round with a tin cup."

He seems reluctant to ascribe the lack of interest to his race, but noted that aerospace is hardly a liberated terrain. Once, in Oshkosh, a man asked if he had read Al Doyle's newsletter. "I said, 'I am Al Doyle.' He looked surprised, and said, 'But it was very intelligently written.' I thought, 'Wow! Do I have a point on my head?'"

The plane will leave his loft in five pieces, and he expects to do his taxi tests this June. "This plane has to have a charisma," he said, "a beat, like a good rifle. Or a Stanley hammer. You pick it up, you want to hit a nail.

"A fancy paint job will be unnecessary. Like gilding a rose. The lines will carry it. I stand back and look. Should it be a millimeter this way? That way? Both esthetically and as a piece of engineering, this is going to be something I have looked at many, many times."

A piquant thought. Jets like a Cessna Citation cost about $120,000 per seat. Even the cheapest run to $40,000. "I've got to believe it's going to cause a shake-up if I can show the market a jet for $10,000."

I realized that I hadn't strayed into a painting, after all, but a dream. A venerable dream, still untouched by Concorde, Freddie Laker, baggage theft at JFK, and strikes everywhere. The dream of flight. I also noted that it was a bit humiliating that several New Yorkers can build planes with less space, fuss, and mess than I take to control an electric typewriter. ▬

Ladies of the Night Clean Up Their Act

By Sol Chaneles

"...Prostitutes accept money from illegal operators, scrub it up by paying income taxes, then invest it in legal businesses..."

A growing number of call girls are leaving the oldest profession for one of the newest: washing money. It pays better, it's generally more pleasant, and it's all perfectly legal. All they have to do to earn six-figure incomes is accept money from mobsters and other illegal operators, scrub it up by paying income taxes, then invest it for their mentors in fast-food stores, real estate, funeral parlors, and other legal businesses.

Florence Shappir (all the names in this article, except for that of one state-government official, have been changed to protect the candid) says that she filed tax returns with the IRS last year for about $160,000. Florence is only 27. She graduated from a teacher-training college in Fort Worth and taught fifth grade there for two years before turning to New York.

"Fort Worth is a terrific place to grow up and live," she said, "but only if you happen to be lucky enough to have a family with lots of money. I hated living there." Then she learned that three girls from her high school graduating class were making money "partying" in New York. Within 24 hours of getting off the jet at JFK, she was in business. That was five years ago. She was pretty, sexy, and a skilled conversationalist (she had been president of her high school debating team), and by the end of the first year, she was living in a $1,200-a-month suite with two other girls. The income was not as fabulous as she had dreamed, however. Even with big-spending clients from the United Nations, she was averaging only $300 a week "clear," after expenses. "By the end of the second year in the city, business began to look so bad I was thinking about going back to teach in Fort Worth. The main reason is that men who are ready to pay for sex—and used to just want attractive, well-dressed young women—now want teenagers. In some cases it's like competing with ten- and eleven-year-olds."

Fortunately for Florence, at the time the call-girl business began to fall apart, business picked up with her "referral agent," Mike Brilla, who began sending clients who weren't interested in sex at all. They only wanted help in turning money around—laundering.

The first client referred by Brilla was the owner of a private technical school for teaching trades to disadvantaged minorities. Money was pouring into his school from the city, state, and federal governments to provide jobs, skills, books, tools, and personal counseling. According to the proprietor's contracts, the more he spent, the more profit he stood to make. So he asked Florence to receive a few thousand dollars a month, under different names, as a "personal counselor," deposit the money in a bank account, deduct what she would eventually have to pay on the amount in income taxes, keep 5 percent of the total for herself, and return the balance, in cash, to the school proprietor. Within a year she was making enough money to give up "partying" altogether.

Florence lent her names to a variety of corporate titles in as many businesses. She found herself president of a chain of pizza shops and of three doughnut stores, the secretary-treasurer of an out-of-state amusement arcade, and the director of two companies that specialized in "factoring," a term she didn't understand. Just before last summer's blackout, Florence gave up her share of the apartment near the U.N. and moved to a brownstone duplex in the East Fifties. The work is not very demanding, but she can't travel much, since she has to be in the city most of the time, awaiting visits from clients or their assistants. She has to be available to sign checks, sign bank authorizations and corporate papers—and to turn over large amounts of cash that she periodically withdraws from her half-dozen bank accounts. She hasn't had a sex client in eighteen months.

Is what Florence Shappir and others like her are doing really perfectly legal? The Internal Revenue Service worries only about taxes, not about the activities that produce the revenue. "The fact that laundering takes place is outside our responsibility," says a spokesman for the IRS. "That is, from the standpoint of the IRS, we only want to make sure that the proper taxes are paid." So, while it's a crime to carry out a crooked scheme to avoid paying taxes on honest income, it's no problem, at least for the IRS, to carry out a crooked scheme for paying taxes on income from illegal sources. One effect of this policy is that legitimate businesses and honest jobs are being generated by the capital produced from laundering operations. Mike Brilla already thinks of himself as a captain of New Enterprise.

Brilla owns a "Continental"-style restaurant in the East Forties. His conversation bristles with allusions to "Vegas" moneymen, the fabulous private casinos of Mexico City, and the benefits to the city's economy that will accrue the moment casino gambling becomes legal in New York. Brilla's main source of income is not chopped sirloin steak or fried fillet of sole; most of his money comes from a string of reliable call girls who can be metamorphosed into laundry ladies for a growing list of business executives and ordinary crooks who need to clean their money. "I'm making honest women out of them," Brilla explained.

Altisha Morris is nineteen, and she didn't start "dating for pay," as she puts it, until she came to New York from Raleigh. Her father is a successful lawyer there, and her mother is a hospital technician. "I got into some trouble with other kids when I was thirteen, and my parents pushed me out cold!" The trouble? Regularly, after school, Altisha and other girls from her junior high school class visited a downtown fire station, where, just for fun, they posed for pornographic photos and home movies for the firemen. "When they found out, my parents treated me as if I had committed murder. They were glad to see me sent away to a juvenile treatment center. When I got out I still looked thirteen, and when I came to New York, I thought I could street hustle. The first man to come up to me made me an offer to put me up in a nice apartment with four other girls so I wouldn't have to turn tricks on the street. He sent men to us or would call us to go to an apartment or a hotel for a date. It was terrific fun."

After two years and a few hundred men, "dating for pay" stopped abruptly for her and for Regina, one of the girls who shared the apartment. One night last February, two couples came into the apartment, on "referral," but they didn't want sex. They asked the girls if they would stop operating from the apartment. Each would be given her own "beautiful studio" on the East Side, and they would work out of a luxurious health club that was being established. They would be paid regularly—$60 a night—working only from eleven until three in the morning, and their rent would be taken care of. They agreed and began working at a posh health club on the Upper East Side. "The place was wall-to-wall beds," Altisha says, and the only gymnastic activity there was sex in the marble swimming pool and being chased by the customers from bedroom to bedroom. After a while, some men came in who weren't interested in sex. They wanted some of the girls to sign legal documents that made them stockholders in advertising-production ventures, import-export companies, anti-pollution-equipment manufacturing, and several different food and restaurant chains.

Both Altisha and Regina are now beginning to earn almost as much money from the men interested only in business papers as they continue to get from the two middle-aged couples who pay them for skinny-dipping sex.

"What do you do for these fellows?" I asked Regina.

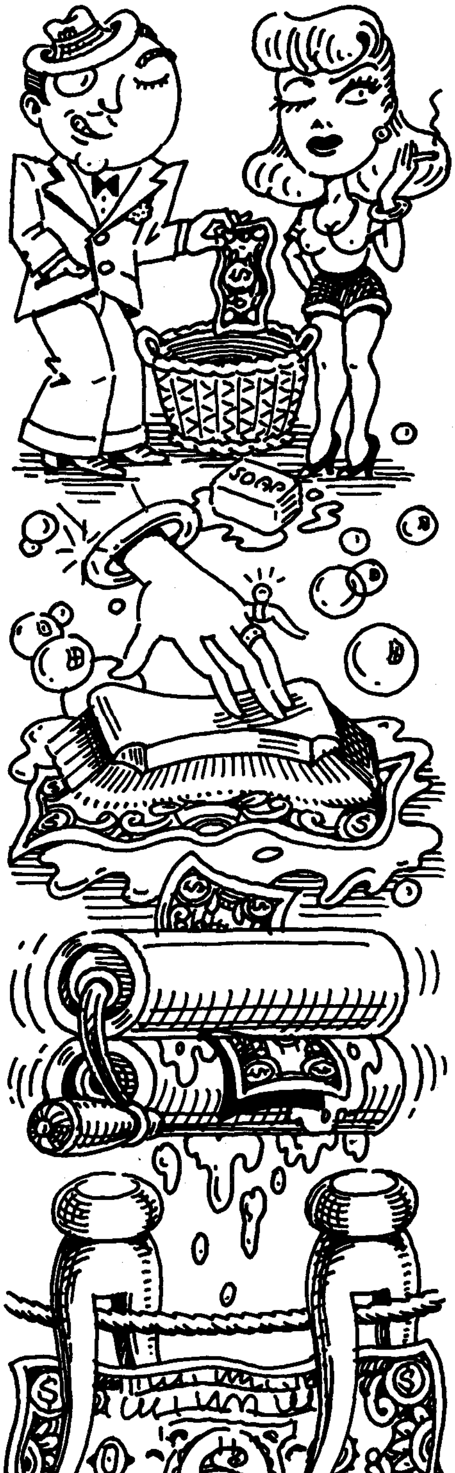
"Almost nothing. One of them comes in—I don't know his name—and I sign a paper. A few days later someone leaves a large envelope for me with the doorman of my building and I'm supposed to bring it to the elevator operator of an office building on Madison. By the end of the week there are some more papers to sign, and I receive a check for a hundred dollars, sometimes a hundred and fifty."

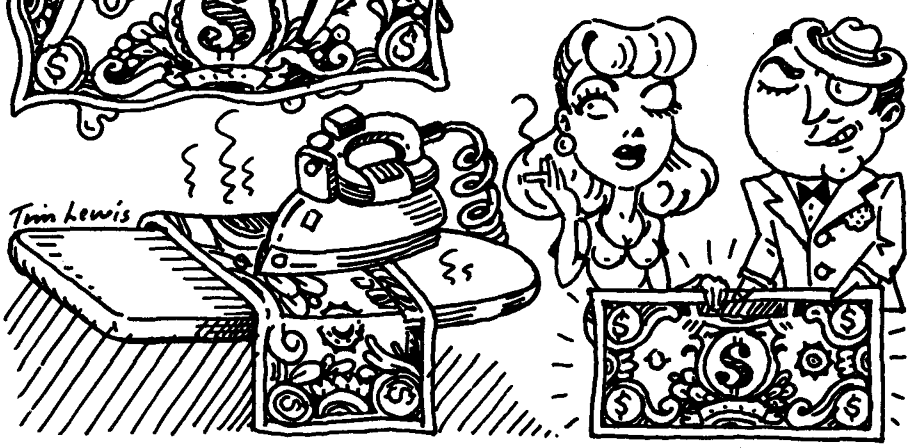
Altisha described the pattern in much the same way. "It's like renting your name for a whole bunch of business companies."

"They are being duped into committing tax fraud," says Kenneth Conboy, top rackets-bureau prosecutor for the Manhattan district attorney's office. "Laundry ladies are being exploited by businessmen who dream up new tax frauds every morning of the week. Dummy corporations and doctored payrolls are some of the games played to evade taxes. Crooked businessmen are ruthless and don't care much about the people whose lives they place in jeopardy." Unlike IRS men, who care mainly about collecting federal taxes, local law enforcers worry about racketeers and other violators of local ordinances.

"Money laundering is a crime *sui generis*," says Conboy. "It's not dependent on vice. Call girls lured into such schemes," he warns, "face the possibility of five years in prison."

According to the organized-crime watchers of the city police, if money laundering was invented by one person in this century, it would have to be credited to a man I'll call "Sunshine"





Illustrated by Tim Lewis

"...'They are being duped into committing tax fraud,' says a rackets-bureau prosecutor. 'Laundry ladies are being exploited'..."

—the sobriquet is actually used by law-enforcement authorities and underworld operators. Sunshine is an executive of a multi-million-dollar insurance company. His friends and enemies alike believe that he began the journey to his fabulous success as a mob enforcer, and although he has been arrested a score of times, he has never been in jail for more than a few hours and has never been convicted of anything more serious than driving over the speed limit.

"In the thirties it began," he told me. "People with only a little bit of money from a job or charity would pay a nickel or a dime a week for life insurance, and they couldn't get a loan if they hocked their gold teeth. But there were doctors who had shoe boxes filled with dollar bills, and there were loan sharks helping keep small businesses afloat. What *I* did was to make the doctors' and loan sharks' money kosher by setting up insurance deals. The business worked for them and for the little guys who couldn't pay the rent and couldn't get to first base in a bank."

Sunshine estimates that $10 million *a day* is laundered in New York City, about half of the money going into acquiring legitimate businesses. The other half, he laments, goes into financing crooked deals overseas. "Bad things," he says, "like guns and drugs. A lot of money goes into foreign consortiums that come back here and start buying up real estate and factories. We're going to have lots of trouble in this area in the next ten years. I wish I could be around to prevent foreign crooks from taking over."

When I asked Sunshine to tell me about an especially sophisticated way of employing laundry ladies to clean illegal money, he suggested that I go on a particular night to the vestibule of an old-fashioned and elegant Fifth Avenue hotel and tell the bell captain I was waiting for Dr. O. After I gave the message to the bell captain, a barman brought, without my asking, two highballs and a silver tray with cheese and crackers. Ten minutes later, a tall, superbly dressed man in his early forties appeared. He sat down and introduced himself. Dr. O holds a Ph.D. in art history from UCLA and had been a staffer on a Senate subcommittee making decisions concerning expenditures in the arts agencies. His main purpose in agreeing to Sunshine's request to meet me, he said, was to give me Anne Johnson's number. He also wanted me to know certain things that Anne couldn't know. First, that his art-acquisition group specialized in disposing of important works of art that some foreign governments claim or may claim have been taken out of their countries illegally. Second, that some of Anne's prominent clients are paid substantial finder's fees for urging big private collectors of art and museums to buy artworks from his group. "You should bear in mind," he said with the professional mien and manner of a university scholar, "that what Anne will discuss with you provides beauty and benefits to a great number of people. No one is really subjected to any disadvantage and at absolutely no point does anyone get hurt."

At 34, Anne Johnson would have a hard time paying her rent from today's sex market. Had a money-laundering operation not opened up for her, she feels, she would have had to rely on Washington friends to get her a job as a filing clerk. Fourteen years ago, she became the mistress of a prominent elected official from the Midwest. The liaison lasted during the gentleman's first term in office. Before the second-term election campaign warmed up, a political aide established her in a luxury residential-hotel suite within walking distance of the East Side Airlines Terminal. Chuck, as the aide called himself, told her that the apartment was being paid for by a corporation and that she could live there rent-free for two years. Chuck also told her that she would receive monthly checks from the corporation as a $17,500-a-year "management consultant for a contract tied directly to services to the White House." Anne never questioned the arrangement: Her rent *was* paid, she received monthly checks, and after a few months she learned that Chuck had become a White House aide. And she never questioned Chuck when, at his recommendation, members of Congress, judges, heads of legislative research committees, and military officers asked to see her for an hour or so on the way to or from an air shuttle to the nation's capital.

When the Nixon presidency collapsed, so did Anne's posh living. For a few months, until the lease ran out, she lived on savings. Then Dr. O came to visit. He was leaving Washington to set up an art-acquisition company, and he had heard from Anne's lover from the Midwest that she might need help. She accepted his offer to receive art lovers and art purchasers as she once had received government officials. Within the year, she was traveling once every six to eight weeks to the homes of private art collectors in Caracas, Milan, Athens, or London to pay for purchases arranged by Dr. O.

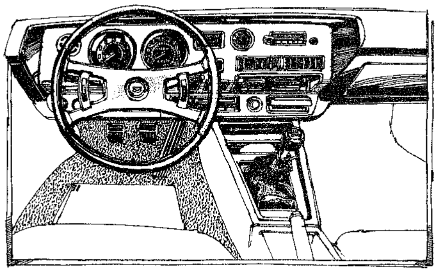
"Illegal export or import is nothing," she said. "The real money is made from putting a lot of money from shady deals with the government into valuable art, selling quickly to collectors in this country who then make a mint by selling it at its real market value or selling it at even higher prices to museums."

On a recent trip to Athens, Anne discovered that Dr. O was involving her in more complicated transactions than she had expected. She had brought over $60,000 in cash to purchase a quantity of ancient coins. As she strolled around Constitution Square looking for a restaurant, she realized that she had forgotten to change money at the airport and hadn't even a drachma in her purse. She returned to her room to take a $50 bill from the envelope Dr. O had given her, but the deskman at the hotel politely refused to cash it for her, saying it was counterfeit.

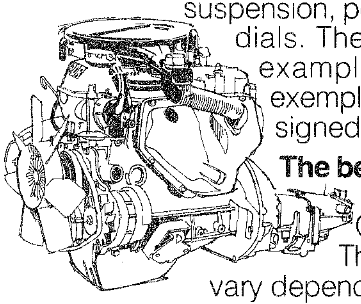
"He was so sweet. He lent me some money until the next day. First I thought I was being treated like a fool, distributing phony money and laundering at the same time. The feeling didn't last long. I decided I would try to save as much as I could and go into the art business. I think I've developed a special feeling for pre-Columbian stuff. Dr. O knows what I'm planning to do and thinks we can continue to work together."

At the end of a pleasant dinner I walked her back to her hotel. I asked her if there was a single characteristic that all her "visitors" and clients had in common.

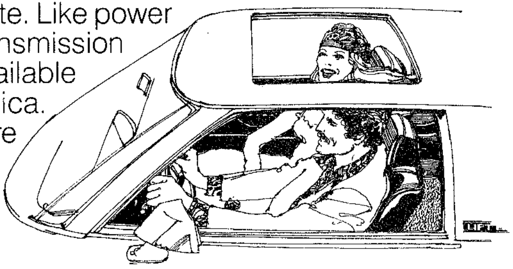
"I can't generalize," she answered without hesitation. "They are all so different and they have all been very nice to me; some have been very generous. If they had one quality in common, it would be that they seem to enjoy making money more than they enjoy using it." ▬



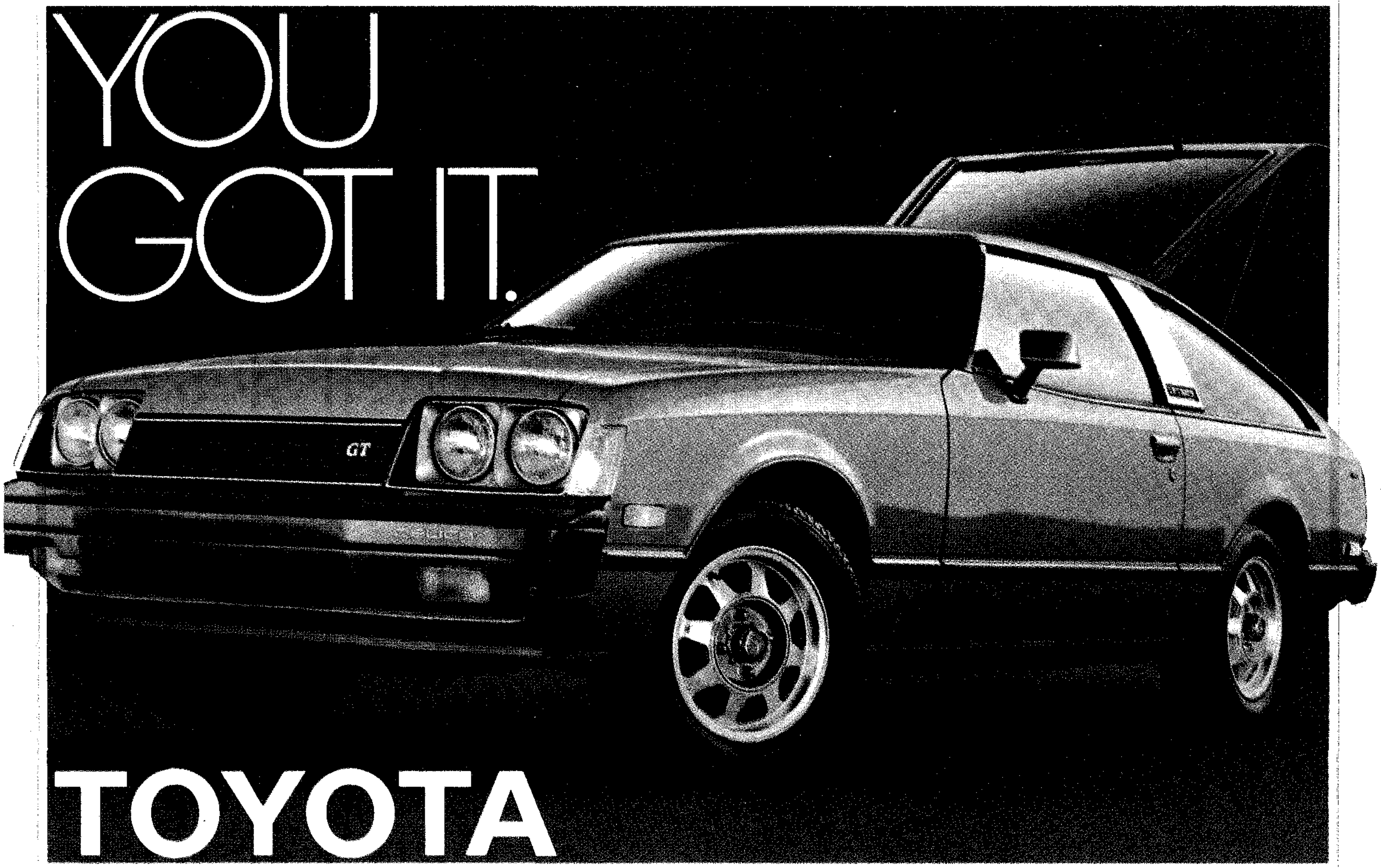
The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.



A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4″ at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.



The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.



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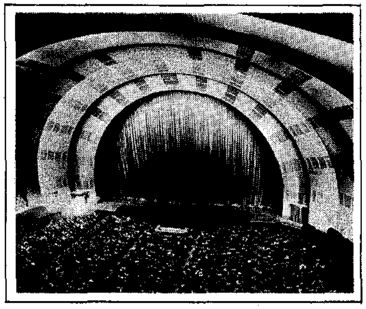
Stop Us Before We Kill More!

By John Margolies

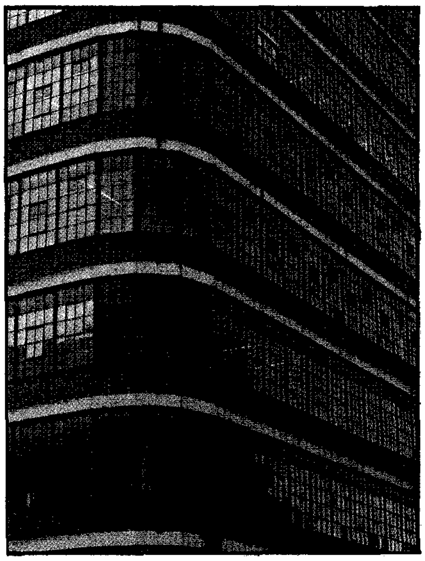
...Without official landmark status, Radio City could become a shopping mall. Herewith, twelve nominations for protection...

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

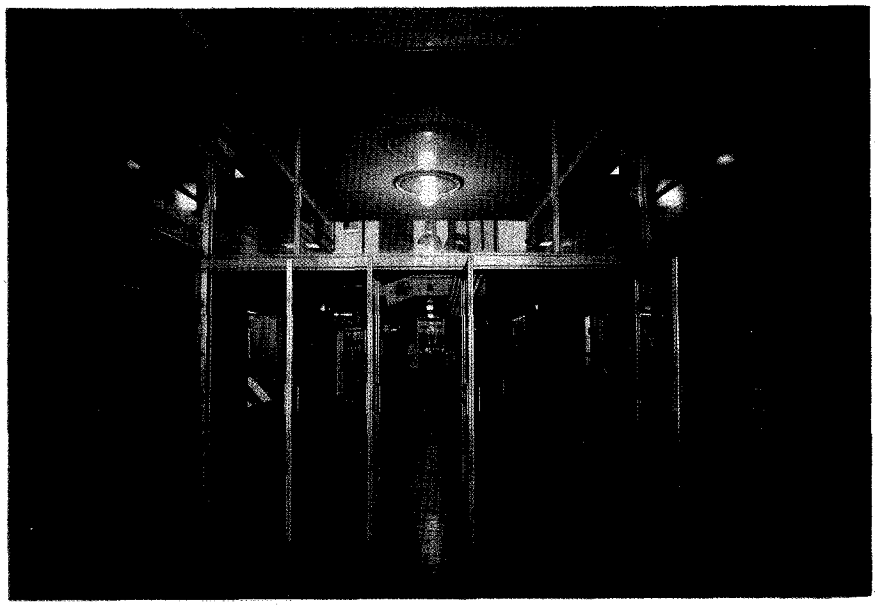


The Landmarks Preservation Commission, its eyes fixed fearlessly on the past, has designated some 12,000 of New York's buildings as being worth saving. Of modern glories they say very little, and even as you read this, Radio City Music Hall is under sentence of death. John Margolies asked a number of people knowledgeable in these matters to tell us which buildings, unblessed by the commission, should be spared. If you'd like to nominate one yourself, write to Beverly Moss Spatt, New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, 305 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007, and tell her why.

Starrett-Lehigh Building, *601 West 26th Street. Russel and Walter Cory and Yatsuo Matsui, 1931. "I like this building because of its play of horizontal strips of windows and masonry, and for its beautiful marshmallow corners. In fact, it was the inspiration for my firm's Post Oak Central office buildings in Houston."—Philip Johnson, architect*



McGraw-Hill Building, *326 West 42nd Street. Raymond Hood, 1931. "A flashy, gorgeous building. Have you seen that lobby? It's gold and silver and green. If Fred Astaire had worked in an office building, this would have been the one." —Frederic Papert, president of the Municipal Art Society*



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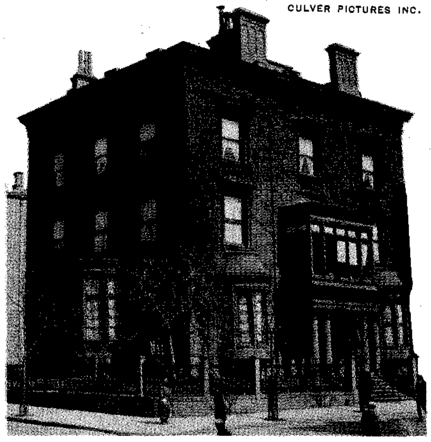
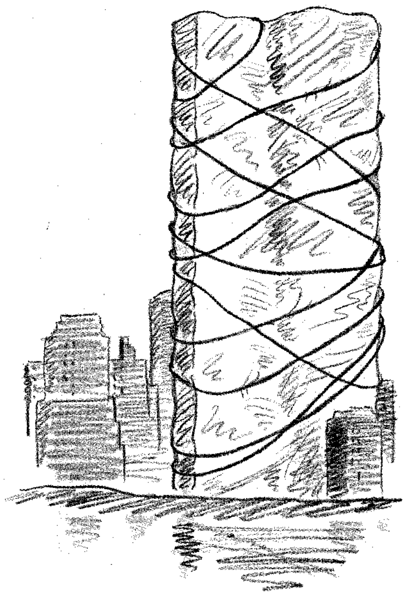


J. P. Morgan mansion, *Madison Avenue at 37th Street. Architect unknown, 1853. This Anglo-Italianate brownstone was removed from the official landmark list in 1974. "We must preserve such buildings not only for themselves but for the preservation of the entire city. The Morgan house is evocative of its period and has a wealth of architectural detail, dignity, and simplicity."—Beverly Moss Spatt, chairman of the Landmarks Preservation Commission*

World Trade Center. *Minoru Yamasaki, 1970. "This is New York's most recent banal building of some note. If it is preserved, maybe I'll get around to wrapping it someday. I would wrap the towers together so that they would seem to be one building. That's my only interest in this monument."—Christo, environmental artist*



Photographed by Neal Slavin

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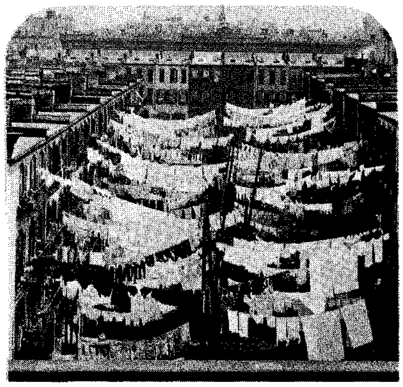
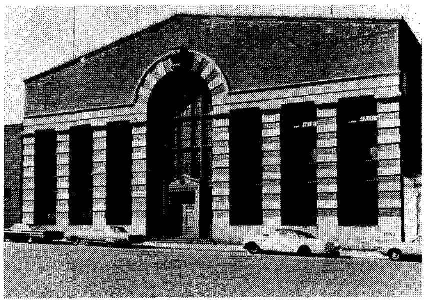
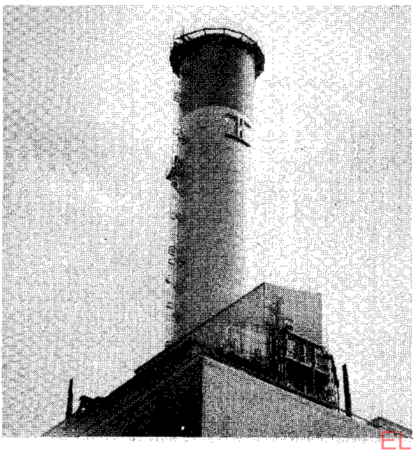


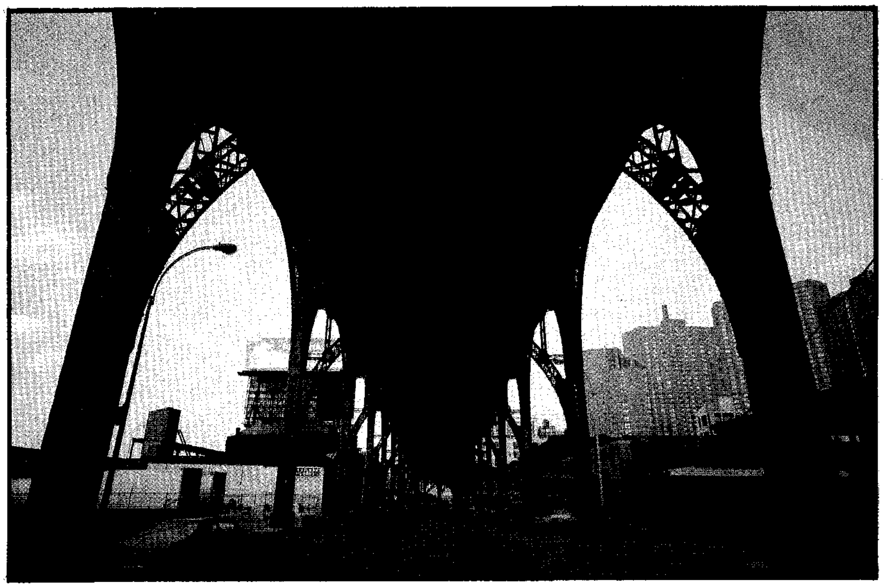
Tenements. *"While no one should have to live in them today, they are historical and contemporary landmarks of how New York City has been housing too many of its poor inhabitants."* *—Herbert Gans, professor of sociology at Columbia University*



Bronx Grit Chamber, *158 Bruckner Boulevard, the Bronx. McKim, Mead & White, 1936. "This elegant sewage facility is a longtime unidentified favorite of mine. If you could say there is a vernacular classical building of the 1930s, then this would be it."* *—Ada Louise Huxtable, architecture critic of the New York* Times

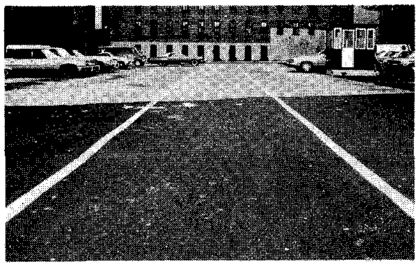
Con Edison East River Generating Station, *East 14th to 15th Street. Thomas E. Murray, Inc., 1926. When this plant was dedicated by Queen Marie of Rumania, a zealous Con Ed official noted that the queen had "released the energies of one machine that could supply more than three times the electricity at present used by all Rumania." "I plan to do a soft sculpture of this building. I love the big chimneys, and the smoke on cold days is very sculptural. If you save this building, you have to preserve the smoke too."—Claes Oldenburg, artist*





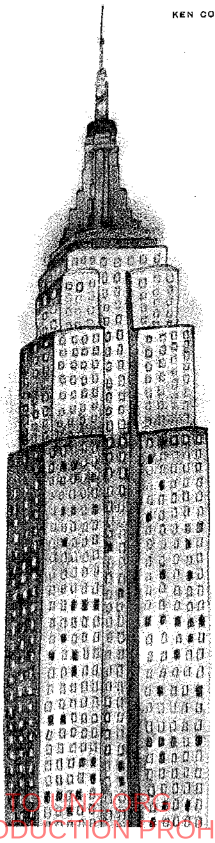
Manhattanville Viaduct, *Riverside Drive, West 125th to 135th Street. 1901. This structure, which supports Riverside Drive, spans the Manhattan valley, creating 80-to-90-foot-high arched spaces above the street. "It's one of the most dramatic spaces in all of New York. It is an incidental, utilitarian structure which is infinitely more beautiful than many intentionally decorative ones." —M. Paul Friedberg, director of the Urban Landscape Program at CCNY*

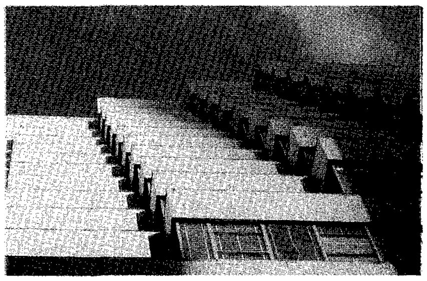
Parking lot, *Union Square West, between East 15th and 16th streets. "I hope they won't build anything there. It's a great big empty space."* *—Andy Warhol, artist*



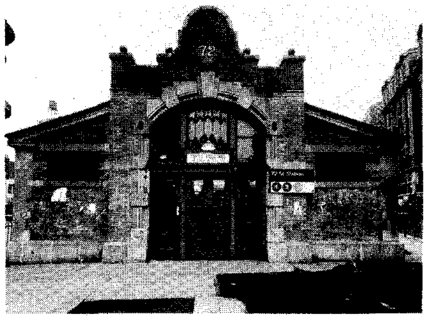
Empire State Building. *Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, 1931. "To me the Empire State is the tallest building in the world and always will be. It is a heroic structure that went up during the Great Depression, when people thought nothing good could happen. It is an emblem of the New York of our hearts' desire."—Joan K. Davidson, former chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts*

KEN COX

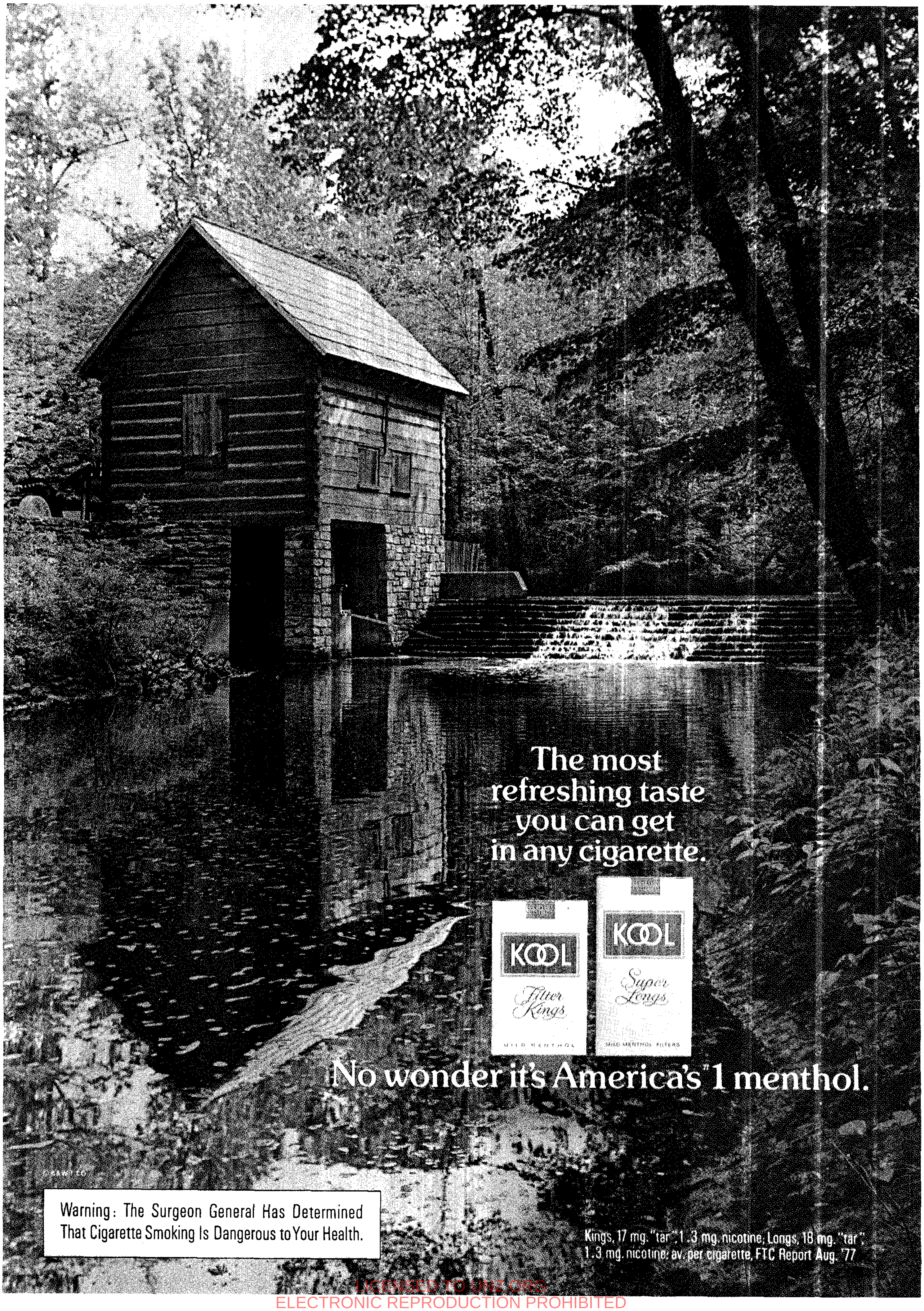




Decoration & Design Building, *979 Third Avenue. David and Earl Levy, 1964. "When you look up at this ordinary office building on 58th Street, you see a giant Op Art production number. This fantastic display was not created intentionally, but in conformance with New York's old zoning laws, which required high-rise buildings to step back at the top."—Peter Blake, architect and critic*



Sherman Square IRT-subway entrance, *Broadway at West 72nd Street. C. Grant LaFarge, 1904. "This subway kiosk is the last of its kind—there used to be a whole series of them along Broadway. I love the architecture, with its recall of Dutch and Italian influences—it gives a focus to the intersection, one of the liveliest in the city."—Robert A. M. Stern, architect*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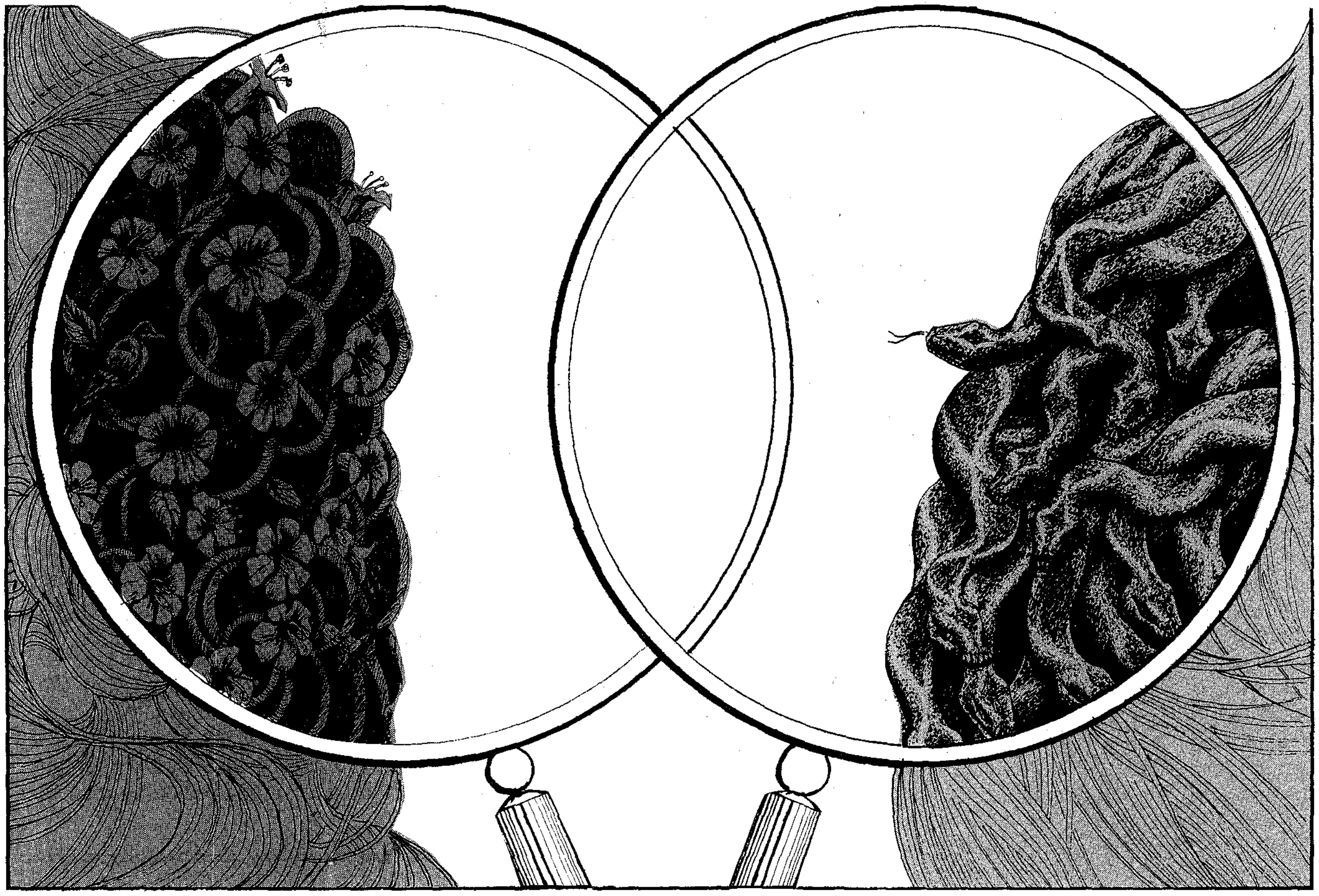
Shafts

By Dotson Rader



"...Master trichologist Philip Kingsley can, through his scientific analysis, see a patient's world in a strand of hair..."

All my life I have had a terror of baldness. My paternal grandfather was as bald as a darning egg. My father and his four brothers had in their early twenties as little hair as President Eisenhower. Even my Aunt Blanche developed a receding hairline that gave her a certain unhappy look of sexual ambiguity. While, at age 35, I still have most of my hair, I have gone to countless doctors; used creams, hair restorers, massage therapy, and heat treatment; talked to psychoanalysts; and even seen a clergyman to allay my fear of a permanently naked scalp.

In London last year, I heard about trichology, the scientific study of hair, and its foremost practitioner, Philip Kingsley, who can see a patient's world in a strand of hair. I was told that he was the one man who could cure my hair and my anxieties.

Kingsley makes extensive scientific tests on a patient's hair and scalp to determine the nature and cause of any problems. Strands of hair are tested for elasticity (hair ought to stretch 25 percent of its length before breaking). The hair shaft is microscopically examined for damage to the cuticle, or outer layer, that might be caused by bleaches, permanent waves, sun, chlorine, tints, or brushing. Hair samples are chemically stained and examined under a microscope to test for any infections. Scalp scrapings are dissolved in ether solvents to determine the amount of oil secreted by the sebaceous glands. If other problems are suspected, the hair and scalp samples are chemically analyzed until a full diagnosis can be reached.

The treatment involves special lotions, shampoos, conditioners, massage, and diets. If one of Kingsley's twenty basic shampoos is not right for a given patient's hair, he'll go into his laboratory and create one that is. Kingsley

---

Dotson Rader, author of the forthcoming novel Miracle, *becomes with this issue a contributing editor of* New York.

Illustrated by James Meehan

claims that the average person has about one chance in 100 of finding a drugstore shampoo that is right for his hair. Simply buying a shampoo for oily or dry hair won't work, because most people have both oily and dry hair on different parts of the scalp. Worse, many patent shampoos damage the hair in order to increase the user's need for them. Most of the commercial shampoos for oily hair, for example, are heavy with strong astringents that strip the oil from the hair so that it looks better after the first few washings. But over a period of time the scalp produces more oil to compensate for the harsh stripping, leaving the user with oilier hair that has to be shampooed more often. Kingsley, on the other hand, makes a very mild shampoo for predominantly oily hair that gradually lowers the amount of oil.

Since the health of the hair is affected by many factors—stress, sexual problems, pregnancy, exercise, diet, drinking, smoking—Kingsley's treatment often includes advice on these personal habits. If he suspects the patient is losing hair because of a hormonal imbalance, he'll refer him to an endocrinologist. Or if he thinks that stress is affecting the production of oil, he may suggest that the patient see a psychiatrist, or consider leaving a job that is producing the tension.

Throughout, Kingsley treats any medical problems of the hair and scalp while protecting and enhancing the appearance of the hair. This approach sounds like just common sense, but hairdressers and dermatologists can often work against each other. (For instance, some scalp medicines prescribed by dermatologists contain alcohol, which can dry out the hair, or petroleum jelly, which can make it greasy.)

Now patronized by Audrey Hepburn, John and Hayley Mills, and members of the royal family at his Mayfair townhouse, Kingsley was born into a poor East End family in 1931. While in high school he went to work for Benjamin Jones, a hairdresser with a rich and titled clientele. At Jones's urging, Kingsley entered the respected Institute of Trichology, and, after graduating, set up a trichological department at Riché, the most fashionable salon in London. He soon had more patients than Riché had customers, and, in 1960, started his own clinic, which became an immediate success.

Profiles in Hair

Samples of hair from the following heads were submitted, anonymously, to Philip Kingsley for analysis.

Uri Geller

Male. Mid-dark-brown. Fairly loose hair. Appears to be recently washed, with a coating of conditioner on the hair shaft. Mostly cut hairs, although one hair from the root was 5¾ inches long at full maturity. This indicates a premature thinning, the degree of which was not possible to determine with the quantity of hairs sent. Elasticity good. Scalp sebum flow apparently more than average, which could indicate a stressful and/or dominant personality. Age probably around 35.

Ruth Carter Stapleton

Female. Mid/fine hair. Tinted and bleached. Evidence of mild pityriasis capitis (a dandruff-type scaling). Two mature hairs of 1½ and 1⅝ inches, finer and more fragile than rest, seemingly from the frontal region and indicating perhaps a temporal thinning. Some breakage and loss of elasticity. Probably spends a lot of time outdoors. Age about 45.

Norman Mailer

Male. Variation in color from white to dark-brown. Medium texture and wavy. Elasticity of hair normal. Microscopic examination revealed a virtually undamaged outer cuticle, indicating that the hair would reflect light well and have therefore a natural luster. There was, however, evidence of debris at intervals along the hair shaft that suggested the subject could have been in a dusty atmosphere recently. I conclude that the subject is a middle-aged man with slightly gray wavy hair conventionally styled. His hair is extremely healthy and therefore it is reasonable to suggest that he enjoys excellent general health.

Bella Abzug

Female. Medium texture. Some of the hairs showed poor elasticity and broke easily with gentle pressure. The hair shaft had a roughened and nodular feel that suggested the subject had not recently used a conditioning rinse. There was an unusual buildup of scale and general debris upon the hairs, hairs that were damaged, and several hairs showed the shaft pressed into unnaturally sharp angles. These features lead me to suggest that the hair may often be covered. I am able to conclude that the subject is a woman in her middle years who is barely concerned with the demands of fashion, sparing little time for herself. She has a strong personality and can make people and events turn her way without making many concessions to conventional grooming.

As soon as I heard of Kingsley, I called for an appointment but was told that, in the week I had remaining in London, he would be unable to see me. When I learned recently that Kingsley would be coming to New York to establish its first trichological center, I lost no time in making an appointment.

On the appointed day, I awoke early and shampooed my hair before going to the Philip Kingsley Trichological Centre at 16 East 53rd Street. I was shown into Kingsley's examining room, a pleasant, well-lit place, where he sat in a leather chair behind a desk. He wore a tailored blue suit and gold-rimmed glasses, and his dark hair looked soft and abundant, almost excessively healthy.

Kingsley smiled and asked me to be seated. His voice was soft and reassuring, his manner concerned. He exuded the tranquillity of someone who would never lose his hair. "Have you anything . . . specific?" he inquired, leaning forward benignly.

"I have a terror of losing my hair!"

"Oh, I see." He stood up and began examining my hair.

"Does your scalp itch?" he asked.

"No. Do I have dandruff?"

"Definitely. You've got it right here, right in your hairline." He showed me the forceps in his hand. He pulled a comb gently through my hair, then put the hairs caught in it into an envelope to be sent to his lab for examination along with the scalp particles. "Do you brush your hair? Pity. Brushing the hair breaks it. And if we have a scaly scalp, it scratches it. *Never* brush your hair—oh, we never do that. But we wash it every time we shower."

"We do? Every time?"

He smiled. "We take our hair the same places we take our face, and our hair must get equally dirty and dusty, in fact, *dirtier,* because of the oil glands in our scalp. So if we wash our body, why shouldn't we wash everything else? Our skin, you know, doesn't fall off if we shower twice a day." We thought about that a moment. "So why," he asked, "should we harm our hair by washing it? But we must rinse. *Rinse*. Get all that shampoo off. Shampoo left on the scalp is bad for it. Don't worry, we'll get it all in good order."

He returned to his desk and, taking out a form, asked me about my health, diet, and habits. Then he inquired about my family's hair. I confessed that many of my relatives were plagued by baldness.

"Your mother's side of the family? Baldness there?"

"No, tons of hair."

"And you look like your mother?"

"Yes."

He smiled. "We shouldn't worry, then. It's just as easy to inherit from our mother's side. And the fact that you look like your mother, and at the age of 35 you still have a good, oh, very good head of hair . . . there's no reason to believe you'll go bald. Don't worry anymore."

"I can't help it."

"You know," he said, "hair is a secondary sexual characteristic. Fear of losing our hair could be a fear of impotence, sexual insecurity."

"Hair is sexual?"

"Oh, quite. Male and female hair is highly affected by change in the hormonal balance of the body. Often women lose a great amount of hair after pregnancy. It's very frightening, but we can deal with that because it's caused by hormonal changes and other factors that can be treated. Sexual stress can cause hair loss. It can change the condition of the hair. Did you know that people usually begin having problems with their hair at puberty or just before puberty?"

No, I didn't. Nor did I know that a large proportion of his patients are boys and girls brought to him by their mothers, usually around the age of ten, when their hair begins to get a bit oily. The child doesn't realize it, but the mother smells the odor caused by the fat of the sebaceous glands—the oil glands in the follicles of the hair that begin to work at puberty. All sebum (the oil of the sebaceous glands) is to a degree controlled by the sexual glands. Sex-hormone balance has an enormous effect on the condition of the hair, and on the loss of it.

Kingsley explained that everything can affect the condition of the hair—work anxieties, a bad marriage, hair coloring, lack of exercise.

"It is very rare," he said, "when there is only one thing wrong with our hair. There are usually four or five. And those problems can't be treated at a hairdresser's or by using over-the-counter preparations. We have to go to a trichologist, a specialist. It's like go-

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ing to the dentist. We shouldn't wait until our teeth are falling out; we should go regularly to prevent problems from getting out of hand. Most people have never had their hair examined thoroughly, scientifically, and they put all sorts of things on their hair having no idea what they may contain. No wonder their hair is in wretched shape." He shook his head over the sadness of it all.

A few days later, Kingsley's report arrived in the mail. It informed me that I had a condition with the rather imposing name of pityriasis steatoides, "a type of scaling associated and fluctuating with stress, diet imbalances, and hormonal changes," as well as fragilitis crinium, a tendency of the hair to break easily. Despite this, I was encouraged to learn that my hair was "basically good" and the quantity "very satisfactory." Kingsley instructed me to treat my hair only with his shampoo, lotion, and conditioner, and to use only a sawtooth comb, never a brush. He suggested a diet including plenty of raw fruits and vegetables, and, to offset alcohol intake, foods high in vitamin B complex—liver, whole-grain bread and cereal, brown rice, eggs, wheat germ, and brewer's yeast (four tablets three times a day). Kingsley promised that, by following this regimen, I would find that my scalp condition would clear up, and that my hair would be shinier and stronger.

After I read the report I happened to speak to a friend of mine, a British director who is almost completely bald. He told me a distressing tale of having gone to Kingsley for ten years in an attempt to stop his hair loss, only to find himself a decade later with barely a thin fringe around his shining scalp. His story aroused my suspicions, so I called Dr. Irwin I. Lubowe, clinical professor of dermatology at New York Medical College. Dr. Lubowe is one of the nation's leading dermatologists and the author of several books on the care of the skin and hair. I asked him what he thought of trichologists.

"They're very good at giving a prophylactic or preventive treatment," he said. "If you have hair loss or other hair problems due to *external* causes, they can be of great help. They can't help if the cause is physiological—say, chemical or hormonal imbalance—but they are not quacks by any means. Although they're not as thorough as a medical man would be, they are still a lot better than hairdressers, because they have a basic knowledge of the chemistry and biology of the scalp and hair. For superficial hair problems, it's really good to go to them. They have a valuable use."

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As to my bald British friend, he had male-pattern hair loss, which is inherited and has no cure.

A week after I received the report, I returned to the center for my first treatment.

I was shown to a seat in the treatment room, a bright area lined with chairs separated by narrow partitions. A female assistant, trained in London, massaged my scalp and upper neck for 25 minutes in a cleanser that had the look and consistency of Crisco. Then she pulled over a machine that resembled a hair drier, only it was puffing clouds of steam. She placed the device on me, and the vapor drifted over my head, warming, soothing. To my left, Doug Johnson of ABC News was being massaged. Beyond him sat Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, and to my right, Candice Bergen was blowing out her hair with a hand drier.

I asked her when she had started treatments with Kingsley.

"About five years ago in London. I have lots of hair, but it's very *thin* and it was miserable, so I went to him to get it conditioned. He got me on a proper diet. I've been taking yeast pills for years because of him. I've used only his shampoos and conditioners for five years. My hair is now *hooked* on his stuff, and it goes into withdrawal if I run out."

I was taken into another room, where my hair was washed twice with the shampoo that Kingsley had created for me. Then back into the treatment room, where a special conditioner was put on my hair. Massage under an infrared lamp. Another thorough rinsing. After drying my hair, I was amazed at the way it felt—it seemed thicker and softer, and it stayed in place.

Afterward, Kingsley suggested that I return for three or four more treatments until my hair was in good order. Then I would have to come in only every three months or so. The cost of each treatment, which lasted about an hour and a half, was $20, as was the original consultation. The bottle of shampoo, which lasts a month, the conditioner, and the scalp lotion were $5.20 apiece.

On the way out I shared an elevator with Princess Elizabeth. She told me that she had been coming to Kingsley for seven years, since she lost about a third of her hair after her second pregnancy. "It's all grown back. It's healthier than ever. Look," she said, laughing and grabbing her hair. She gave it a good tug. Not a hair came out.

I did the same. All my hair stayed where it was, perfectly content. ■

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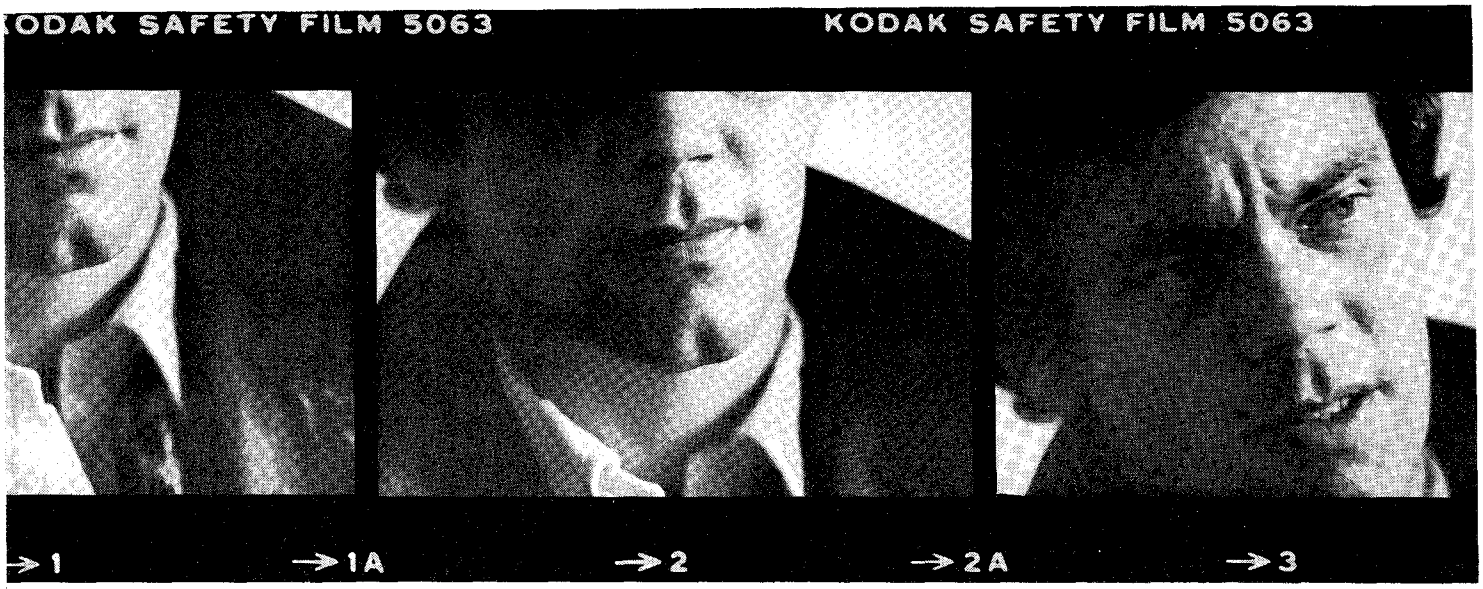

The Spy Who Rang

"...That day Snepp looked like a man on the run, as if he might be seized at any moment. The CIA feels he has betrayed it..."

It was the weekend after Thanksgiving when he rang my bell and waited in the street for some response. On my block, in the brownstones, we are suspicious of unexpected callers, but I already had my coat on and went to see who was bothering me. It was a young man, very taut and tired-looking, who wanted to talk. "I am Frank Snepp and I wrote *that* book," he said.

I knew that much. For three nights I had been reading *Decent Interval,* a brilliant and ghastly account of the final months in South Vietnam, the dementia of the Americans in power, and the very late evacuation—that hideous stampede—which we saw on television. Left behind were thousands of Vietnamese who held compromising jobs under the Americans and who believed they would be "saved " but were abandoned—along with the files giving their names, so the victors knew exactly who they were.

That day, Snepp looked like a man on the run, as if, on the Upper West Side, he might be seized. The CIA feels that Snepp, one of its own men, betrayed it by breaking his secrecy pledge and his promise to show the agency the manuscript of his book for clearance. Snepp claims that his obligations to the CIA have been annulled by the agency's own actions.

Gloria Emerson, a former correspondent in Vietnam for the New York Times, *is the author of* Winners and Losers.

Perhaps, like any man who has changed sides in one way or another, he needed to explain why, to be with someone who knew the dead language of war words used in Vietnam: I Corps, Chieu Hoi, NVA, ARVN. What Snepp wants to do is avenge the abandoned Vietnamese, to feel, somehow, he has earned their forgiveness.

"We shouldn't have betrayed them, not the CIA," Snepp said, not once but many times. He is waiting to see how he will be punished by the CIA. Sometimes, walking in the neighborhood, Snepp stops dead until people close behind him have passed. He is calmer in New York, where paranoia is as common as a cough, than in Washington.

On his last tour in Vietnam, from 1972 through 1975, Snepp was the CIA's chief strategy analyst. He ran an informant network in North Vietnam; he debriefed the CIA's best spies, interrogated the highest-ranking Vietnamese who were captured or defected, and was considered a first-rate source by quite a few American reporters who also looked on him as a chum. We met once in Saigon. I was not cordial; I did not want, and my newspaper did not expect from me, stories based on the "facts" or figures that Snepp gave out like candy. In fact I despised men like him, knowing the power they had and the fun they were having. But he and I have one thing in common, a punishment called memory. I often think of the Vietnamese I liked, and I am sure, no matter what, they are better off because the war is finished. But Snepp shudders—cringes—when he remembers Vietnamese he knew.

"I'm not a flaming liberal, I'm a pragmatist," Snepp said. "I don't want to be in the demolition business of destroying the agency, because there are things the agency can do well."

Since the publication of *Decent Interval*—the printing, editing, and distribution were kept secret so the CIA could not legally interfere—he has been accused of treason, called a liar, praised as a man of integrity and courage, and viewed by some as a desperate dissenter who does not understand that most Americans could not care less about the Vietnamese, dead or alive. At 34, he is out of a job, has no career, is shunned by colleagues who were once close friends, and has no plans for the future. He is something of a celebrity too. Seymour Hersh wrote a 5,000-word story, which ran on the front page of the New York *Times,* citing nearly all of Snepp's massively documented, ugly disclosures. Then Snepp was on *60 Minutes.* But even a brief fame brought moments of shock that Snepp hadn't braced himself for. On a call-in radio talk show a listener said that Snepp was a war profiteer, and *60 Minutes* showed a letter from one viewer who wrote that Snepp was a Judas wanting his 30 pieces of silver.

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My Doorbell

By Gloria Emerson

"I have sacrificed everything since I started writing the book," he said. "I have no friends now. I have no honor. I have no credibility. Money! That's absurd. My career was on the upswing when I left the agency. . . ." It was indeed. He was making the equivalent of $35,000 a year in Saigon, and—even worse for him—was a true believer, a man who respected the CIA and certainly loved his work. He does not regret anything he did for the agency.

The frightening cast of characters in *Decent Interval,* who refused to face reality all those years, are Henry Kissinger, then secretary of state; William Colby, who directed the CIA and had worked for years in Vietnam; the CIA station chief in Saigon, Thomas Polgar; and U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin, whose behavior was so perplexing. None of these men, of course, agrees with Snepp's book and none is willing to take any blame for the final fiasco. Kissinger has called Snepp "a man of the second level in Saigon," too removed from Washington to understand the great decisions that were made. It is a curious criticism, since Colby's citation, given with the Medal of Merit to Snepp in December 1975, makes clear that his briefings and intelligence appraisals were "essential in keeping the intelligence community abreast of the rapid deterioration of the situation." And so they were, when anyone listened. Snepp reports that one of his agents from North Vietnam told him in person which week the war would be lost, but no one in Saigon wanted to hear it.

"But it still troubles me that I hurt Polgar and Martin," Snepp said. "It's time I take some blows myself." (Ambassador Martin, of course, told a congressional committee that the evacuation of Americans and Vietnamese—which Snepp proves Martin did so much to stall and endanger—was "a hell of a good job.") On his return to the United States, Snepp wanted to write a report for the agency only, a truthful account of the disaster, but no one wanted it. He reasons that the CIA can hardly hold him to his secrecy pledge when men at the highest levels of the agency, and the Ford administration, leaked top-secret material to "selected" reporters to cover up the mistakes of the Americans and to conceal a few flaws of their own.

Snepp has trained himself not to show he is a sentimental man. You have to hear him speak of some of the Vietnamese he knew to understand the fury and the sorrow he has felt. When he does, some of the self-assurance, the silkiness, of the CIA man lifts to show a different Snepp, suddenly in pain, not the glib man on *60 Minutes.*

One of these Vietnamese was a young woman, a Northerner, who translated when Snepp conducted interrogations (his own Vietnamese was poor, his French rusty). Their relationship, not romantic, was good, although the woman despised her allies.

"Very interesting, this girl. She used to say, 'I wish you Americans would go home, you betrayed us,' but she still would work with us. I had very good rapport with her; she was fantastic. She could do U.N.-like translations; she was so good, so fast."

"A woman?" I asked, surprised, knowing prisoners were tortured.

"Much better than a man—because a prisoner who had been in the boonies a long time would simply sit there and stare at her. He would also feel a certain assurance that you wouldn't hurt him in front of a woman. One prisoner would keep asking her—he had a daughter, she was probably his daughter's age—'Why are you doing this?' They would have this exchange in Vietnamese: She would say, 'You're hurting my people.' He would answer; they would go on and on and on." Then Snepp stopped and made me swear I would not describe the woman because she might still be alive.

"I helped her set up a pig farm for her mother and herself. I gave her literature on how to raise pigs because she wanted to have some life independent of the interrogation center. She was ashamed of helping the Americans, but she was not ashamed of fighting for her country—she was as strong as any Viet Cong. There were people supposed to get her out and I didn't discover until later that they didn't. This . . . tears my soul."

Other ghosts: a high-ranking military officer from COSVN—the secret nucleus of Vietnamese revolutionaries directing the political and military war in the South—who defected because he blamed the communists for a shortage of medicine which led to his wife's death in childbirth. He was interrogated by Snepp, who was able to have him released one evening from "a fairly good cell" at Saigon's National Interrogation Center.

"He was terribly depressed. I wanted to take him out and make him feel he'd done the right thing—ah, my naïveté. He was also very interested in the

Photographed by Mark Godfrey/Magnum

To Frank Snepp —
admiration of your wor

To Frank Snepp — with our thanks and
admiration of your work in Vietnam —
W.E. Colby 18 Dec 75

Before the book: *Colby's admiration died suddenly when* Decent Interval *appeared.*

Americans, you know. I had been his bitterest enemy and suddenly I was being very, very nice to him. I took him out—right after the Paris accords—to an American club. I gave him wine, and he couldn't stay sober very long because his body wasn't attuned to it. We went into this place and there were fat Americans dancing with beautiful Vietnamese girls. Sweating Americans. They were belching and doing all the terrible things that American homesteaders did in those days—you know, grappling girls to the floor. And his face almost went white. We sat there and he said, 'You know, we're going to lose.' He said, 'I've made the wrong decision.' A chill went down my back. It was too late—he was in, we had him, we had him, he could not go back."

This man, too, was left behind.

And it was Snepp—heavily armed—who drove the limousine that took Nguyen Van Thieu, so many years the ruler of South Vietnam, to Tan Son Nhut airport five days before Saigon became Ho Chi Minh City. The trunk of the limousine held suitcases of money, for Thieu did not escape a poor man, only a disgraced one.

"We pass this sign that says THE NOBLE SACRIFICE OF THE ALLIED SOLDIERS WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN. He is crying at that point and he's also been drinking heavily. Oh, man, I could hardly drive with the stench in that car from Scotch," Snepp remembered. "Out on the tarmac I pulled to a stop and he reached over and he said, 'Thank you.' Tears were running down his face. And, you know, the strangest thing happened to me when he said thank you. I thought: Thank you for 50,000 [American] lives and millions of dollars. I was just about to say it when I thought, No, I can't do this. This man is too hurt and everything is gone for him. Finished. He is a dead man!"

In his odd review of *Decent Interval* in the *Village Voice*, Eliot Fremont-Smith asked: "Suppose we had got all the thousands of South Vietnamese who worked for us and Thieu—would we want them?" Snepp hammers away at the nature of our commitment to the Vietnamese, believing that it was our duty and a matter of honor to take those in danger out. He is somewhat stunned to find people, instead of debating this or the other charges in his book, prefer to close in on him, the superspook now out of work. Fremont-Smith, for example, did not much care for Snepp's looks and demeanor on *60 Minutes*, which led to this inaccurate, pointless description in his review: "a teenage Nureyev with a whiny, singsong voice."

During that interview Mike Wallace found him "arrogant"; the Washington *Post* "Style" section made much of Snepp's leather coat, boots, and his "Clint Eastwood" face. It also confused the names of some pills and had Snepp taking Duradyne, a very potent narcotic, instead of Doriden, a sleeping pill which he does, in fact, occasionally use. But the great concentration has been on two incidents from Snepp's past, which first appeared in a garbled version in *New Times*. Snepp has never denied them; he always comes clean when asked about his private life. He wants to be believed.

In August 1969, he was involved in a very messy shoot-out in a Saigon bar and probably talked about it too much to pals in the press. He was drinking when two unidentified Vietnamese with carbines opened fire, wounding a "hostess" and an American man, a CIA friend. Snepp thinks the assailants were not Viet Cong but in the South Vietnamese navy because of the M-1 weapons, and assumes they hated seeing American men with Vietnamese women. Snepp grabbed a weapon from one man and beat both Vietnamese with it until they were dead. It is a sickening story. Snepp thinks so too, but he was saving his own life and those of the two wounded.

The second story is about his affair with a Frenchwoman who trafficked in heroin and opium until Snepp, by accident, discovered a dossier on her in CIA files. He gave her some malaria pills and an LSD derivative he bought on a Saigon street corner to force her to tell him the truth, which she did. Snepp made her leave the country, did not expose her to the CIA (a gallantry which could have ended his career), and gave the names of two Vietnamese drug dealers in the Central Highlands to the Vietnamese special police, who, he thinks, had them killed.

"They're making me into a comic-strip character," he complained. Some of his interviews, which make Snepp seem like a madman or a witless pretty-boy, also puzzle Bernadette Longford, a New Yorker who more than anyone else has seen Snepp through the ordeal of the book. He sent her cassettes from Washington and she typed hundreds of pages and took them to his editor at Random House, acting as a "courier."

"He is a very serious person, a highly principled man," Longford said. "It hurts a little to read such stuff about him. I don't recognize the person who's coming across in these articles. Typing those tapes I could hear the weariness and horror in his voice. Sometimes I'd work all night and go to my job the next morning, but I never felt, Oh God, I can't take it anymore. If he wasn't so intelligent and so honest with himself, I wouldn't have wanted to help."

Snepp's need to prove he was hard-core pushed him closer to American journalists in Saigon. "I liked the journalists; they were sources of information—but there was something else involved. Just as it was an embarrassment not to be out with the soldiers, it was an embarrassment to see the journalists going out—while we were protected." In some cases, Snepp thought he also really might learn something useful from reporters.

"I found out that in many cases the journalists were as confused as . . . other people. I'm talking about magazine journalists," he added. "They were sucking off of all sorts of sources inside the embassy. And then I developed another inclination and this was to set them straight when the embassy would go wrong with them."

Snepp is now a villain to some of

Ble our thanks and
in Vietnam —
W E Colby 18 Dec 75

those journalists whom he liked, even admired, often misled, then enlightened at the end. On *60 Minutes* Snepp was explaining Ambassador Martin's eagerness to plant stories of a fictitious communist bloodbath to generate sympathy for the South Vietnamese cause, when he suddenly said the CIA had "favored journalists" it would leak to on a selected basis. "We would . . . draw them into our trust, into our confidence, and then we could shape their reporting through further leaks, because they trusted us." He named them: Keyes Beech, the Chicago *Daily News;* George McArthur, the Los Angeles *Times;* Bud Merick, *U.S. News and World Report;* and Robert Shaplen, Asia correspondent for *The New Yorker*, well known in Vietnam for his allegiance to Nguyen Cao Ky.

Shaplen was a journalist whom Snepp still says he very much admired for "his terrific Vietnamese network" of sources. All four men have denied Snepp's charge that they were used or manipulated, the most incensed rebuttal coming from Shaplen, who lives in Hong Kong. Shaplen said that Snepp had even asked him to write an introduction to his book, a strange request "if I was one of those to whom he was allegedly passing phony information." He accused Snepp of being on an "ego trip" and behaving in a "shocking and reprehensible" way.

There is no question that Snepp did help Shaplen write intelligently about the events of the last months. In the May 19, 1975, issue of *The New Yorker*, Shaplen gave the CIA man credit, although his name contains a typographical error. He wrote: "Where Martin was more misguided was in persistently believing that a political solution was possible, though he had in fact been told for weeks by his military analysts, particularly by Frank Sneff, a civilian expert well qualified to judge, that the situation was deteriorating very rapidly."

Snepp claims that when he and Shaplen had a reunion in Hong Kong after the fall of Saigon, the writer was grateful to him for his help and said so. I asked Snepp to give me a hard example of how the CIA would deceive a journalist of Shaplen's sophistication. He gave it.

"In 1973 we told them there was a big buildup along the border by communists of airfields which could accommodate MIG's—this was in the South [Vietnam]," Snepp said. "It was an outright lie. We said there were fourteen missile sites at Khe Sanh [the old U.S. Army base] and improvised the eight airfields to give Nixon an excuse to continue the bombing. The whole press got this song and dance." A Shaplen dispatch, in *The New Yorker*, June 2, 1973, contained similar "information" and also said: "Thus, for the first time, full-fledged air war in the South could take place between the two Vietnamese sides."

Snepp is not interested in getting into a larger scrap with the press—he says he is "too small" to win—but one of the most serious grievances with Colby is that the former head of the agency violated security himself early in 1976 by leaking a top-secret document to two reporters in Washington, who have written books together. The document, classified "Top Secret—Sensitive," was a compilation of Colby's briefings before a crisis-management group known as WASAG, marked "Effects of U.S. Intelligence Analysis in Vietnam, December 1974–April 1975." Snepp said it contained material that was "highly sensitive," because there were "data on communication intercepts and data on [our] best agents." The document, which has now been "sanitized," put Colby in the best possible light, according to Snepp, which was the reason for leaking it. He refused to name the two reporters. "They're brothers, aren't they?" I said. Snepp said nothing. He also contends that Kissinger tried to "whitewash" what happened in South Vietnam by showing to reporters classified documents that would project a far more favorable picture of what took place.

In May 1977, Snepp met with Admiral Stansfield Turner, head of the CIA, who has since denounced him. Snepp turned in a list of eight recommendations on how the agency might deal with "problem areas"; it suggested that if "the agency speaks publicly on an issue it should identify itself" and that material used in a public briefing should be declassified. Snepp also complained of Colby's leak, which led to Admiral Turner's rejoinder: "On my watch, no journalist will get preferred treatment."

Snepp was a normally "privileged" child of what he calls the "southern establishment." He went to Columbia (where his father and Colby had before been friends at law school) and, while studying for a master's degree in international affairs, was recruited for the CIA by a famous professor, now dead, who had been a mentor of Kissinger's. He went happily to work at $12,000 a year, analyzing high-level material on strategic weapons.

There are times when Snepp's upbringing still shows. "I am ready to take my punishment now," he says often. No one is sure what Snepp could be punished for (he has revealed none of the real names of any of the important CIA men in Vietnam), but quite a few people are working very hard on it. Rumors abound that Polgar, still with the CIA and furious because he feels his protégé has ruined his chances to be a station chief again, is out for revenge. Snepp has even been tipped off that the CIA has formed a task force to try to work out the most serious charges that could be leveled against him.

The most startling thing about Snepp—a complicated, combative, stubborn man—is his naïveté, which persists despite his knowledge of espionage, counterespionage, assassinations, interrogations, corruption, and treachery. After an appearance before the Senate Select Committee in mid-December, Snepp seemed depressed over what he called a hostile reception to himself and to his testimony. "The messenger beheaded for bearing the bad news" is how he put it. It is hard for him to understand that the committee—which he had briefed as a CIA man—was not shattered by his report to them and had no plan to act swiftly on his recommendations. Snepp keeps going—Detroit, Cleveland, Boston—to get his message across. He is still persuaded that the agency will retaliate, although others now think the punishment Snepp half wants may never come.

Snepp was still without a lawyer in December. I asked why. His reply was defiant, the answer of a man still convinced that if the truth is told, then the guilty will repent and reform. "I don't have a lawyer because I haven't broken any laws," he said. ■

The Hangover at American Distilling

By William Flanagan

"...Nothing would sweeten the 85-year-old Brown's feelings about Goldberg. 'The guy has no brains!' he yelled at one point..."

Sitting across from Russell R. Brown, the last of the Repeal-era whiskey barons, it is hard to imagine how he could create so much grief for the current management of American Distilling, the company of which he was chairman for 41 years. Now 85 and over three years out of the chairmanship, he is nonetheless very much a factor in the company's business. In fact, if he pulls off the coup he now intends, the present management could be tossed out on its ear.

Probably this week, in his most dramatic move yet in his feud with company officers, Brown will drop a bombshell. He is planning to file a lawsuit that accuses Bernard Goldberg, the man he himself picked as his replacement, of what amounts to fraud. Papers being prepared charge that Goldberg's representations to get Brown's chair were "false, fraudulently made, and knowingly advanced for purposes of securing a lucrative position beyond his intrinsic worth as an employee."

They further state that Goldberg exercised a "stranglehold over the company for his own personal beneficial and pecuniary gain."

This is all pretty heady stuff for a man who is still technically a member of American's board. (He has not been nominated for re-election, however.) Brown's action is clearly aimed at triggering a proxy fight at American, pitting dissident stockholders who are sympathetic with Brown against the incumbent management. The incumbents are, after all, relative newcomers to the firm. (Shortly after leaving Schenley, Goldberg imported more than a score of top-level people to American.)

In the corporate world, Brown's move amounts to treason. At his age, it takes a lot of stamina too. But, judging from a recent visit, it is unlikely that Brown is going to wilt in his efforts, or that his fight with management will be settled by "natural default." Brown is still sprightly, thank you.

On a blustery January morning, after his dog, Ritter von Rund Hügel, announced my arrival, I parked next to Brown's ancient but gleaming Mercedes at his Greenwich, Connecticut, estate on Round Hill Road. Coincidentally, it is just down the road from the estate of the late Lew Rosenstiel, for many years the president of Schenley Industries, and a friendly adversary of Brown's. When fire destroyed much of American's bourbon stock a generation ago, Rosenstiel offered to replace it.

In his three-piece suit, white shirt, and muted tie, Brown went on and on about the new American team. "There's a total lack of talent there," he insisted.

We went to lunch at La Crémaillère, nearby. ("I helped one of the owners when he was starting out with La Caravelle downtown," said Brown.) He downed a daiquiri and a dozen Little Necks, then ordered a Pouilly Fumé to accompany his omelet. He doesn't lack an appetite—dessert and petits fours followed. But nothing would sweeten his feelings about Goldberg. "The guy has no brains!" he yelled at one point, as if to firm up his resolve. It all seemed out of character for a warm, old gentleman nearing his dotage.

What has Brown and some other major stockholders in a snit is, of course, the lack of dividends and the price of the stock. Not a penny has been paid in dividends since fiscal 1975, when only 12.5 cents per share was paid. That was Goldberg's first year in charge.

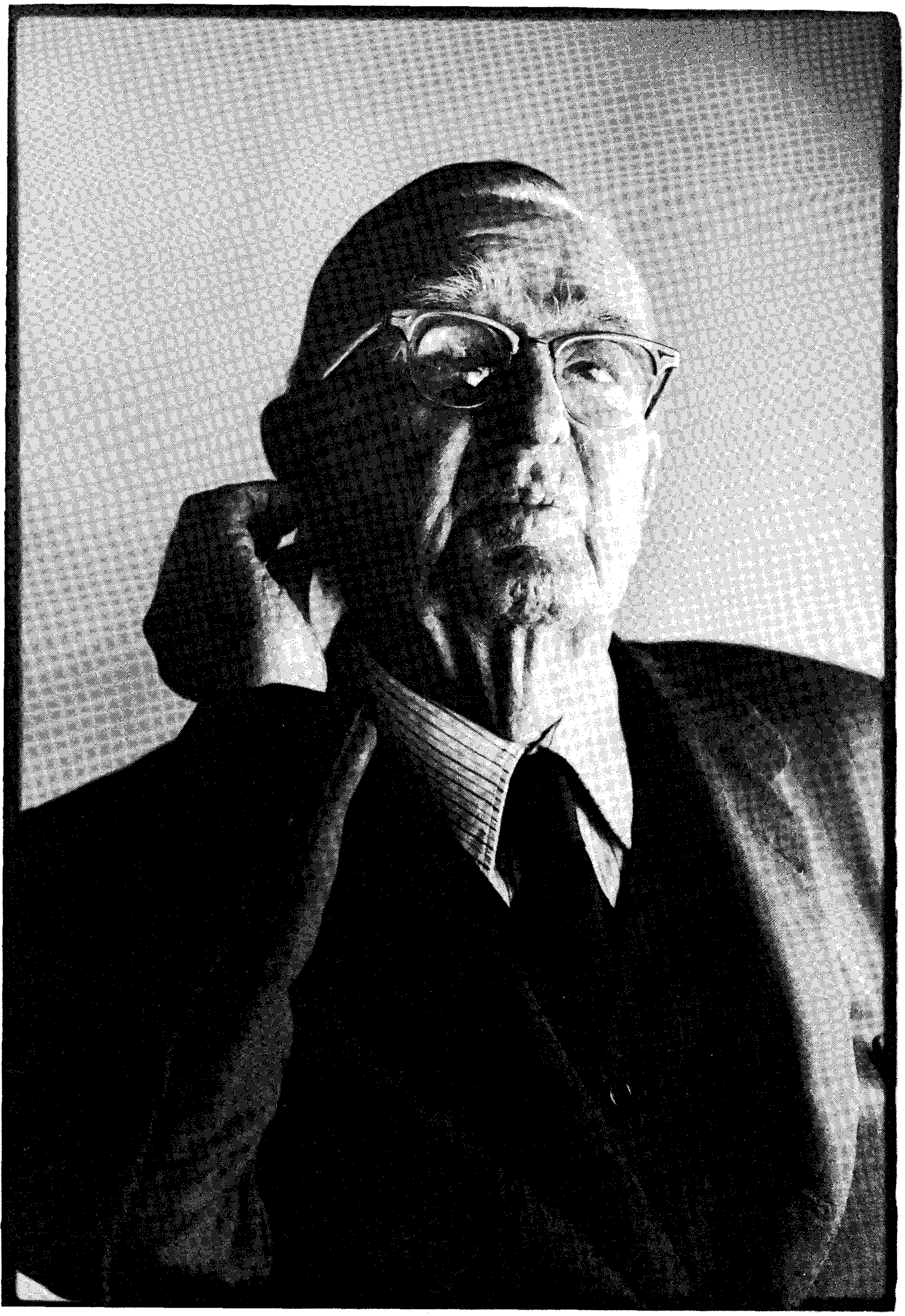
American had normally paid about $1 per share for most of the previous decade. In 1977, though, the company posted a net loss of $3.5 million against sales of only $106 million. In 1973, sales were $150 million.

Brown's shares used to fetch $115,000 a year in dividends; today they fetch nothing. In 1974, when the stock hit a high of 19¾, his stock was worth $2,271,250. At the recent price of 8¾, those shares are now worth only $1,006,250.

Later this month, on January 31, American will hold its annual meeting in remote Union City, California, far from most of the New York–based company's stockholders. But some fireworks are expected nonetheless. While it is unlikely that the dissidents will be able to dislodge the current management this time around, they might be able to swing enough votes to force a special meeting—which would doubtless be called in not-so-remote New York City. The result of that meeting could be surprising for Goldberg.

At first blush, Goldberg appears

Photographed by Anthony Edgeworth



Old-fashioned: *Russell Brown, who ran American Distilling for 41 years, is brewing trouble for current management.*

"...At first blush, Goldberg appears quite secure. He controls a total of 28.2 percent of the stock–a formidable block..."

quite secure. He now owns or can exercise options on 16.2 percent of the company's shares. Further, while Brown "beneficially" holds about 12 percent of the stock, those shares are held in a trust which he and his wife of 64 years do not control. In fact, the trust which was set up by Brown when he stepped down from the chairmanship at the tender age of 82 gives voting rights of those shares to Goldberg. "It was the biggest mistake I ever made," recalls Brown.

Thus, Goldberg has control of a total of 28.2 percent of the stock—a formidable, if not insurmountable, block. Brown, however, is now suing to break that trust—that is what this week's suit is all about. He wants to regain voting control of the stock. If Brown succeeds, his chances of bringing down the current management increase substantially.

Goldberg, who was unavailable for comment first because of travel, then because of the flu, seems to be taking Brown lightly. As of this writing, he was unaware of the newest suit, however.

But Burton Gintell, American's financial vice-president, said, "We have no information about a proxy fight. And there are some legal requirements which would have to be met, so we would know."

He added that there was no reason to think stockholders were all that unhappy. Last year, 97 percent of the proxies went along with management, he noted. And for the first quarter of fiscal 1978 (ended December), earnings were up 10 percent over last year.

Come what may, Brown is determined to do all he can to unsettle, if not unseat, present management. And he seems almost as disturbed by how the new management operates as with who they are. In the old days he made deals with handshakes and winks, often accompanied by a taste of wet. He has little use for modern management style and technique. Mass merchandising, brand identification, and large-scale advertising were not Brown's way.

In fact, modern managers would be appalled by Brown's methods. He hated paperwork. "I don't ever remember having seen a memo," recalls a former assistant. "The IRS came around one time on an investigation about booze being sold to PX's. They had copies of letters addressed to Mr. Brown, but there were no copies of my replies. They wanted to know why. 'You've read those letters,' said Brown. 'Would *you* answer them?' "

Today, American is an odd duck in the liquor industry. It is not part of a conglomerate (although American is said to be ripe for acquisition). Its products are sold mainly in eighteen "control" states. And the names of its brands could stump bottle collectors. Its single biggest seller, for example, is Bourbon Supreme. Some of its other bourbons are Stillbrook and Pennypacker; its blended whiskeys are named Guckenheimer, Town Club, and Cadillac Club. Its vodka brands are Tvarscki and Semkov. Its imports are likewise hardly household words—El Toro tequila, King James Scotch, Canadian Host, Ron Querida rum, Dunphy's Irish, Ladoucette Pouilly Fumé, Ricard pastis.

A promotional tasting of Dunphy's Irish tea last week in New York garnered a lot of press attention, however.

Marketing and advertising were not all that important to Brown. In control states, there is basically one person who matters—the buyer for the entire state. Sell him, and your product is on the shelves, period. Display advertising isn't even permitted in state-run stores. You have to buy what is available, not necessarily what you would prefer. The cost of the product and its quality have to sell the product at retail level.

For years, that strategy worked for Brown and for the stockholders. Sales rose as consumption and population rose in control states. But in the mid- and late sixties things began happening. More states began selling whiskey by the drink, and name brands became more important. Drinking tastes were changing too, and bourbon sales slipped in favor of vodka and gin.

Though sales were still healthy when Brown stepped out in 1974, they were starting to slide. It was clear that his successor would have to be able to sell new products as well as old, and expand into national markets.

But with most of the big-name imported wines and liquors long in the hands of competing companies and the cost of developing a popular brand from scratch so high, Goldberg had his work cut out for him. Last year, he attempted a very daring coup to kill two birds with one stone—acquire Schenley Industries and its stable of known products and established markets. Goldberg knew the company well—he had been its president. The bid of $429 million in cash and stock was quietly shelved by Schenley's parent, Rapid-American Corporation. At the time, Schenley had sales of $800 million, while American has sales of $115-million.

"It was like the flea crawling up the elephant's back with rape in its mind," says one analyst.

Goldberg, no less than any other chairman with an ailing company, could do without Brown's machinations. In December, the company lodged a suit against Brown and others charging they were putting together a group to take control of the company, in violation of securities laws, since he had not disclosed the activity.

Soon to finish his term as a board member, Brown is especially bitter about one of the new nominees, Marshall Berkowitz, whom Goldberg recently named president and chief operating officer of the company. Berkowitz's brother, Paul, was also recently named executive vice-president.

Gintell defended the Berkowitzes on both counts: "We have operations in the state of Florida, of course. There is no reason why a business like ours has to be tied to any one location.

"Look at those Florida boys. Putting them up and giving them cars when they are in New York. One of them is still on the payroll of a competitor."

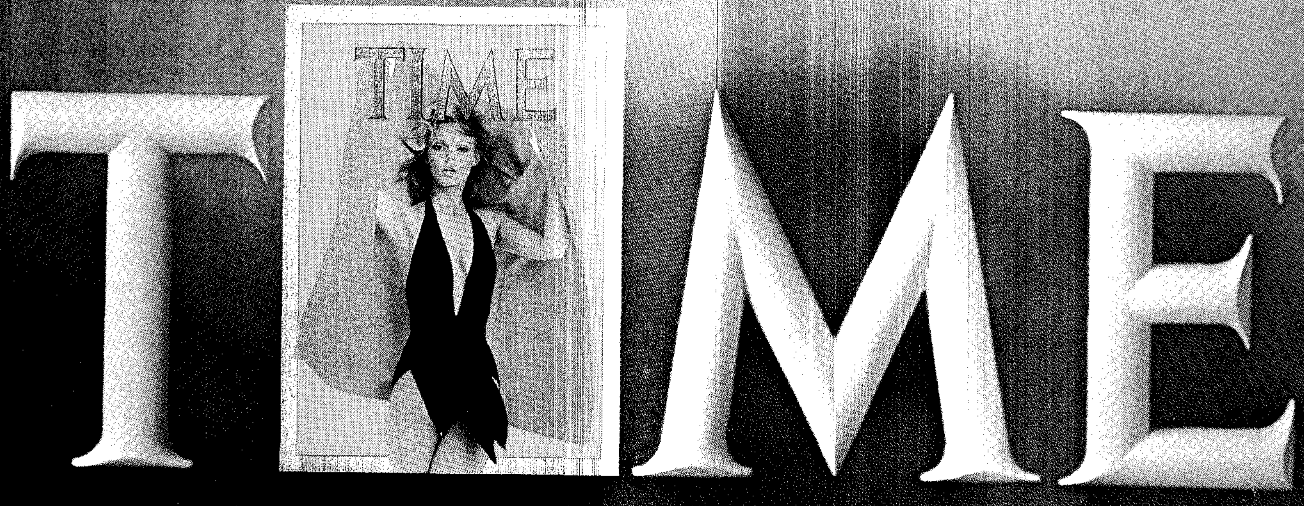
(The proxy statement bore him out. Marshall and Paul Berkowitz do reside in Florida and commute to New York. Marshall receives $50,300 from his former employer, Glenmore Distilleries Company, for "occasional consulting services.")

Of the consulting fee, Gintell simply remarked, "It's probably terms of his separation from that company and he is a very shrewd businessman. We're glad to have him."

Whatever the outcome of this squabble, Brown, who has always had a highly personal style, will always be remembered by the stockholders of old. In 1942, for example, when whiskey was scarce because of the war, he declared a special dividend—stockholders of record could buy one barrel of whiskey per share of stock. Drinkers or not, they appreciated the gesture. And, in a single day, November 15, the stock went from 15⅓ to 97½.

"In the old days we didn't function through committees," Brown said. "We had our idiosyncracies, but we were thinkers; we knew what we were doing."

A year ago, we promised TIME's readers and advertisers a bright new look—bold splashes of color and fresh graphics throughout every editorial department. We kept our promise—and readers and advertisers alike have responded enthusiastically. Subscription and newsstand sales have been strong. And advertisers have helped TIME set some new records. In 1977, advertisers invested $166 million in U.S. editions of TIME ($30 million more than ever before ran in a news magazine), and $42 million in TIME's overseas editions. An increase of 400-plus advertising pages in the U.S. gave TIME far and away the largest page growth in the news magazine field. All of which again supports a basic premise at TIME: If you continue to give people something more, something better, you'll continue to stay out in front.



The most colorful coverage of the week

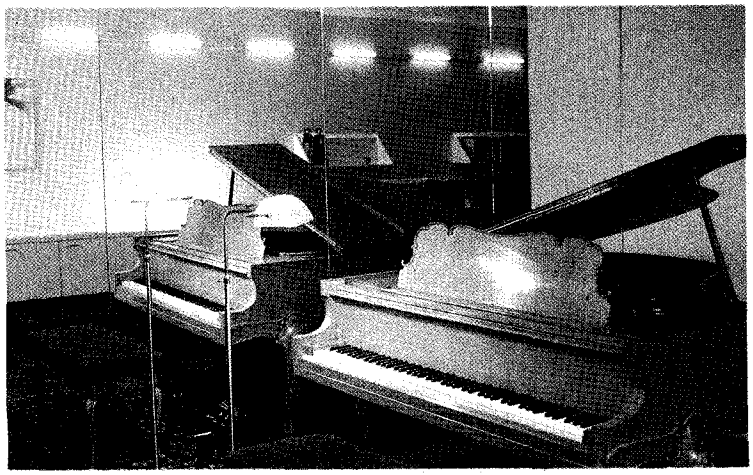
Home Furnishings

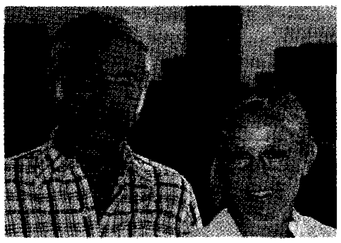
Finishing Touches

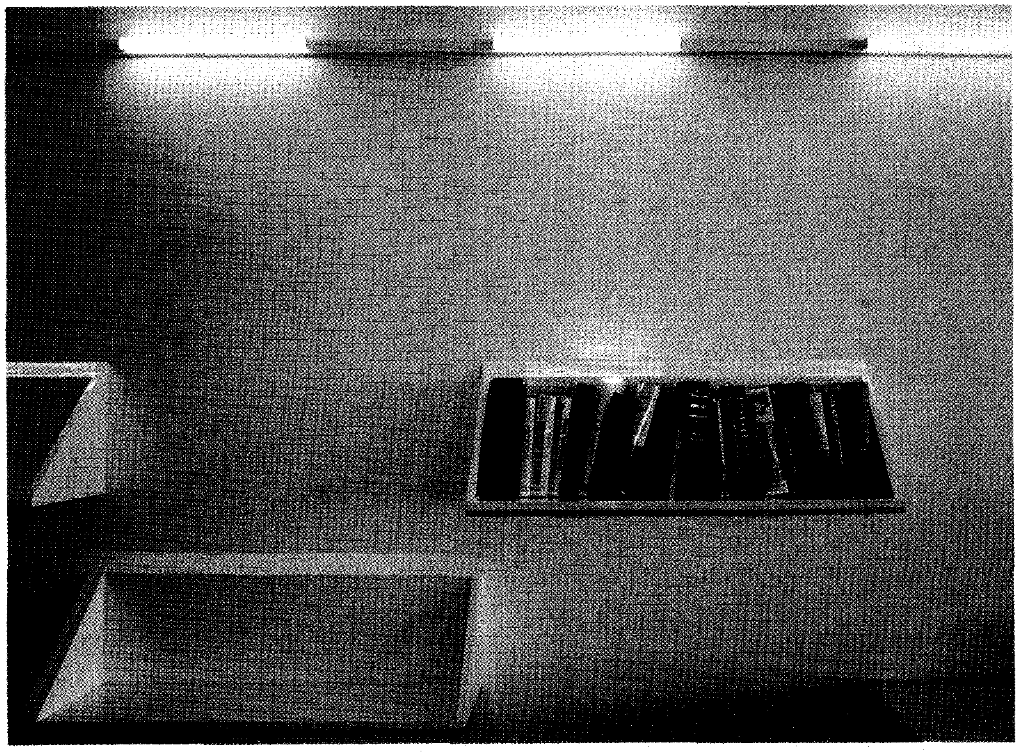
By Suzanne Slesin

"...These very different apartments merit more than an overall view. We asked our photographer to concentrate on the details..."

Something's happening to the way we look at interiors. It's the *detail* that counts, not the whole space. "Why was that tile laid that way?" we ask. "Where did that hardware come from?" On these pages we show you two very different apartments. Architect Alan Buchsbaum designed one, using contrasting materials, lots of color, and his own brand of modern clutter. Architect Christine Benglia-Bevington's design is stark by comparison. "My goal was to make a room that survives fashion," she says. "Color goes in and out of fashion, so I don't count on it." Their work merits more than an overall view, so we asked photographer Torkil Gudnason to concentrate on the details.





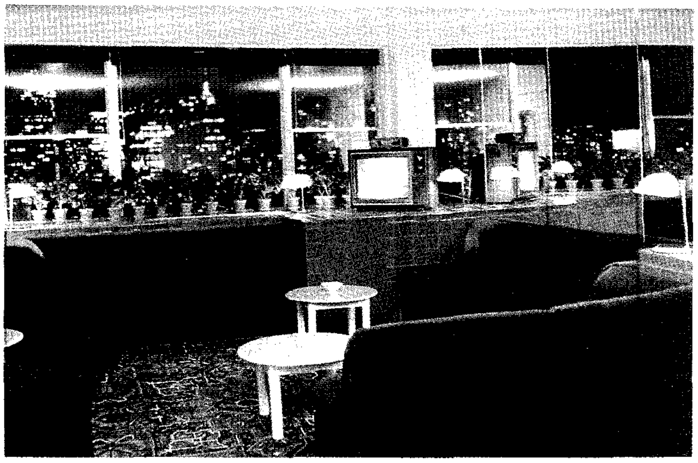


SOLID GEOMETRY

The baby grand piano (far left) was the only major piece of furniture that Irving and Rita Wahl (near left, bottom) kept when they asked architect Alan Buchsbaum (near left, top) to plan their new city apartment. Refinished, the piano now stands in the narrower part of the Wahls' L-shaped living room, not far from the door. "I had to think of a way to make that hall-like space work as a room all by itself," Buchsbaum says. Turning it into a conservatory was a handy solution.

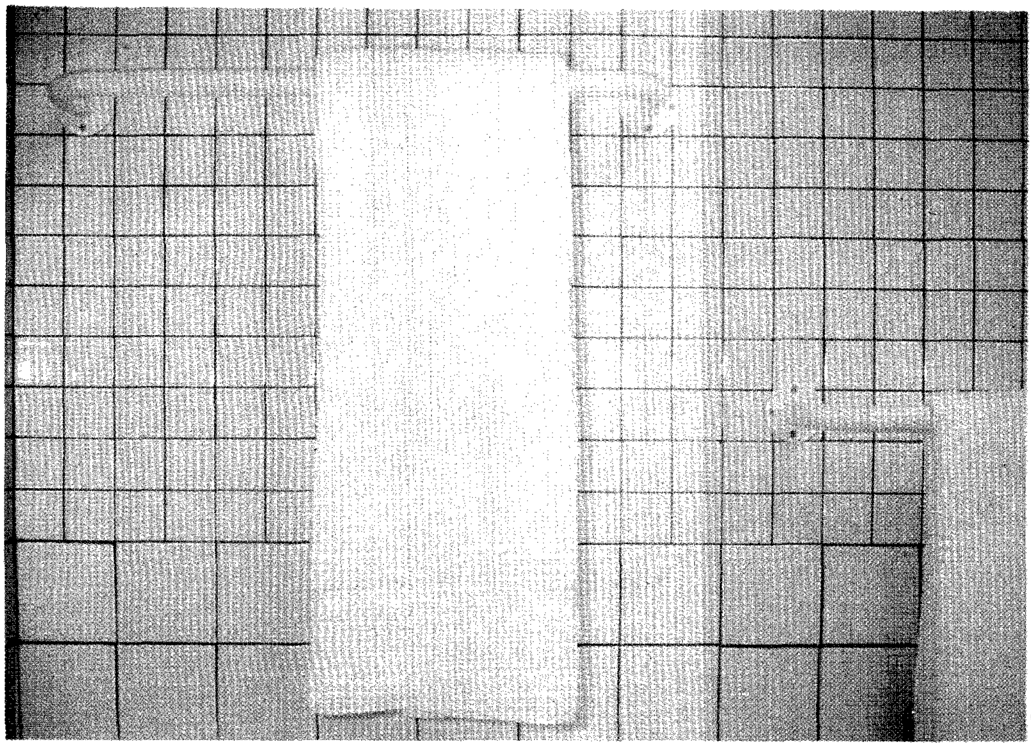
What the architect wanted in that entranceway was "a geometrical progression along the whole space." He got it by "drawing an imaginary grid on the wall and paring an imaginary wall unit down to its essentials—a few lacquered plywood shelves." He installed incandescent tubes (left) in a straight line along one wall; they are reflected in the mirror on the opposite wall. Below the lights, his series of wall-hung shelves stand out as three-dimensional sculptural shapes.

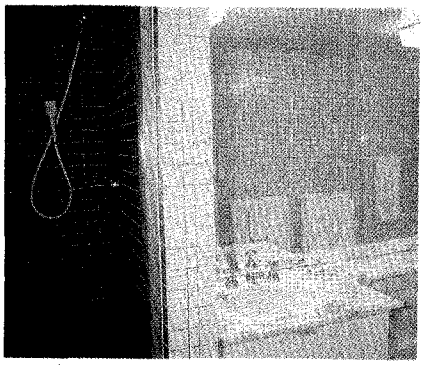
Photographed by Torkil Gudnason



RED ALL OVER

Rita Wahl loves red, so architect Buchsbaum used as many reds as he could when he planned her living room (left). He also used a lot of green—"as an antidote." The mohair-velvet seating units are dark red, the Persian rug is woven in every shade from pink to wine, the windowsills (below) are tiled in a brick red. And, naturally, Buchsbaum specified geraniums. "The windowsills were tiled," he says, "because of the plants—tile doesn't absorb water. Also, I didn't want to take the velvet too seriously." The room he has created for his clients is, accordingly, pleasantly ambiguous: lush and formal in its arrangement of furniture, yet comfortable and cozy enough to be both the living room and the television room.





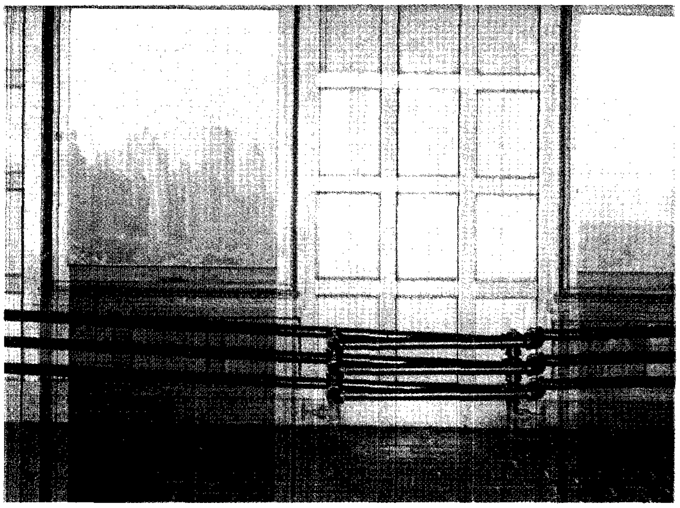
ON THE SQUARES

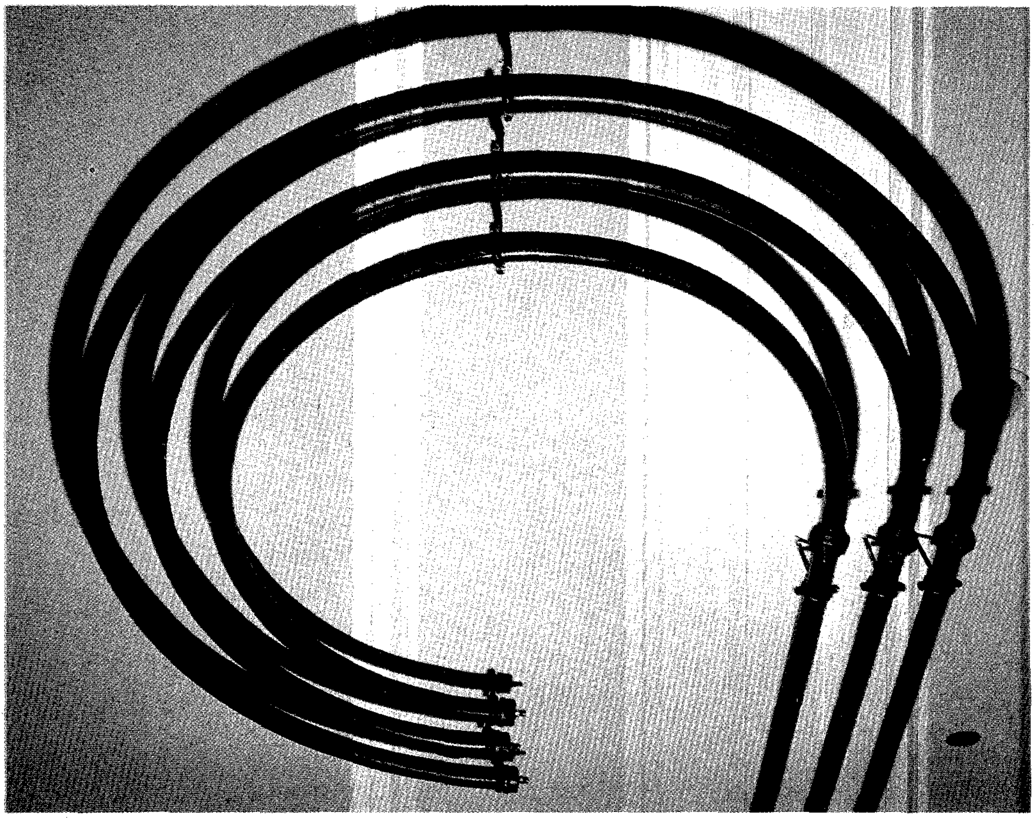
In the master bathroom (left), square white ceramic tiles have been set with red grout to emphasize their different sizes and to create a striking grid on the wall. Chunky, hospital-type grab bars hold towels over the bathtub. The nooselike shower hose (above) was designed by Buchsbaum, who reversed the color scheme for interesting effect.

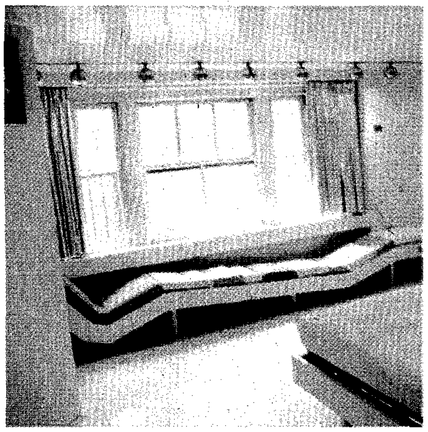
WOMAN'S WORK

"I wanted to get out of my parents' house—away from antiques and ornamentation, gold leaf and inlaid wood—and get into the twentieth century," says feminist writer Vivien Leone (near right, bottom). "I also wanted to use industrial, maintenance-free materials that would last forever." Ms. Leone hired Paris-born architect Christine Benglia-Bevington (near right, top) to renovate the duplex cooperative she had bought in 1972.

"My real interest is in new construction," says Ms. Bevington, "but the client was attracted to commercial and industrial materials, and that sounded interesting." The living room (far right), with its spectacular view of Central Park, was "a conservation job," the architect says. Velvet draperies were removed from the upper walls, and all the paneling was bleached and matched. The "finished" room is empty—with the pipes that run under the window as the main design feature. "The idea was to stay away from the look of baseboard radiators, to keep the feeling of the cast-iron material but to eliminate the Victorian pipe system." Working with architecture student Susan Gardner and plumber Burton Axelrod, she also planned the graphic pipe arrangement (right) on the living-room ceiling.

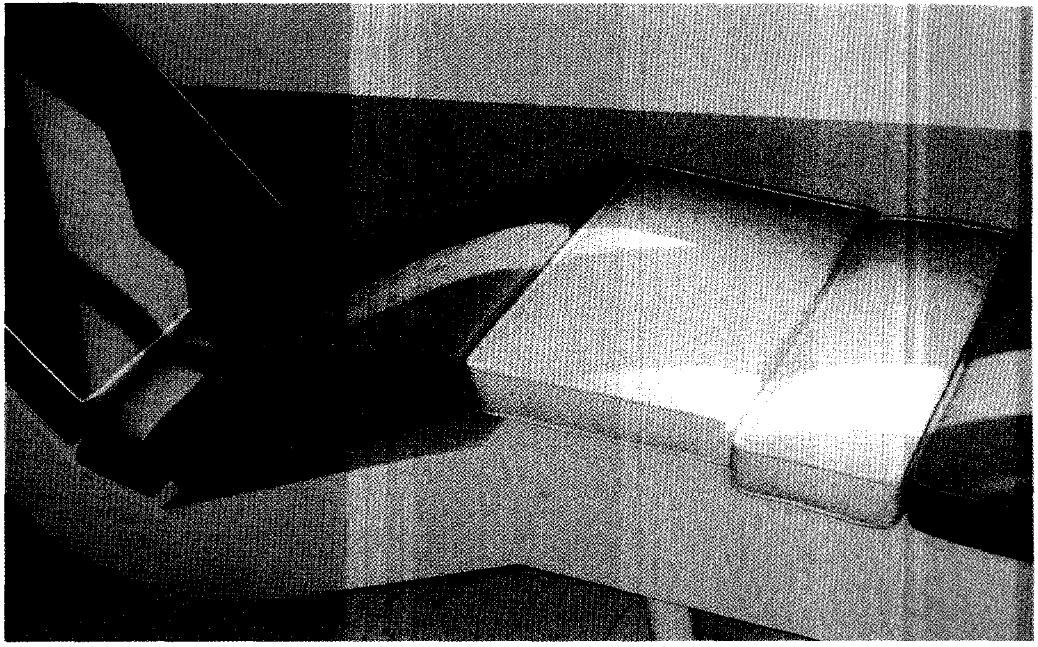


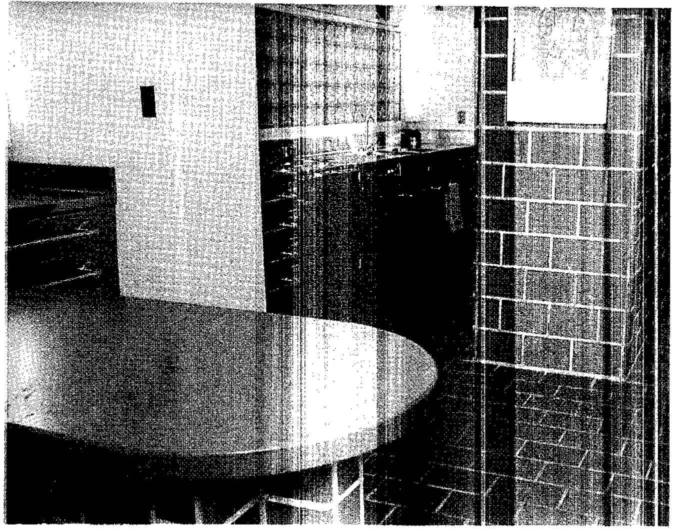




SERENE SEAT

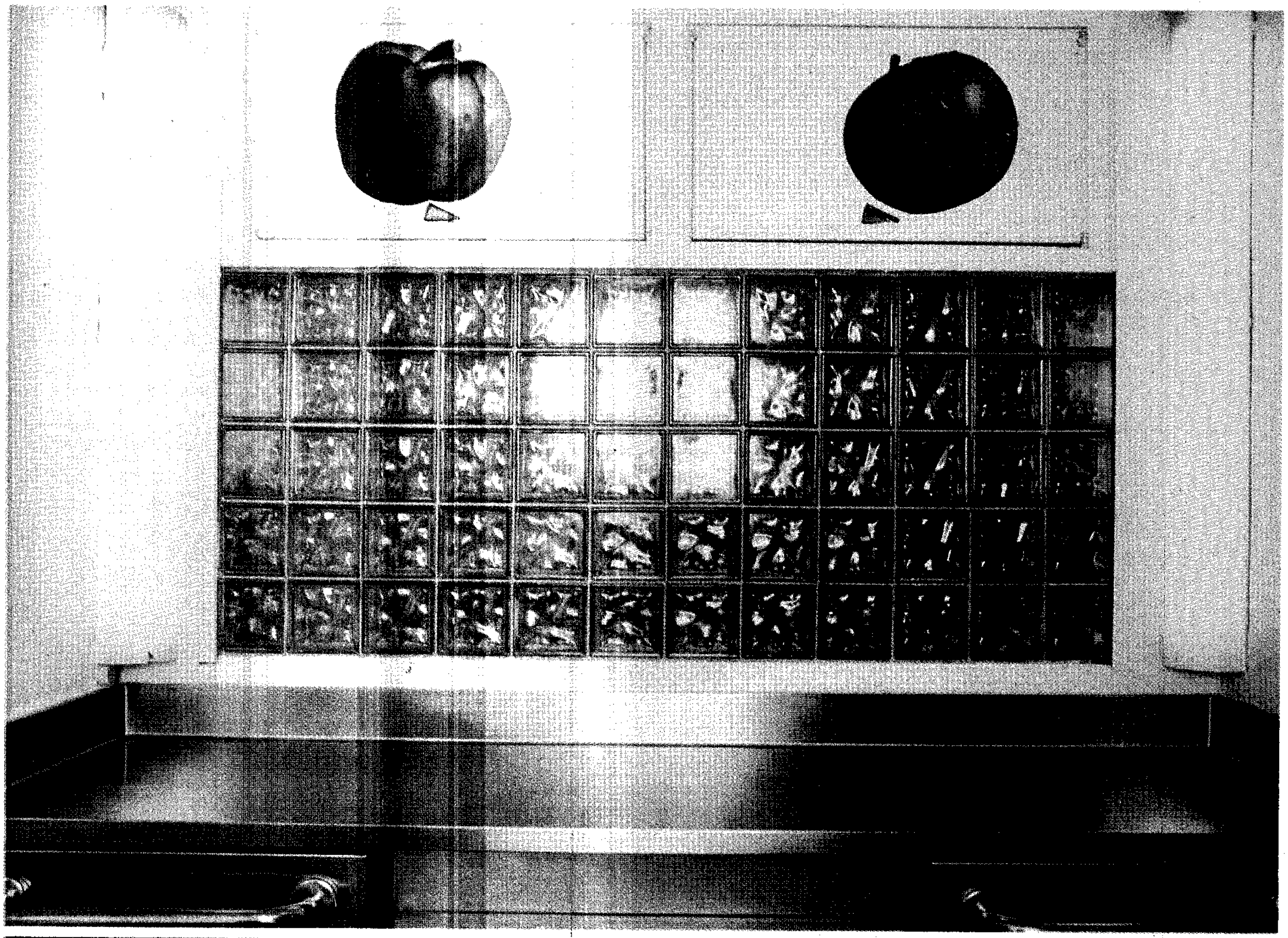
Neatly out of the way under the bedroom window (above) is a sectional chaise (close-up at right) that incorporates a slant board for exercise and relaxation.

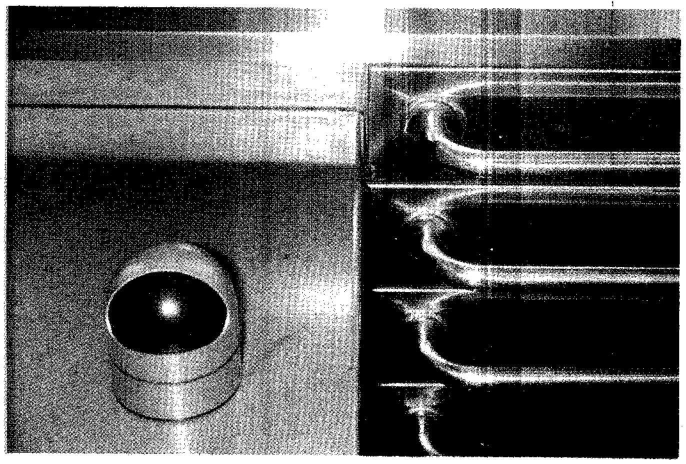


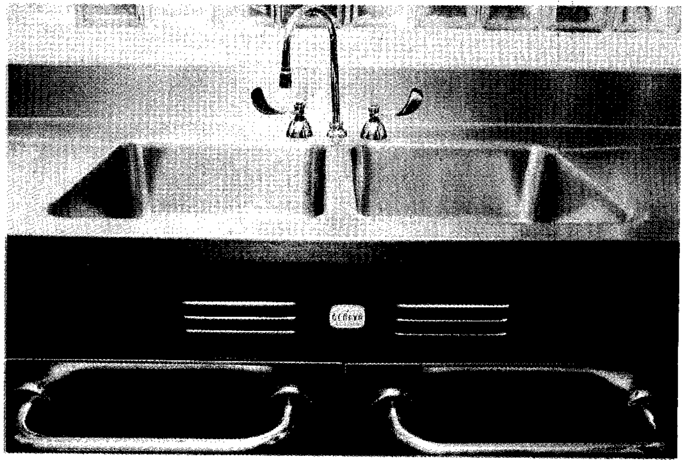


CLINICAL KITCHEN

Vivien Leone wanted a "high-quality kitchen." Her architect wanted a room with "a monolithic feeling." What did Ms. Leone get? A highly stylized quarry-tile and stainless-steel kitchen (left and below). The one-piece custom-made stainless-steel counter (large photo below), the gooseneck hospital faucet (bottom right), the fluorescent lighting, the stainless-steel hardware, the hospital grab bars—all contribute to the laboratory atmosphere. The glass bricks block out a bad view yet let light in; the two-inch-thick specially made kitchen table (left) was carved out of Vermont slate; and the quarry tile of the walls matches the existing floor of the living room. "I like to use only a few kinds of materials," says architect Bevington. "I like to plan the space as a whole; the furniture should be part of the design, or else temporary and disposable." ■







BEST BETS

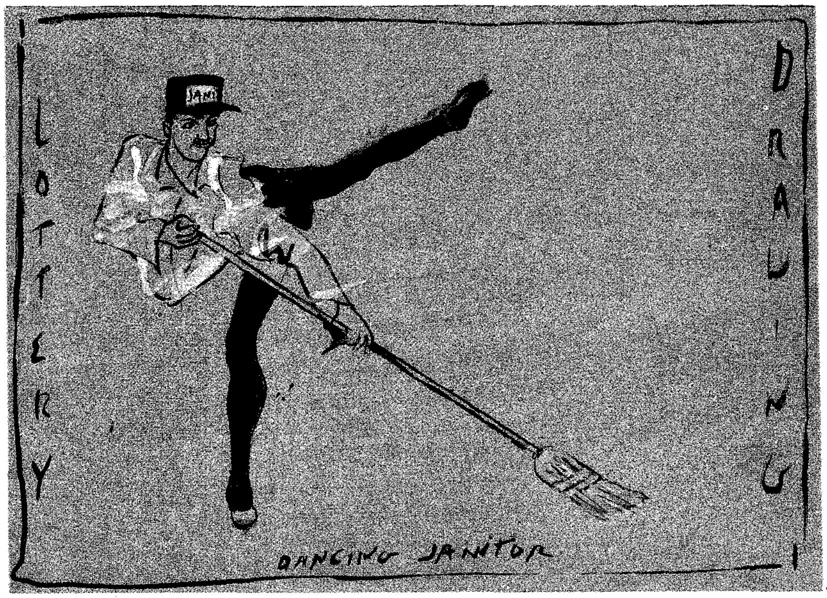
Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Where "The Boys" Is

In the wake of such movie-house disasters as the closing of the Music Hall and the 8th St. Playhouse, we welcome the Bay Cinema, née the Kips Bay, which has abandoned porn and gone legit. Its first first-run: *The Boys in Company C.*

BAY CINEMA/*Second Avenue at 32nd Street/Opens January 31*



It's a Draw

Neke Carson, remembered for such past artistry as his rectal-realism series (the paintbrush worn, so to speak, as a tail), announces a lottery drawing. He will hide the crumpled halves of 50 drawings around the gallery (*Dancing Janitor,* one such, is shown above) and will give a prize of $200 in actual cash. "Basically, it's entertainment," he explains.

LOTTERY DRAWING/*January 21 at 5:30 p.m./Freidus Gallery/158 Lafayette Street*

CANAL STREETはハードウエアの店が建ち並ぶニューヨークきってのJUNK YARDだ。

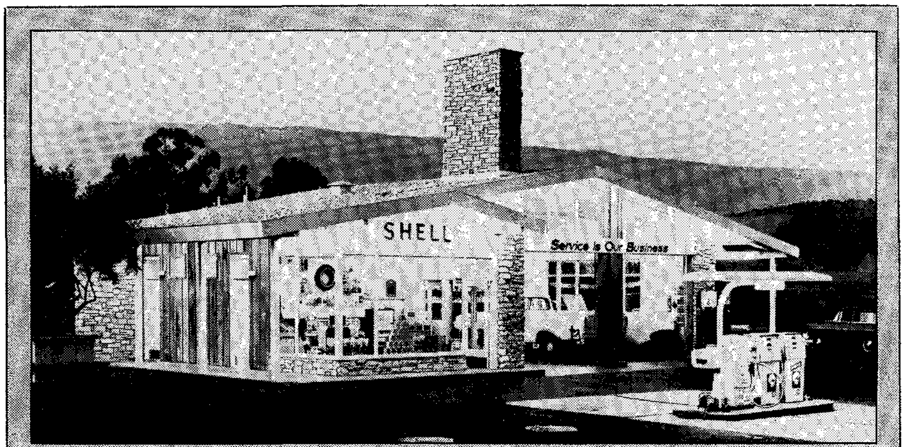
Canal St.

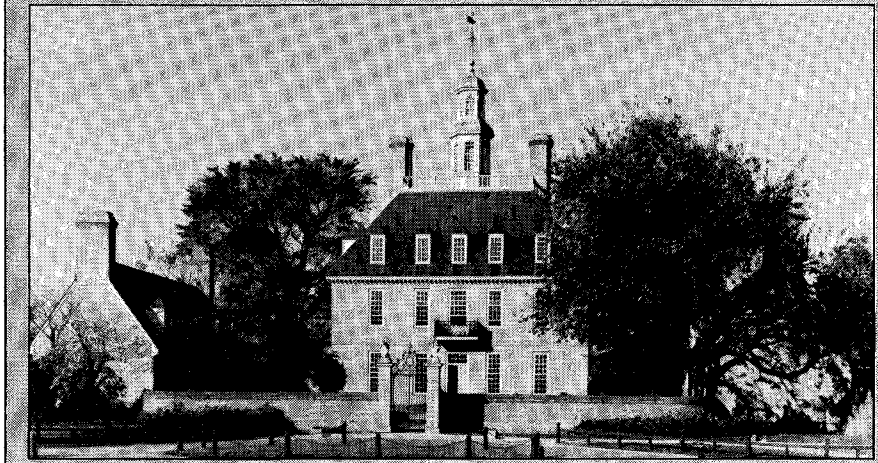
30 CANAL STREET

O Tempura, O Mores

Shopping tips, color pix, city slickness. Here are two Japanese catalogs for visitors to New York, Austin, Boston, etc.

WANDERING TOM'S ATLAS and EAST COAST SOURCE BOOK/*Zen Oriental Publications, Inc./521 Fifth Avenue, near 43rd/$13.50 each*





Here's Looking at Us

"The two standard reactions to 'total design' have been Peter Blake's, which says that vernacular architecture is junk, and Venturi's, which calls it Art with a capital A," says Cooper-Hewitt's Dick Oliver. "We're saying it's more like a mirror or a diary. And the task is not to make the point that all McDonald's are wonderful, but to make distinctions, to find the *superior* McDonald's." So what young Oliver has done in his latest exhibit is to mix diners, gas stations, fast-food chains, with—what is this?—Williamsburg, Virginia. Through photos and uniforms, oil cans and logos, he illustrates the American way of total environment, proving that "not being art is not the same as not being well designed."

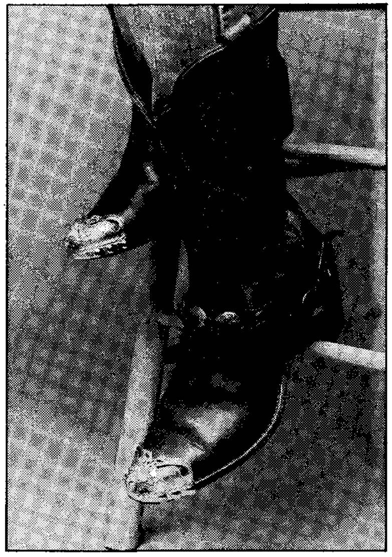
PLACE, PRODUCT, PACKAGING/*January 21–March 19/Cooper-Hewitt Museum*
2 East 91st Street

Tipping Is Permitted

Roy Rogers's rodeo tips are currently on view in the Roy Rogers/Dale Evans museum in California. Alex Streeter's girl friend's rodeo tips, flying hearts with sunburst and ruby, are on display here. And you can have sunsets, seashells, little Parthenons, or whatever your heart desires, from Streeter's molds or by his engraving. Basic tips start at $50 in brass, $75 in silver. **—Priscilla Tucker**

152 PRINCE/*925-6496*

BEN WARWICK



Nixon's the One

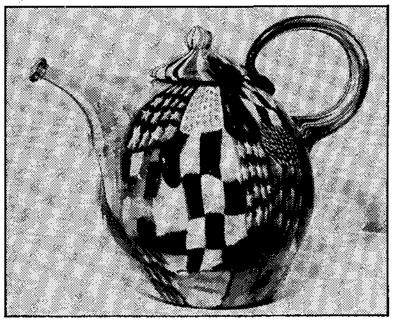
Marni Nixon—who sang for Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady,* Deborah Kerr in *The King and I,* et al.—also has a voice of her own. Which she will use in concert. Seriously.

MARNI NIXON/*January 29 at 7:30 p.m.*
Town Hall

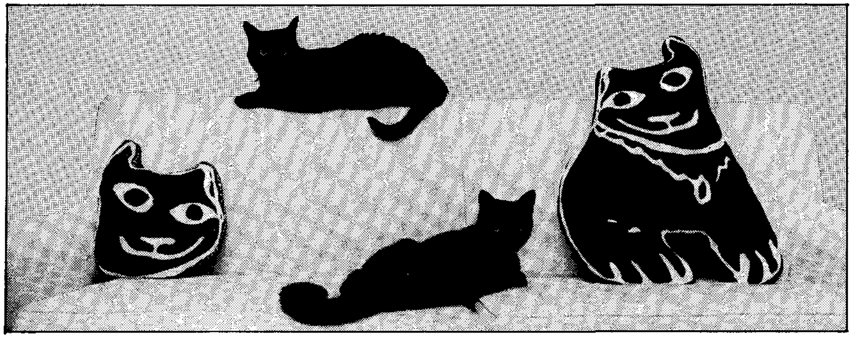
Spoutrageous

Richard Marquis's teapot and many others will reign, then pour.

TEAPOTS/*January 17–February 25*
The Elements/766 Madison Avenue



MATTHEW KLEIN



Catty Corners

Seated left to right: Toby Klayman's cat-head pillow ($18), Harry Stock, Lydia Stern, and Klayman's whole-cat pillow ($36). The pillows are for sale.

CAT PILLOWS/*Mythology Unlimited, Jenny B. Goode*

Music / Alan Rich

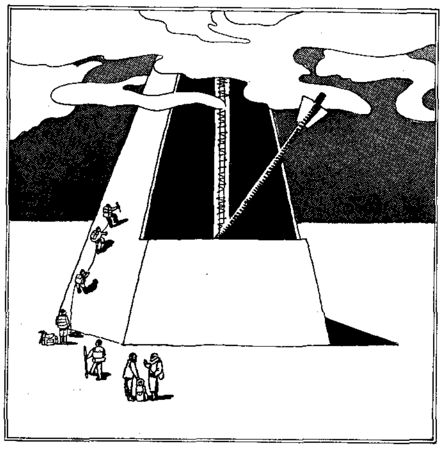
ON THROWING OUT THE BABY WITH THE BATHWATER

"...It isn't a critic's responsibility to love everything new, but it's nice when he can at least hear what's going on..."

Once a year (or more often; I've stopped counting), Harold Schonberg lets fly in the Sunday *Times* with his what's-wrong-with-modern-music article that most of us can now repeat by rote. It's an article shrewdly designed to gladden the hearts of the old codgers who slumber, chatter, or flee at the slightest contemporary disturbance on the Fisher Hall stage. It can also be taken as an eloquently worded defense for the regret Schonberg feels at being professionally obliged to remain awake, silent, and seated while his fellow Philistines choose the easy way out. The latest version of this many-stanza'd litany appeared on December 4.

To bolster the rationale for his yearly argument, Schonberg has been obliged to create a romantic legend of Byronic stature. A plague of total serialism once lay o'er the world's music, its boundaries constantly advanced by a hardy band of arch-villains (Babbitt, Sessions, Carter, Stockhausen—whisper their names at your peril!), bearing banners with strange devices (Schönberg, Berg, and—horror!—Webern). Like the demons in Pandora's box (if I may confound the legendry), these monsters spread their miasma through the world, leaving behind hordes of slumbering listeners and anti-melodic tone-rows. Now, however, Hope has gathered his own avenging forces; melodies are again being written, and the plague recedes.

It is all very neat and very plausible; it just doesn't happen to state the case for, or against, contemporary music with notable accuracy. Schonberg's theory is based on an initial falsehood: that the condition of music today, or in the recent past, is somehow different from that of one, two, or three centuries ago. It is, of course, very easy to fall into that delusion; it becomes even easier if—like Schonberg and, I shudderingly add, myself—you find yourself in the position of aging arbiter in a young world. If you happen to have grown up at a time when the majority of both live concerts and record catalogs offered nothing but the masterworks of the past, it's easy to fall into the hurrah-for-the-past-and-boo-to-the-present attitude that Schonberg's article typifies. If you happen, in addition, to be a journalist, required by your profession to communicate in easy catchphrases for your likes and/or dislikes, it becomes even easier. Thus, "total serialism" becomes Schonberg's all-purpose term of opprobrium, as "atonal" used to be Winthrop Sargeant's catchall for anything composed since 1910, capable of embracing such totally nonserial landmark works as Stockhausen's *Piano Piece XI* or the highly tonal, neoclassic Stravinsky.



History, not to mention respect for the truth, stands poised to contradict such glib reasoning. The fund of masterworks that survive from bygone times is an infinitesimal percentage of music composed in these times; I venture to guess that the ratio of masterwork to trash has remained fairly constant over the centuries, right up to today. The "romantic revival," in which Schonberg himself has avidly participated, which has dredged up some of the most god-awful junk from a century ago (Alkan, Raff . . . yeccch!), should, if nothing else, suggest a high degree of tolerance toward the experiments and the mistakes of the present. If there *is* any major difference between the musical scene in, say, 1878 and that of today, it seems to me more rooted in audience attitudes than in the nature of artistic creation. If audiences a century ago had been able to indulge a passion for wallowing in the familiar, thanks to records, WQXR, and the needs of impresarios to turn a fast and easy buck, would the music of Wagner, Brahms, or the late Verdi have had a chance?

Progress, an eloquent philosopher once noted, consists of taking three steps forward and two backward. What friend Schonberg defines as an abandonment of the bad ways of "total serialism" and a return to the reason of mother love and C major is actually the ongoing process of assimilation that is inherent in musical creation. Opera, around 1600, was born out of a nihilistic attitude toward the recent past; it was only after Monteverdi made his peace with that past that the new art form began to make artistic sense. Eighteenth-century classicism was born out of a reaction against the contrapuntal intricacies of J. S. Bach; yet, Mozart's incredible late works—*The Magic Flute*, the *Jupiter*, the Requiem—proclaim his reconciliation with Bach's techniques. And so it goes.

One cannot deny that these are difficult times in music. The expansion of resource brought about by electronic inventions has suggested to composers that music up to now has been merely the base of a very high mountain. Another real problem today is that our contemporary, passive civilization has shown itself more willing than before to be nose-led by influential critics. Under such circumstances it becomes all the more deplorable when an influential critical medium adopts a tone of undifferentiated, all-embracing negativism. I am not for a moment suggesting that it is a critic's responsibility to love everything of his own time; total, unquestioning acceptance accomplishes no more than total rejection. I do think, however, that some competence in, at least, hearing the innate content of any kind of music is a nice quality for any critic to possess, even if it leads to somewhat less agreeable copy for one's readers. Life for any critic, professional or amateur, might be a lot easier, of course, if new ideas would just pack up and go away. By throwing out the baby with the bathwater, however, you miss that possibility that one of those babies might grow up cute. ■

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

Movies / Molly Haskell

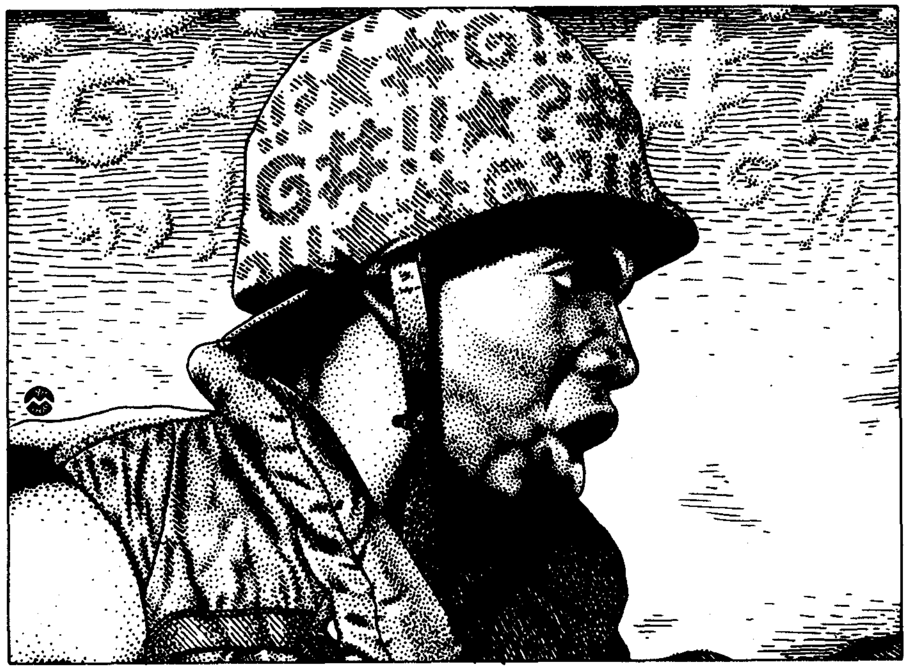
BREAD AND BUDDYHOOD

"...The twenty minutes in boot camp in *The Boys in Company C* is the funniest rendering of military hide toughening I've seen..."

For years, men who have passed through such mythic hellholes as Parris Island and Camp Pendleton, and lived to tell the tale, have insisted that the experience is unimaginable. Now Sidney J. Furie, in **The Boys in Company C,** has made it imaginable. The twenty minutes in boot camp, in which young marine recruits are subjected to a systematic but wildly inventive barrage of verbal abuse in basic Anglo-Saxonisms, is the funniest and most authentic rendering of military hide toughening I have ever seen. But from Sidney Furie? The man who gave us (along with *The Ipcress File) The Leather Boys, Little Fauss and Big Halsey, Sheila Levine,* and *Gable and Lombard*? It is so much the best piece of footage in this or in any Furie film that it gives one pause.

Profanity in film is tricky business. I've often wondered why modern filmmakers have been so flat-footed in their handling of obscene language, while defending their right to explore the possibilities. I don't sympathize with the moral offense taken by moviegoers at verbally "dirty" films. My own objection is aesthetic: Four-letter expletives are invariably trotted out like magic formulas to get easy laughs.

In films, more than in books, context must be carefully created with the knowledge that among certain kinds of characters and certain milieus profanity grows as naturally and luxuriantly as a weed. Nancy Dowd's script for *Slap Shot* was a reportedly verbatim transcript of the locker-room parlance of ice-hockey players, a group who, according to sports cognoscenti, are indelicate even for athletes. Though sections of *Slap Shot* were hilarious, nothing in it reached the peaks of poetic vulgarity scaled in the boot-camp sequence of *The Boys in Company C.* No doubt the Marine Corps, around which Furie has constructed his story of young people sacrificed to the Vietnam war, has had years to refine the basic vocabulary that accompanies basic training. Tradition counts for something in even the most circumscribed linguistic enterprise, and the variations and permutations of one four-letter word, as delivered in the respective idioms of the commanding officers, prove once again that music can be made of the most unlikely notes. Céline it may not be, but the threnodies of abuse in the original script by Furie and Rick Natkin are more than gratuitous, or even lyrical, filth. We understand that, like special grain fed to beef cattle to fatten them for the kill, this diet of raw verbiage functions to cauterize the soft center of human pity in young men whose only chance to live is to kill.



The authenticity of the boot-camp sequence (for which those more knowledgeable than I have vouched) is to a great extent the work of the two men who play the drill sergeants, Santos Morales and Lee Ermey, the latter an ex-marine brought in as consultant. As Morales, with his thick, stubborn accent, and Ermey, a lanky, civilized figure, shout out their orders with hoarse, non–actors' voices, we suddenly realize that all those actors who have played sergeants through the years have been wrong—too smoothly overbearing, too diabolically authoritarian. The rasping obscenities are not just an instrument for leveling the soldiers, but for buttressing the noncom's power, providing the very authority that his voice, his background, his demeanor, may lack.

Alas, nothing in the rest of the film is as tough-minded or funny as this episode, though its excursion into the Vietnam war is always more interesting when it is showing the mindless chaos of battle than when it neatly and sentimentally aligns our innocent boys against their malevolent superiors, who naturally—being both adults and bad guys—steal the show. We can at least tell them apart without a scorecard, whereas the recruits, played by unknowns and offered up courtesy of the cross-sectional school of dramaturgy (jive-ass black, redneck jock/bigot, sensitive journalist, mean-streets dago, and saintly hippie), are indistinguishable even before they lose their identifying locks on the barber's floor. The black (Stan Shaw), being not only visually identifiable but having "life experience" as a pusher, emerges as natural leader to toughen up his cub-scout comrades. So completely is he won over by their vulnerability that he renounces a profitable heroin transaction that would no doubt make his

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If the prognosis for the group's survival is grim, the reality of the company on which the story is based was, according to an epilogue, even grimmer. But instead of leavening the bitter truth, Furie's stabs at inspirational heart-tugs only weaken the film, both as anti-war statement and as entertainment. The film concludes with a *M*A*S*H*-type soccer game, in which Company C, playing the native team, must choose whether to lose to the locals, in which case they will be removed from active duty to play exhibition matches, or win and return to combat and probable death. They choose—one guess to everyone who has seen *Rocky*, two to the others—to win, and we are left with the following conundrum: Is playing the game for victory at any cost, including one's own life, an act of higher morality? Or is that precisely what got us into Vietnam and *kept* us there?

I will leave it to the philosophers of sports-as-ethics to decide that one. In the meantime, I can only wish that Furie had applied the taut humor of the San Diego sequence to the stint in Vietnam, instead of giving us an emotional roller-coaster ride in which downer is followed by upper with dizzying effect.

Humor is precisely what is missing from **The Choirboys,** Robert Aldrich's film about the Los Angeles vice squad that was the subject of Joseph Wambaugh's best-selling novel. Not that humor has ever been Aldrich's strong point, but his most audacious melodramas of the fifties and sixties (*The Big Knife, Kiss Me Deadly, What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?, The Dirty Dozen*) were vigorous and outrageous in ways that risked unintentional humor and were a fine substitute for the intentional kind. Aldrich was a gust of fresh air in a cinema—and a civilization—teetering between repression and degeneration, but now that we have gone over the other side, his bawdy physicality and anarchic spirit have lost much of their point.

He is not a satirist, and without the status-puncturing jibes of Wambaugh's comic perspective, the police activities are merely tacky: The reverse racism is ugly, the poker games and orgies and beer fests known as "choir practice" are embarrassing, and the kinky sex trade that comes under their jurisdiction and draws one of them (Perry King) into its web is laughable.

Chubby Charles Durning, an actor who can be either maudlin or marvelous, was splendid in Aldrich's hands as the embattled president in *Twilight's*

> "...Without the status-puncturing jibes of Wambaugh's comic perspective, the police activities in *Choirboys* are merely tacky..."

Last Gleaming, but here he is uncomfortably symbolic of the flabbiness of the film as a whole. The esprit de corps that was gently mocked in the novel is played more or less straight, but somehow the myth of male fellowship has lost its credibility in these sexually skeptical times.

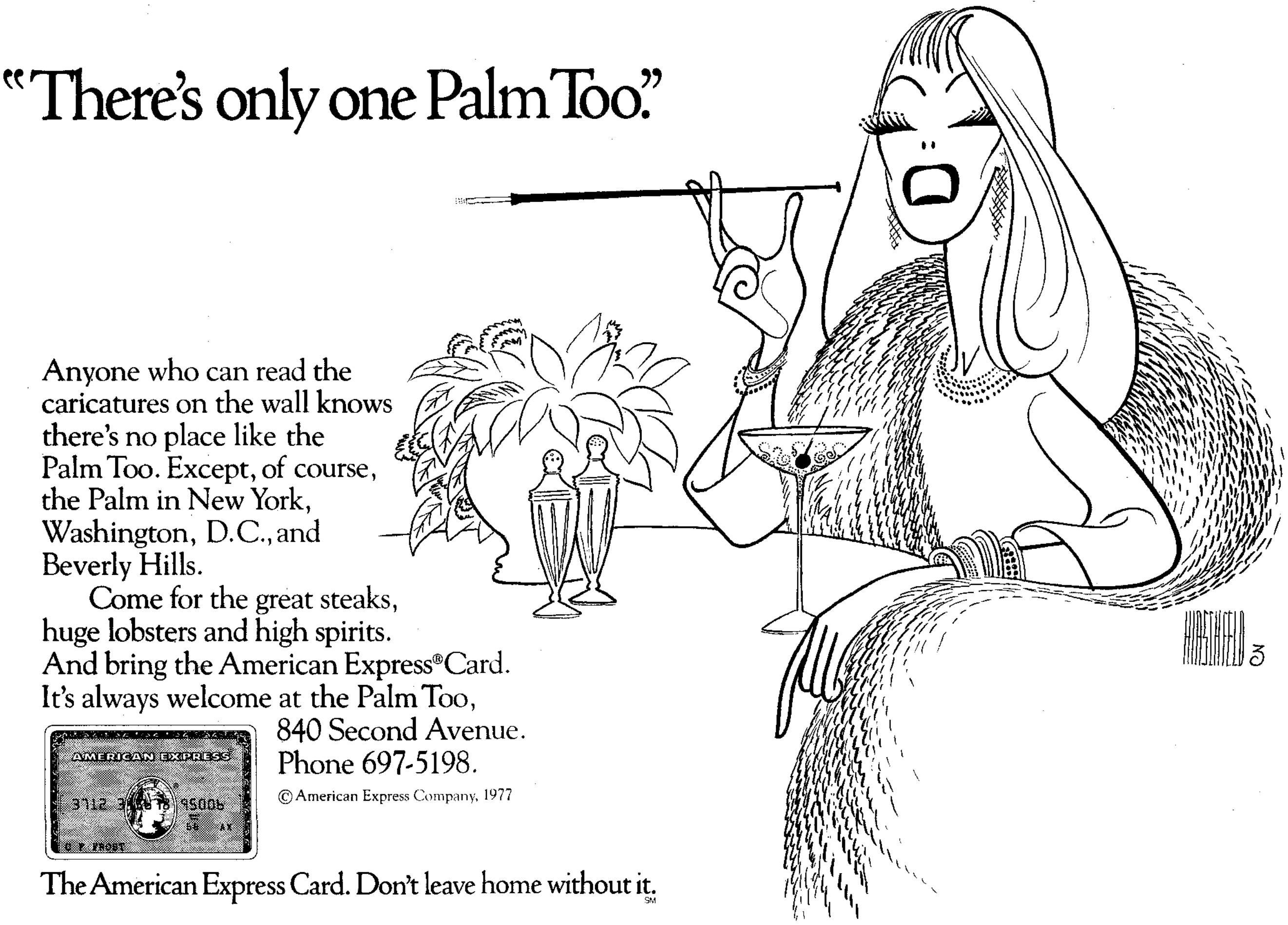
It may be that Howard Hawks, whose death we mourned along with Chaplin's at the fading of the year, was the last director who could rhapsodize about fraternal adventure un-self-consciously. His male groups and pairs were as romantic and as trapped in adolescent yearnings as any characters in American cinema, but they moved and acted as if they were adults in a world that was threatened, if only by implication, by the ineluctable need to grow up. What is missing in the buddy and group formations of current movies is the tension between adolescence and maturity, a sense of the call to responsibility pitted against the lure of irresponsibility. Perhaps wholesale anti-authoritarianism has robbed a generation of screen rookies of responsibility for their fate and created a cinema of pale-faced hypersensitive martyrs, boring "youths" who exist only to be exploited and brutalized by the system.

Or perhaps it is innocence itself as a subject. Like first love, it is guilty until proven otherwise.

Karen Cooper's tiny Film Forum on Vandam Street is showing, this weekend (January 19–22), **The Battle of Chile,** a three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary of the events leading up to and including the overthrow of the Salvador Allende government in a right-wing coup. Directed by Patricio Guzman, the film itself is a coup, of sorts. Not only is it a first-hand witness of an extraordinary historic drama—at the end of Part I a cameraman films his own death under fire—but just as unusual is the very existence of the film, smuggled out of Chile in pieces and put together in Cuba.

As the film, through voice-over narration, describes the steps taken by the right wing to erode support for Allende, first through boycotts and strikes and finally through murder, its bias is frankly populist. It offers distressing confirmation that U.S. involvement ensured the success of the coup, which in turn destroyed, perhaps forever, any hope for a constitutional democratic-socialist government in South America.

Like all partisan political documentaries, this one is an indistinguishable mixture of fact and feeling as it advances as inexorable the drama of a populist movement, defeated but not crushed. Even Allende is treated, not as martyr or hero, but as an almost businesslike instrument of a collective will. As with any such enterprise there are troubling elements: the vague but ritualistic use of the term "bourgeois" as a synonym for fascism; an evasiveness about the interests, or even the existence, of a middle class. But for anyone interested in the drama of Third World politics at one of its most dramatic moments, this is a spellbinding document. ■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Theater/John Simon

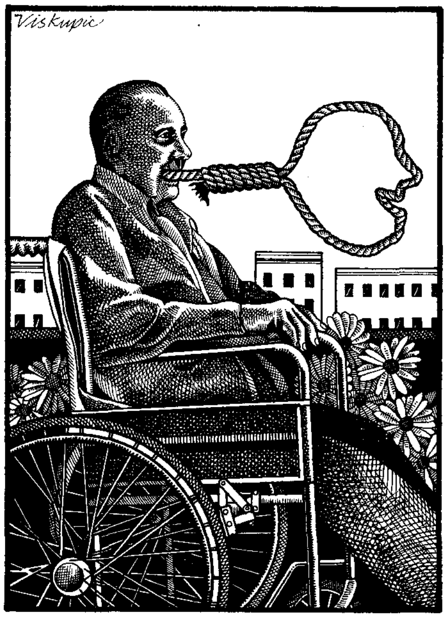
THE ELDERLY, THE DYING, AND THE UNDEAD

"... Unlike *The Shadow Box*, in which neither death nor life rings true, *Cold Storage* succeeds in doing justice to both..."

If **Cold Storage** had a second act up to its first, it would be one hell of a play. But even if the first act were no better than the second, you could still do a lot worse than see this show. Ronald Ribman is one of our most interesting wildly uneven playwrights: At his worst, he'll drive you up the slipperiest wall in no time; at his best, as in the first act of the present play, he can keep you laughing and thinking simultaneously, which is one of the better stunts in a playwright's bag of tricks. *Cold Storage* is about two men in the cancer ward of a Manhattan hospital. Parmigian, a veteran of six months' dying, is really proficient at it—not so much because of the experience he has acquired as because of his inquiring spirit and irrepressible gallows humor. Landau, a new arrival, won't even face up to lethal reality; a civil but withdrawn man, he insists that he is only in for something exploratory.

The two men cross verbiage in the roof garden, which Parmigian, an Armenian fruit dealer who says he has read all the books (and may indeed have read a few crates of them), has all to himself—the other patients can't stand his wildly inventive but sardonically unsettling banter. Landau, defying hospital rules, in a Bloomingdale's robe, and refusing to settle into the sort of wheelchair Parmigian has made himself a nest of, has ventured into the garden unaware of the combination vaudeville, psychoanalysis, and outright provocation the older man will subject him to. Landau endures Parmigian's ribald and prying shock treatment, but his skeptical wit enables him to give almost as good as he takes.

Landau is an investment adviser in the fine arts; he has a job, wife, and children to whom he wants to return as fast as possible. But he also has something gnawing on his insides: a secret that is worse, perhaps, than cancer. With teasing, badgering, and sometimes insults, Parmigian worms it out of him. Landau's parents and sister perished in the Holocaust; they saved him at a supreme cost to themselves, and his survival is now a pall of guilt to him. Here, I think, Ribman is at his least convincing. Altogether, the Holocaust as a dramatic device may need to be laid to rest next to the atom bomb; it has served, both well and badly, in too many plays, novels, and films, and, for a while at least, has exhausted its potency. It is now too much like a medal from several wars ago pinned to a bulging, bourgeois dinner jacket. And Ribman doesn't even manage it well; he seems to me to have his facts about wartime Portugal wrong.



There are other facts he certainly mangles. The entire art world appears to be alien to him. What kind of an art adviser, for instance, would not know the difference between Pieter Bruegel (whom Len Cariou, who plays Landau, totally mispronounces; but, then, he doesn't do so well even with cloisonné) and Jan van der Heyden, born more than a century after Bruegel, and not resembling him at all? And what kind of an arts department (a rather vague term, by the way, for Landau's place of work) would have half of its members getting the hots when a pretty woman bends over? The arts department in which heterosexual males are not a modest minority hasn't been invented yet. Even about hospital matters Ribman is a bit shaky: One does not get a stomach X ray on a full stomach in the evening, but in the morning, on an empty one.

I am not convinced, either, by the rather too facile bit of therapy with which Parmigian exorcises Landau's trauma; but I am moved by the revelation that Parmigian, the seemingly self-assured joker, needs someone else—be it only the evasive Landau—in the end. And most of the interplay between the two men does ring true: I can believe both the play's rowdiness and its gentleness. Unlike, say, *The Shadow Box,* in which neither death nor life rings true, *Cold Storage* succeeds in doing justice to both.

As Parmigian, Martin Balsam gives a stunning performance that does not minimize the man's exasperating officiousness, yet allows him to be all the more authentic, and even winning, for having his flaw. I don't know whether the character he creates is as Armenian as he seems Jewish, and whether he is not written a little too cleverly for what he is meant to be. But the man is truly unforgettable: He has both bulk and grace. His bulk repels the indignities of illness, hospitalization, and hopelessness; his grace enables him to swim rather than sink into oblivion.

Len Cariou is compelling as Landau as long as he is tense, superior, and unwillingly amused by Parmigian; when he has to turn irate and agonized, however, his ire emerges a bit too loud, his agony a trifle too mechanistic. As a nurse, Ruth Rivera is less interesting than Julie Carmen was in the original American Place Theater production, since which, though, the author has wisely excised a supererogatory prologue, although his other changes may be less felicitous. Frank Corsaro's direction would be fine but for some hyped-up movement: Those are, after all, wheelchairs, not bumper cars. And how can Parmigian sip forever from one little hospital bottle without a refill?

Karl Eigsti has designed the very best in hospital roof gardens (I can't help preferring Kert Lundell's more depressing set for the APT); William Mintzer's lighting is very finely modulated. But what really lights up the evening is the playful intelligence of

Illustrated by Gary Viskupic

the writing, and the articulate energy of the performances.

The Dybbuk, by the pseudonymous S. Ansky, was never a favorite play of mine; yet it is said to have worked very well in productions such as David Herman's original one (1920) for the Vilna Troupe, and Vakhtangov's for the Habimah. It seems to have had the power of innocence, of the sort we find in the best of naïve painting. But Joseph Chaikin, the founder of the Open Theater, has cut out quite a bit of text, and padded out the rest with typical Open Theater wordless busyness, at the same time obfuscating such a basic conceit as the magic circle, turning the Messenger into a mere Storyteller and keeping him virtually outside the action, and making the Rabbi unduly young, indeed callow. Above all, the simple story line —about star-crossed lovers, demonic possession of the beloved by the spirit of the young scholar from whom she has been snatched, and the tragic-romantic ending wherein the exorcised spirit nevertheless drags off the beloved's body—has been smudged and submerged in sterile, "experimental" fussiness, and deprived of that essential ingredient: ensemble acting.

The performers are a heterogeneous bunch of unlikely professionals and downright disastrous amateurs (e.g., Shami Chaikin, the director's utterly inept and unsightly sister, and Corey Fischer, who turns the Storyteller into a preposterous yokel doing Batesian eye exercises); in the very leads, Bruce Myers is ludicrously mannered and orotund, and Marcia Jean Kurtz's prosaism verges on stodginess. The only correct performance is by Sonia Zomina, who invests the aged nurse with genuine old-style Yiddish-theater verve. Even the translator, Mira Rafalowicz, seems to be given to nodding; in a program note, she refers to "Vilner, Lithuania," though the town is Vilna—"Vilner" is the Yiddish adjective "from Vilna."

Do You Turn Somersaults? is another feeble play by the Soviet playwright Aleksei Arbuzov, whose *An Irkutsk Story* and *The Promise* previously enfeebled their respective New York seasons. One sees why the man is popular in Russia: This tale of the slowly developing romance between a surly, aging, widowed surgeon and an elderly divorcee, still youthfully madcap and life-affirming, who comes as a patient to his Riga sanitarium, manages to eschew all Soviet propaganda, embrace basic human values that are as lovable as they are simpleminded, and actually stick up to some extent for the rights of the individual in a socialized and bureaucratized society. But what its value might be in the West, where this kind of bittersweet old folks' romance is one of the hoarier commonplaces, and where Arbuzov's plotting and dialogue come across creakier than a crone's bones, is quite beyond me. Well, no; it may just be that elderly spectators (who proliferate on Broadway) find as much comfort in this play as they would in a new set of teeth.

The acting is most endearing in its slightly self-indulgent way. Mary Martin has aged charmingly: The dreadful, super-jolly goody-goodiness of her prime has settled into a twilight coziness. Anthony Quayle, with that remote quality of his—somewhere between sourness and bewilderment, yet always eager to be reclaimed by euphoria—is utterly *sympatique*. But Edwin Sherin's staging has no grip on the performers, and Oliver Smith's scenery is shamefully, or shamelessly, shoddy. The star-struck, sentimental, or senescent should enjoy this play; for the others, the somersault will turn into a pratfall. ▬

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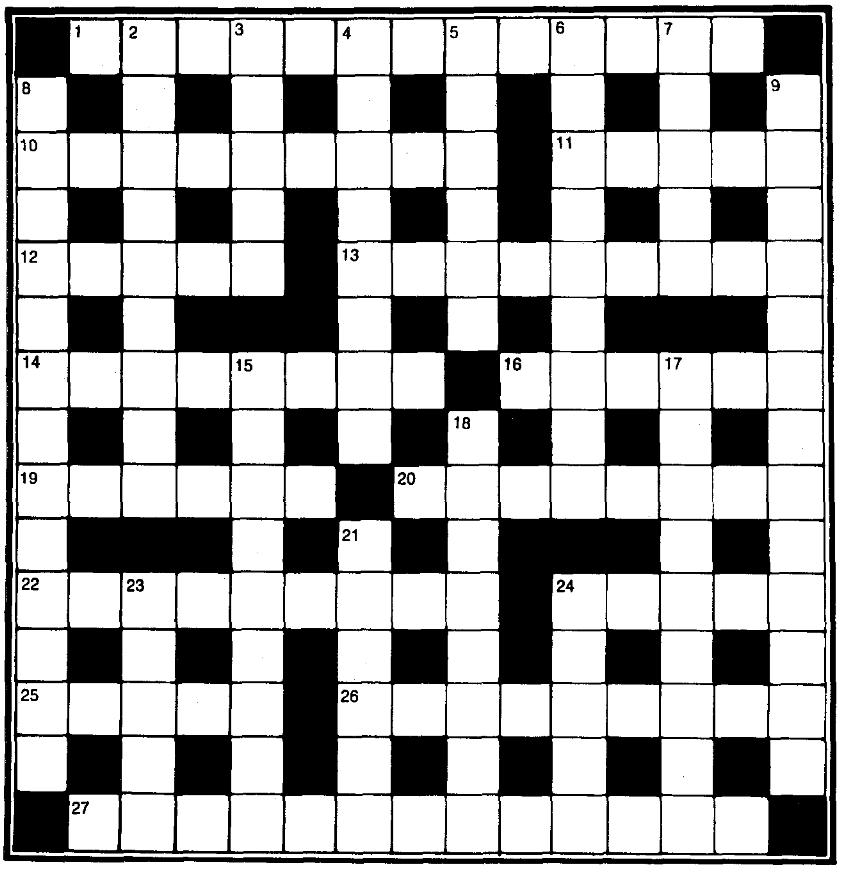

Clues

ACROSS

1 A quiet friend proceeding with two bits of vegetable matter in a terrible haste! (9, 4)

10 Being subjected to too much draught? (9)

11 Doctor, and not backward, but still feeble-minded. (5)

12 Master gets to study wine. (5)

13 Prince sticks head outside oxygen tent. (9)

14 They stand to be knocked down. (8)

16 Set out to the East with a measure of high value. (6)

19 Ancient Jewish directions seen to change. (6)

20 A bull in a foreign sea is a killer! (3-5)

22 Slightly injured, so taken out of the race. (9)

24 Evil one going round a peninsula. (5)

25 Sculptor carries a stick in. (5)

26 One in rags may still be capable of rational thought. (9)

27 Reconstruction needed after this crime? (13)

DOWN

2 Cuts off piano and cuts away. (9)

3 A right lair in the forest. (5)

4 The ultimate in beer? (4, 4)

5 The naked truth? (6)

6 Talk of the old days! (9)

7 Ayr's one out of this country. (5)

8 Just the kind of musical beat for the village green? (6, 7)

9 Carry out the burial before wedding of near kin! (13)

15 A writer and I have temporary quarters—they're so sorry. (9)

17 A stretcher might be necessary for this sort of thing. (9)

18 One having no cover, but quite a duck! (8)

21 "A ———'s face, a reptile all the rest" (Alexander Pope). (6)

23 Journeyed with nothing on to the horse show! (5)

24 Society taking wine in for a major surprise! (5)

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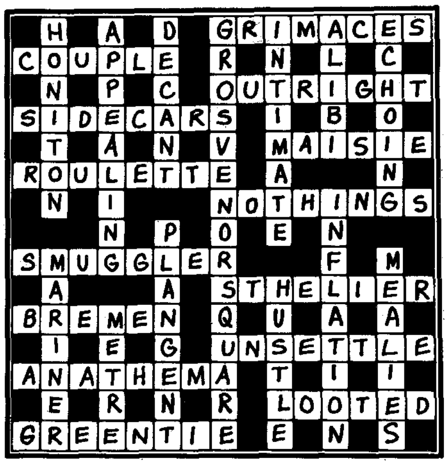
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Table talk—This well-known shop is having its first sale on all of its tables—20 to 50 percent off everything sold here or custom-made. Included are round, octagonal, oval, expansion, and drop-leaf tables, desks, etc., in 2-in.-thick solid rosewood, American-red-oak parquet, rock-maple butcher block, or red-oak butcher block. Examples: 2-in.-thick solid-rosewood coffee tables, 30 in. by 48 in., solid-rosewood base, regularly $595 each, now $295; solid-rosewood desks, each with locking filing cabinet and solid-rosewood side, 30 in. by 60 in., were $615, now $289; 42-in. round butcher-block tables, chrome base, regularly $175, now $140; and so forth. Also on sale are chrome-and-butcher-block bar-and-serving carts, were $95, now $59; "guest nest" couches that convert into beds, were $489, now $349; 36-in. "plank" oak tables (reproductions of old-fashioned tables), natural or antique-looking dark oak, were $350, now $199; Sabatier knives at 30 percent off; and other things. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *The Great North Woods, 425 Fifth Ave., at 38th St. (889-0983); 683 Lexington Ave., near 57th St. (593-0423); 160 East 86th St. (Park Lane Plaza) (369-6555); Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Thurs. till 9 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.; through 1/29.*

Horse sense—Whether you ride to hounds or just around Central Park, you need boots and a jacket, right? This well-known saddler and riding-gear purveyor is reducing the prices of boots and English hacking jackets for men and women while the stock lasts (men's sizes: 36–44; women's sizes: 6–14). Men's wool tweed jackets, were $149, now $119; wool melton jackets, were $145, now $116; corduroy jackets, were $125, now $100. Women's tweed jackets, were $145, now $116; melton jackets, were $125, now $105; corduroy jackets, were $99.50, now $79.50. Boots available for both men and women: Frye boots for men ranged from $59.50 to $69, now $49.95; women's Frye boots, were $59.50–$79.95, now $49.95–$69.50; western boots for both sexes, were $49.95–$79.95, now $39.95–$67.95; women's English boots, were $125, now $95. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *H. Kauffman & Sons Co., 139 East 24th St. (MU 4-6060); Mon.–Fri. 9:15 a.m.–5:30 p.m., Sat. till 4:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

After a fashion—This manufacturer's annual factory clearance is one of the most awaited sales of the year. Once a year, the prices of its classic separates are vastly reduced. The fabrics include wool knits, satin, crepe de Chine, rabbit-hair blends, double knits, cashmere blends, flannels, and more. Size range: XS–L (size 14). The clothing is priced by category. Examples: all pants, were $28–$62 depending on fabric, now $15; all skirts, were $34–$58, now $17; all dresses and jumpers, were $46–$68, now $26; all unlined jackets, were $48–$68, now $24; lined jackets, were up to $116, now $45; all tops and tunics, $14; a wool melton car coat is now $46; a pea coat is $46, and a steamer coat is $68; shirts are $9–$12; Italian knit sweaters are $8–$12; slightly damaged but wearable items are $3–$8. Cash-and-carry only; no credit cards or checks; all sales final. *Ulla (Vicki Cooper, Inc.), 264 West 40th St., ninth floor (221-8595); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 1/16–21 only.*

Random harvest—The brand-new housewares store in the spiffy new Citicorp building is having a sale on selected merchandise, mostly discontinued wares, some shop-soiled, most in mint condition. The range of reductions is 20–40 percent. Included are: a brown ceramic table lamp, white shade, was $67.50, now $46.95; chrome standing lamp, pleated shade, was $79, now $49.95; "sack spot" beanbag lamp, was $29.95, now $20.95; black-matte stoneware planters with saucers, were $2.50–$5.50, now $1.75–$3.85; Marimekko sheets, pillowcases, and duvet (comforter) covers, discontinued patterns, up to 55 percent off; all-cotton duvets filled with 100 percent goose down, queen size only, were $230, now $132; metal stacking chair, green or yellow, was $48, now $32.95; metal director's chair, green only, was $33.50, now $23.50. The following furniture is sold K.D. (knocked down and ready to assemble, carry it away in cartons): the Cassis line (metal and upholstered cushions, green or terra-cotta), chair, was $250, now $175; two-seater, was $475, now $345; three-seater, was $650, now $499; Woodstock (an informal pine, canvas, and cotton-check group, brown and white only), chair, was $115, now $79.95; two-seater, was $139.95, now $97.95; three-seater sofa bed, was $249, now $174.50. Also glassware, canisters, some toys, a stacking "pep" chair, now $26.95, and sundry other things. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Conran's, 160 East 54th St. (Citicorp Center) (371-2225); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 1/21–29.*

Little women—Petite ladies (sizes 4–10) will be happy to hear that this shop, specializing in imported designer clothing in small sizes, is clearing away winter and holiday wear to welcome the spring. Knitted wool-blend openwork French blouson sweaters, in beige, black, or mauve, were $68, now $22; taupe cotton-canvas trench coats from France, plaid lining, were $265, now $119; French winter coats, double-faced wools, velvets, and meltons, were $310–$635, now $189–$335; pure-silk shirts from Italy, in various colors, were $125, now $49; wool and velvet skirts, were $125–$198, now $25–119; also sportswear, evening clothes, dresses (including challises), pants, gowns, and much more, at similar markdowns. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Arthurs Dress Shop, 27 East 61st St. (838-3482); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5:30 p.m.; through 2/15.*

Have a seat—This large furniture showroom is clearing out three floors of showroom samples, special purchases, and one- or few-of-a-kind groupings, at large discounts. Examples: 78-in. wall system, lighted interior, random burl finish, was $890, now $455; plush wide-arm contemporary sofa and love seat, beige sculptured velvet, was $1,350 for both, now $595; Hibriten English country dining room, oak, nine pieces, was $3,600, now $1,640; several modular pit groupings, all at 60 percent off original prices. Also dozens of lamps, sofas, chairs, sofa beds, bedrooms, dining rooms, and occasional pieces, reduced, in some cases, by 75 percent. Delivery arranged (additional); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final on sale merchandise. *Foremost-Arthur Furniture Showrooms, Inc., 8 West 30th St. (889-6347); Sun. 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; 1/22 only.* ■

NEW YORK CLASSIFIED

New York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time ad $3.30/word; 2 consecutive ads $2.75/word; 3 cons. ads $2.60/word; 4 cons. ads $2.50/word; 13 ads per year $2.50/word; 26 ads per year $2.45/word; 51 ads per year $2.40/word. Min. ad 10 words. POB #'s, NYM Box #'s, Tel. #'s—2 words each; Abbreviations, ZIP Codes—1 word each. Extra $5 for NYM Box #'s. Classified Display available at $192/inch. Complete rate card available. Check/M.O. must accompany copy & be received by closing (every Tues. by 1 p.m. for following Mon.) Phone orders accepted with Master Charge/BankAmericard only. Classified Dept., New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. (212)986-5894. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at same address.

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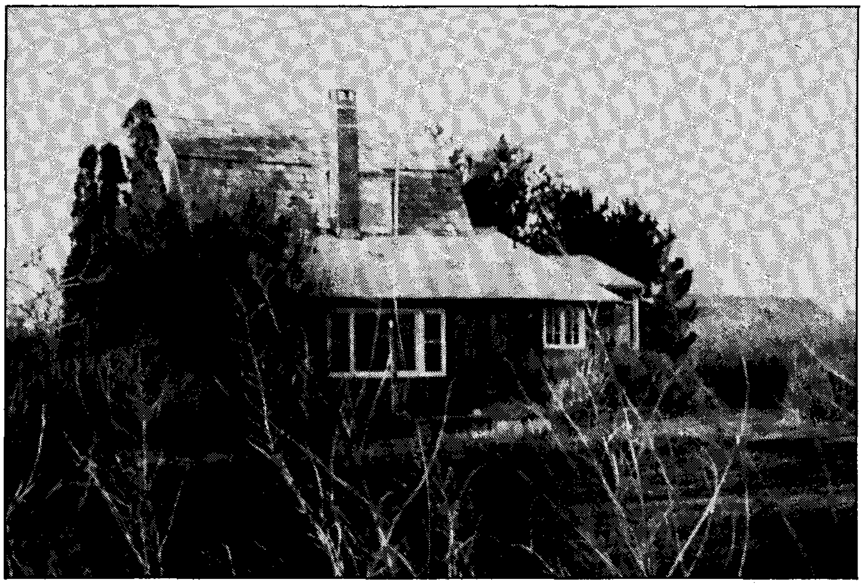

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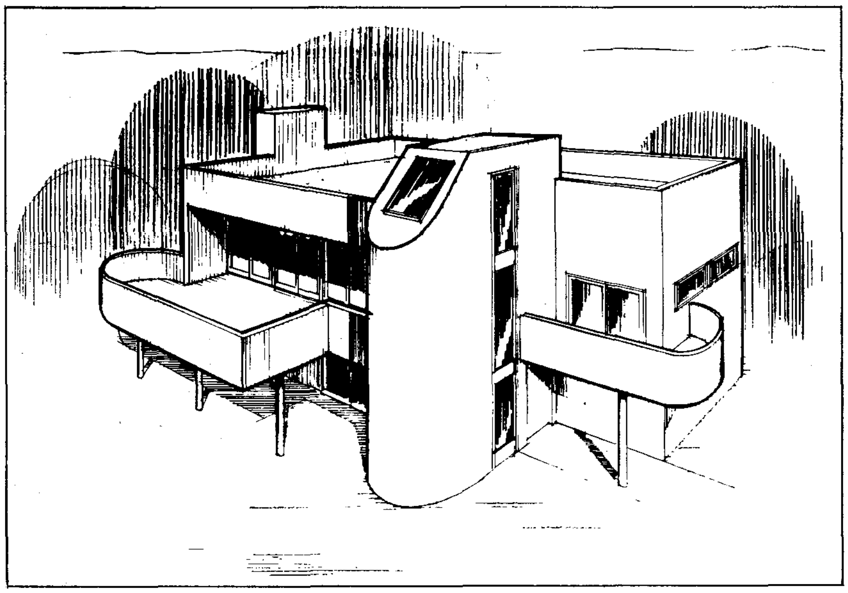

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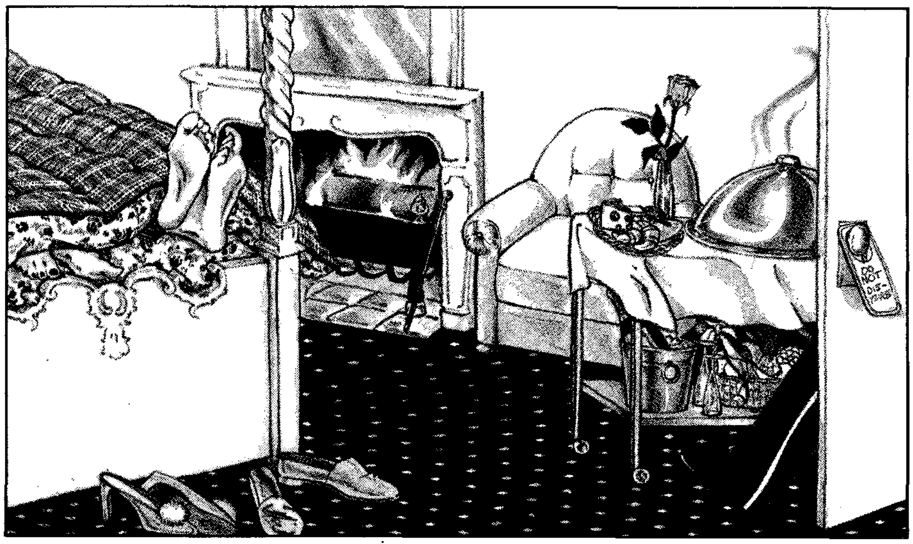

When it all gets to be too much for Bill Blass, he checks into the Mayfair House hotel (room service by Le Cirque) and lolls about until he's feeling wonderful once more. If you think this is not for the likes of you, think again. Breakfast in bed, champagne, marble dressing rooms, VIP courtesy calls, and almost anything else you might crave (including soft porn and giant pizza) can be yours—cheap—*if* you can manage to crave it from Friday (or in some cases Thursday) to Sunday only. Even the Mayfair House (Park Avenue at 65th Street, 288-0800), too posh for a regular plan, promises 30 to 35 percent reduction off its regular weekday rates.

The *most elegant* such *experience* awaits at John Jacob Astor's New York landmark, the **St. Regis Sheraton** (2 East 55th Street, New York 10022, 753-4500). Along with its jet-set vibes (Mick and Bianca have stayed here), marble walls, and fairy-tale sentry box, it offers exquisitely decorated Old World rooms with layers of draperies, moldings on the moldings, and ceilings twelve feet high; the refurbished Art Deco Old King Cole Restaurant; and the swellest lobby shops in town, including Gucci, Buccellati, and Godiva. For $105 a couple, you get a room (ask for the original section) for both Friday and Saturday nights, a welcoming letter (it's the little things that count, after all), Saturday breakfast, Sunday brunch, and cocktails. It's just $20 more for the best available suite, number 605, rumored to be Fred Astaire's favorite.

If the Old World isn't where you want to go, head for the **United Nations Plaza** (1 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017, 355-3400), which at certain angles, inside and out, resembles a spaceship and offers, besides, the newest idea around: From a Big Apple catalog with 26 alphabetical options—"Effortless Exercise (take-home terry robe and swimming lessons in the giant, tented twenty-seventh-floor pool), "New You" (unisex make-over, $100), "Wheels" (five hours' private limo, $90), "You Ought to Be in Pictures" (photographer covering your activities. $75)—you can pick as you please, adding the charges to the basic $55-a-night, single or double, weekend room tab. The real fun lies under "D"—"Dial-a-Dream" ("You describe, we'll deliver"), which can snag the hottest items in town for little more than you'd pay on your own, *if* you could get them on your own. Confide your fantasy—a sing-along with Bobby Short around the baby grand in the Ralph Bunche Suite? tips from Arnold Schwarzenegger in the gym?—Cristina Parham, who'll send along a catalog and who says she longs for a real challenge, will set it up. The price for this service depends, of course, on the complexity of the request. The magnificent architecture and international ambience (27 languages spoken, including Tagalog) are for free.

There are so many other weekend possibilities that choice depends on mood—both yours and the hotel's—unless you want to bring the kiddies, in which case, the Americana, Waldorf, New York Sheraton, and Barbizon Plaza have the best deals. Pets, within reason, are accepted everywhere.

Like Old Man River, the **Waldorf-Astoria** (Park Avenue at 50th Street, New York 10022, 355-3000) keeps on. Herbert Hoover stayed here; Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, Cole Porter's piano, and the American Mission to the United Nations are permanent residents; and barman Louis Pappalardo has been on hand since the first day of repeal (December 5, 1933). Solidity and power are the key words, with five restaurants and a stylish new safari-oriented bar, Sir Harry's, to keep it all from getting too heavy. The Waldorf Towers rooms are the best in town, but others are all attractively done. The basic weekend at the Waldorf runs $61.50 each, double ($120.50 single), for Friday and Saturday, with breakfast, taxes, and two tickets to *The New York Experience* included. Two children are permitted in the room free. If you're not above pretending to be honeymooning, room, breakfast in bed, and champagne are only $89 a couple for one night. Hold the kids.

On a smaller scale, the **Barclay** (48th Street west of Lexington Avenue, New York 10017, 755-5900) also evokes the good old days, even though the new management has replaced the focal-point mid-lobby birdcage with one not half as interesting off in the corner. Still, the hotel is classy and quiet, and a suite is only $59 for two on Friday, Saturday, or Sunday, with room-service breakfast, taxes, tips, and the *Times*. Forget the view.

Not so at the **St. Moritz** (50 Central Park South, New York 10019, 755-5110), where the park is part of the lure, along with the old-time elegance evoked by Rumpelmayer's ice cream parlor and the Café de la Paix. The supermodern Bloomies-style rooms—

Illustrated by Mary Jo Quay

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brown, brass, and silver—are a surprise at first, but they work. Weekends here start with a basic package—$22 a person, double, for Friday or Saturday night plus breakfast, taxes, and meal tips; add tickets to a Broadway show to that for a grand total of $45 per person for a one-night stand. A second night, Sunday brunch, sightseeing, and the *Times* bring the tab to $44 per person, double occupancy.

The scene at **Marriott's Essex House** (160 Central Park South, New York 10019, 247-0300) is also a bit surprising. Host all week to international businessmen and elegant events, like the Municipal Art Society Ball for Nancy Hanks, it fills, come weekends, with city-starved suburbanites. A Friday-, Saturday-, or Sunday-night stay costs $79.90 a couple, including room, dinner (nice roast beef and Yorkshire pudding), breakfast or brunch, and free bikes. Friday check-ins get a free in-room movie and champagne. For $125, you get a suite (2601 has an unusual stainless-steel floor, 2603 a four-poster bed), champagne, and a gift. Gift certificates are available.

Ingrid Bergman stays at the **Loew's Drake** (Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York 10022, 421-0900), as does Telly Savalas, and *Playboy* keeps an on-tap suite. The show-business feel is honestly come by with the new Shepheard's disco and restaurant—mirrored tabletops, glass dance floor, and scenes from King Tut's exhibition underlining the effect. Rooms as well as suites (available for $15 more) have great individuality; try for Suite 1125, all turquoise and rust herringbone. Weekend rates are $49.95 each, double, tax included, for one night, plus dinner and show at Shepheard's and full breakfast.

The **New York Sheraton** (Seventh Avenue and 56th Street, New York 10019, 247-8000) denies all involvement with glamour. "We don't get the king of Norway, Bob Hope, or Elizabeth Taylor," says manager Klaus Ottman, who is proud of running "a regular hotel for regular people." The emphasis here is on good value of the all-you-can-eat variety, rooms solid, comfortable, and no-nonsense—Jerry Ford, not Jackie O. The Weekend Plan ("Big Apple Weekend Package") is $71.95 each, double (children under seventeen, $29.40), tips included, for two nights in a suite with dinner at Falstaff's; drink, dancing, and popcorn at Sally's Bar; sightseeing; *The New York Experience* tickets; continental breakfast; free in-room movie (current hits and soft porn are available); and a giant pizza.

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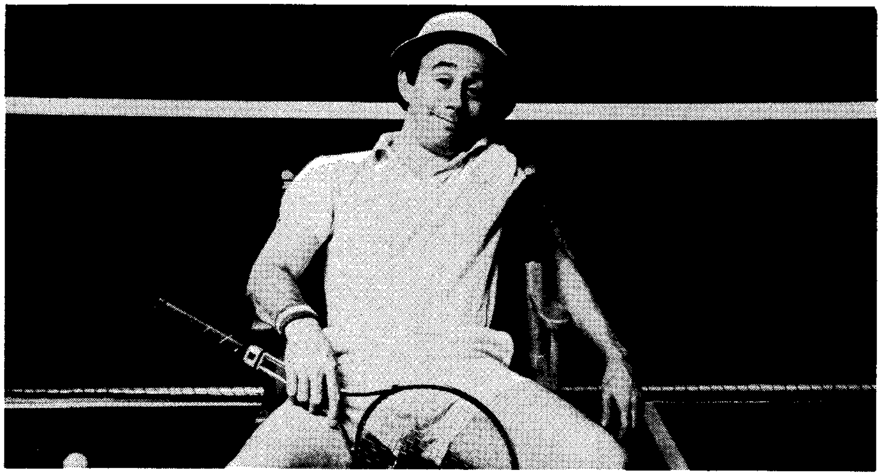

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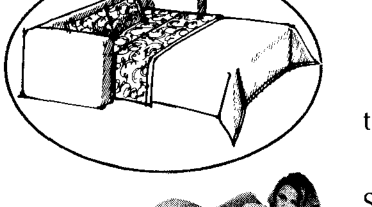

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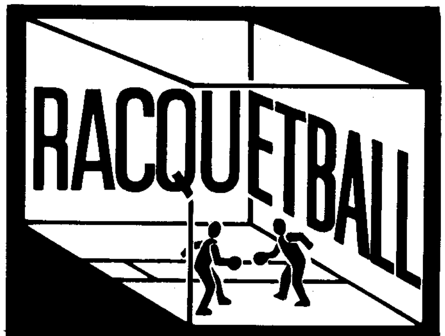

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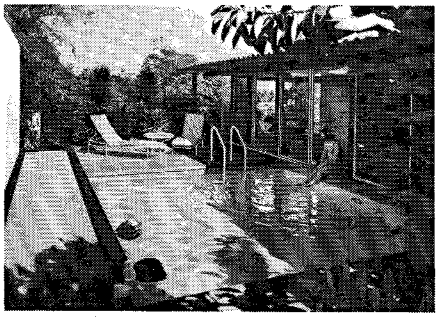

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at the **New York Hilton** (Sixth Avenue and 53rd Street, New York 10019, 586-7000) that it's tempting just to stay there—four bars in the lobby and three restaurants, including Sybils, a new disco and backgammon club. The weekend plan costs $72 a person, double (triple rates are also available), Friday through Sunday, for two nights for a room (ask for Room 2153 or 3251). The fee includes a welcoming cocktail, breakfasts, and tickets to *The New York Experience,* though you needn't leave the lobby to get *that.*

Heads of state don't stay at the **Loew's Summit** (Lexington Avenue at 51st Street, New York 10022, 752-7000), but their security men do, as do sports teams and superstars, which gives the place a mood best described as friendly jock. Décor is macho, and even the restaurant, Maude's, has a Diamond Jim Brady air—with spittoons, steak soup, and Irish soda bread. It's easy and fun, if that's your fancy. A Friday- or Saturday-night stay will run $39.95 each, double, and includes breakfast or Sunday brunch, dinner, parking, taxes, and a phone in the bath.

Despite (or perhaps because of) its Miami Beach exterior and Times Squarish location, the **Americana** (Seventh Avenue at 52nd Street, New York 10019, 581-6661) is packed with good old boys whistling in the lobby and kids fooling around in the elevators. If you're feeling jaded, it's just the thing—it lured Jimmy Carter from the Waldorf and even the new manager has succumbed (he planned to stay there only until he found a house in the suburbs but has moved in nearby instead and has enrolled his kids in public school). The basic weekend plan (called "Hello Broadway") is $89 a couple for Thursday, Friday, or Saturday night, and the hotel throws in two theater tickets (potluck). If you want an extra night, another show, and a dip in the City Squire pool, it comes to $89 each, double; $129, single.

The **Barbizon Plaza** (106 Central Park South, New York 10019, 247-7000) imbues its sophisticated location with a refreshing small-town feel. Flowered spreads, a cozy restaurant serving things like tangerine mousse on place mats with maps of the park, people in the lobby trying to figure out where Seventh Avenue is. Some rooms were once practice rooms for Carnegie Hall, and the hotel disco doubles as a working library. The weekend plan runs $24.95 a person, double, for Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, or Sundays (if you can't get a park-side room, 3218 has a view of the Hudson), breakfast or Sunday brunch, meal tips, and bikes. Children under fourteen get a free

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stay, but no perks. The best bargain in town may be Room 1915, a snug little hideout overlooking the park, with a bath, color TV, fridge, and sink, all for just $51 a couple. They still have practice rooms at the **Barbizon Hotel for Women** (140 East 63rd Street, New York 10021, 838-5700), where not that much has changed since Grace Kelly's day, despite the fancy new lobby. The magnificent tiled pool still gives off a heavenly mist; budding models, et al., still alternate with little old ladies in gloves. Changes include complimentary copies of *WomensWeek* and construction workers from the new subway clomping in and out of the basement to change their clothes. Ah, progress. The weekend plan is $19.95 for Friday or Saturday night (single occupancy only), which includes your room (1642 and 1742 are the largest and will run you $10 a night extra, but almost all the rooms here have great views), use of the pool, and brunch with a drink.

While not limited to women, the **Sheraton-Russell** (Park Avenue at 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-7676) is the only hotel in town run by one (Jetta Brenner, who lives on top in one of the penthouses). The rooms are the draw here—imported European floral and primitive-print wallpaper, and bedspreads, wing chairs, and an occasional canopy. The total effect is the next best thing to staying with a cushy friend in the country. It's all very self-assured and subdued and favored by nearby publishers and European art and antiques dealers. The weekend plan here runs $85 a couple for two nights, Friday through Sunday, and includes continental breakfast and cocktails for two. (Room 811, by the way, looks right across Park Avenue and into the Union Club.)

The weekend plan of the **Algonquin** (59 West 44th Street, New York 10036, MU 7-4400) is that it doesn't have a weekend plan, according to its overseer, Andrew Anspach. But it does, of course; it's just that, like so much else at this cultural shrine, it isn't organized. "The Algonquin guest cringes at the thought of being packaged," Anspach explained recently. The hotel is not about to let anyone get ahead of it, however, which is why, while stressing brass beds, bargello wing chairs, shoehorns, luggage racks, and Hirschfelds in the hallways, it was first in town with such modernities as 100 percent air conditioning, a walkie-talkied staff, and an automated lock-in system. And, if you inquire, you'll discover that on weekends single rooms are $39, doubles $42 and $47, and suites $68. Reservations are a must and must be made several weeks in advance.

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Page of Lists/Arthur Levin

THE BUGS AROUND US

"...Normally, one disease predominates at a time, but in New York this season there are several things assaulting us..."

Winter. The time when people get close, in homes, schools, at work. Proximity breeds, among other things, diseases. Normally, one disease predominates at a time. But in New York this season, "there seem to be several things assaulting us simultaneously," says John Frame, an associate professor at Columbia's School of Public Health and a practicing physician.

Here we present a sampler of this winter's most active species.

* * *

1. Influenza: Flu is probably the number-one bug now seen by doctors in New York and is fifth (with pneumonia) as a cause of death in the country. Almost every year the virus, in its diabolical way, mutates to a new strain to foil our immunity defenses. This year's model, according to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, is the A/Texas strain, a relative of A/Victoria.

Flu strikes abruptly with high fever, chills, cough, headache, and assorted aches and pains. It usually abates within a week. Last year's vaccine is fairly effective against the newer strains and should be taken by the elderly and people with chronic heart or respiratory problems.

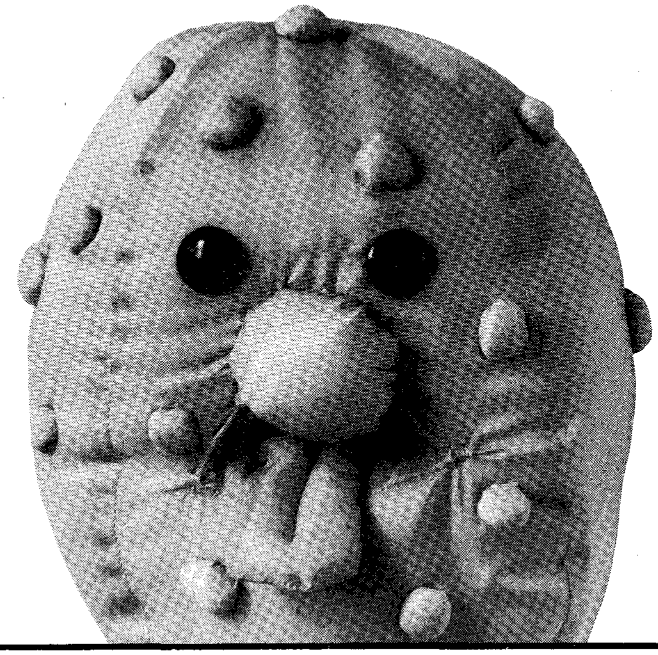
* * *

2. Viral gastroenteritis: After flu, viral intestinal bugs are the most common here. Adenovirus, ECHO virus, and a couple of newcomers named rotovirus and parvovirus are the chief disease agents. Diarrhea and vomiting are the major symptoms. The viral syndrome is usually not serious in healthy adults, but the aged and infants risk dehydration (ask your physician to show you the skin-turgor test and point out other signs). The best cure is time, since the condition usually lasts only 24 hours.

3. Bacterial gastroenteritis: This has symptoms similar to those of the viral kind, though when it is severe there may be blood in the stool. The bugs in question are salmonella or shigella, organisms that grow in barnyard animals and may be transmitted through contaminated eggs, meat, and poultry. Best preventives are good personal hygiene (hand washing) and thorough cooking and refrigeration of food. This disease is diagnosed by a stool culture and can be treated with antibiotics.

* * *

4. Parasitic infections: *Entamoeba histolytica* ("amoeba" for short) and *Giardia lamblia* can cause similar symptoms. The first is a large-bowel dweller; the second lives in the small intestine. Parasitic bowel infections, which can go on undetected for years, seem to be on the rise. Microscopic exam of the stool is the way to diagnose them, but half of *Giardia* infections, Dr. Frame notes, may be missed on only one stool exam; several specimens may be needed to be sure.



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5. Streptococcal infections: Skin infections and pharyngitis ("strep" throat) are the two most common battlegrounds for this common winter bacterium, and rheumatic fever, affecting the heart valves, is a dreaded aftermath. Penicillin can virtually eliminate this threat, but some strep infections may have such minor symptoms that the sufferer never seeks medical aid or his doctor does not take a throat culture. A throat culture costs only a few dollars. It's a good investment.

* * *

6. Hepatitis: This viral infection—there were some 55,000 cases in the country last year—is transmitted by people, food, water, nonhuman primates, such as chimpanzees (infectious hepatitis), and contaminated needles and blood transfusions (serum hepatitis). Cases of the latter have been rising rapidly in New York and now run at about 1,000 a year. Symptoms of the more common infectious type are fever, nausea, fatigue, lack of appetite, abdominal discomfort, and jaundice. The age group most vulnerable is young adults, and the disease can linger for months, causing permanent liver damage. ISG, an immune globulin made from pooled human-blood plasma, can prevent infectious hepatitis in 80 to 90 percent of the cases if administered within one or two weeks after exposure.

* * *

7. Tuberculosis: In 1900 this bacillus was the second most prevalent cause of death. Today antibiotics have brought it under control, but with 30,000 cases nationwide in 1977, it's still a major infectious disease. In New York, cases appear to be on the rise. Symptoms may be no more noticeable than a mild, persistent fever or cough. The best way to find out if you're infected is a simple skin test. Most authorities recommend one each time you visit the doctor for a checkup.

* * *

8. Measles: Measles is thought of as a spring disease, but it's also a common winter infection. In a recent week, there were 205 cases in the United States and probably many more were not reported. Primarily a disease of children, measles can be caught by adults too. Fever, malaise, red eyes, cough, and sensitivity to light ("photophobia") may appear several days before the typical rash. The virus's most dreaded complication is encephalitis, with permanent brain damage or death. Luckily, the vaccine is almost 100 percent effective—the American Academy of Pediatrics urges it for all children, beginning at fifteen months. Nothing like getting a head start on spring. ■

Illustrated by Elizabeth Thayer

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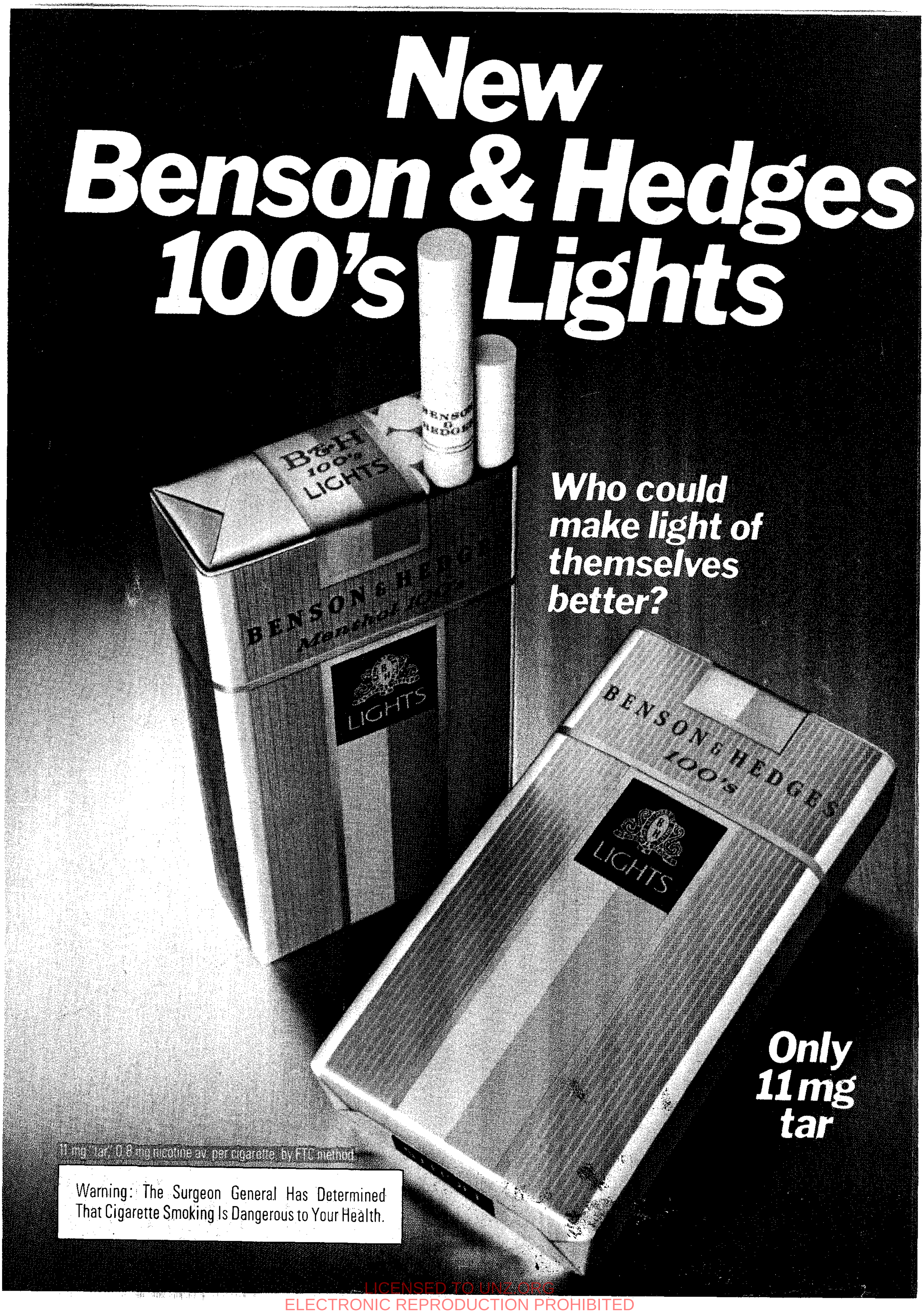
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